he Saturday Evening Post · February 27, 1965 · 25c

POST

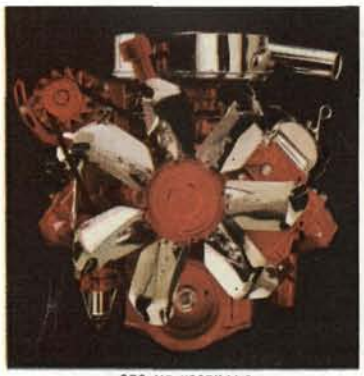
AN EX-OFFICIAL TELLS WHY
THE BLACK MUSLIMS ARE A FRAUD

CARROLL BAKER
HER SECRET TOUR OF THE UNDERWORLD

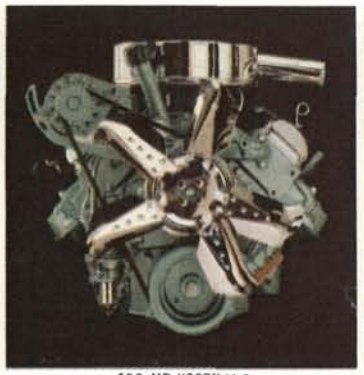
MOBILES
The swinging art and the man who created it

HOW TO KILL A TV SHOW □ COMMUNISM □ SMUGGLERS' RAILROAD

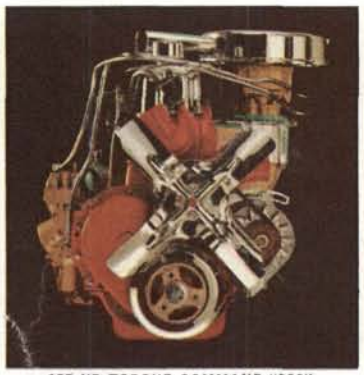
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



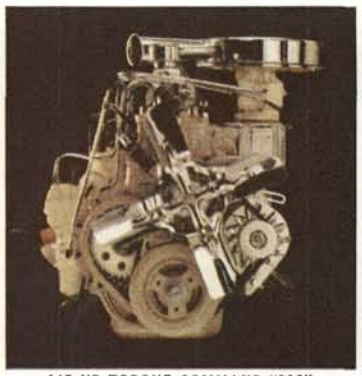
270 HP "327" V-8



198 HP "287" V-8



155 HP TORQUE COMMAND "232"



145 HP TORQUE COMMAND "232"

128 HP TORQUE COMMAND "199"

Five powerful reasons for the new excitement in the Rambler Classic

Spectacular floor shifts—
Sensible sure control

Shift-Command Flash-O-Matic—you control shifting, or let it shift itself. Twin-Stick (manual with overdrive) has Instant Overtake at button touch. Options.

Spectacular new action—
Sensible gas economy

Styled for action, with engines to match its "Let's Go" beauty. Big V-8 options, up to 270 hp, or Torque Command Sixes that come on like Eights, save like Ramblers.

New Intermediate Size of the 3 SENSIBLE SPECTACULARS

Come meet the totally new, totally changed Classic—alive with new sparkle, new beauty, new bigness, new greater space for six-footers and luggage.

Five spectacular engines: Torque Command, world's most advanced Six—128, 145, 155 hp; big V-8 options, 198 and 270 hp. Five transmission options, too. Choose your action.

Glamorous new interiors! Optional reclining bucket seats and console, Adjust-O-Tilt steering wheel, wire-wheel covers.

Extra-value features at no extra cost like famous Weather Eye Heating, Double-Safety Brakes (separate systems front and rear), rattle-free Advanced Unit Construction, Deep-Dip rustproofing, Ceramic-Armored muffler and tailpipe.

Get your FREE X-Ray Book at your Rambler dealer. Compare the popular cars. It can save you hundreds of dollars.

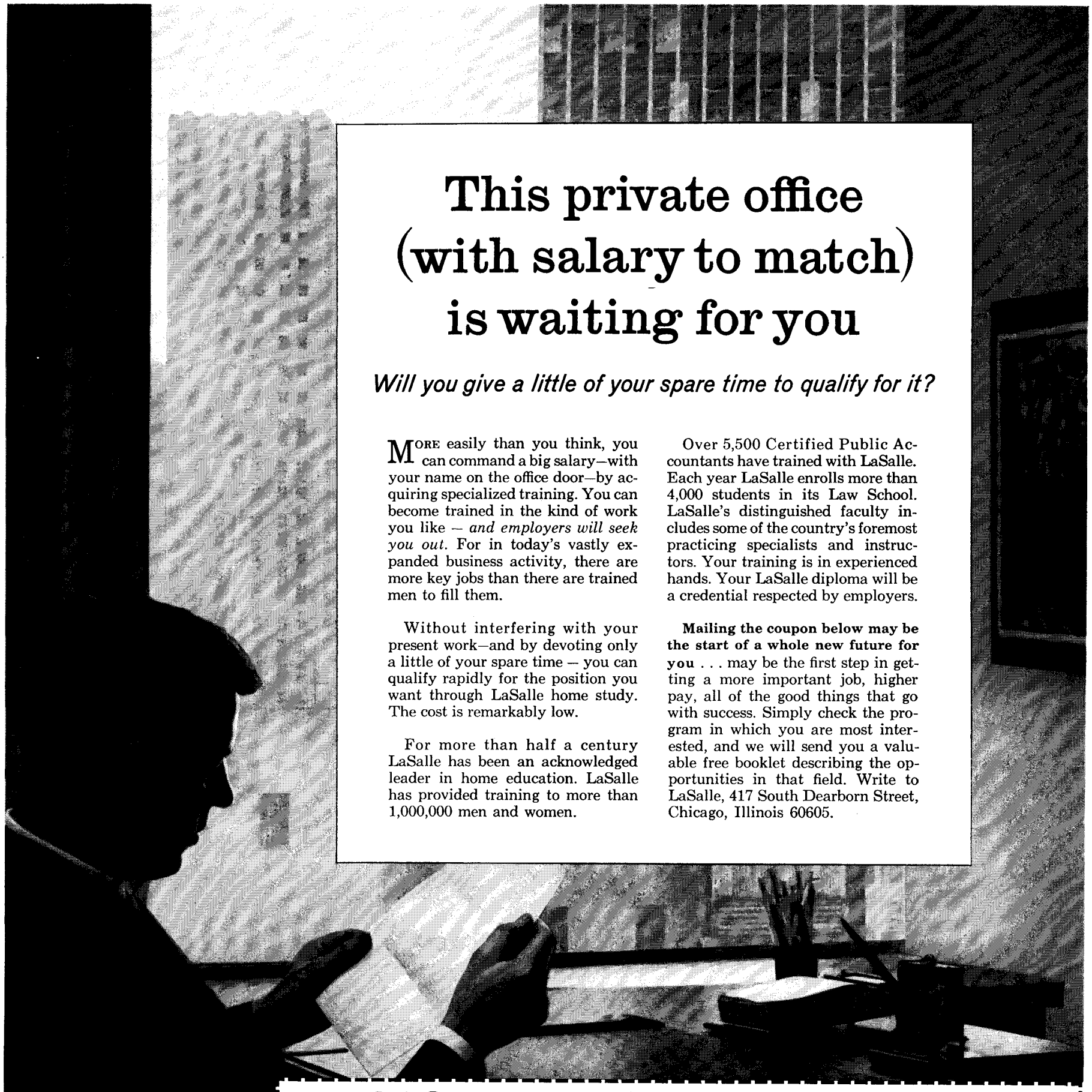
American Motors—Dedicated to Excellence

RAMBLER

NEW! THREE SIZES FOR 1965
AMBASSADOR—Largest, Finest New Rambler
CLASSIC—New Intermediate-Size Rambler
AMERICAN—The Compact Economy King

Watch the Danny Kaye Show on CBS-TV, Wednesday evenings

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



This private office (with salary to match) is waiting for you

Will you give a little of your spare time to qualify for it?

MORE easily than you think, you can command a big salary—with your name on the office door—by acquiring specialized training. You can become trained in the kind of work you like — *and employers will seek you out.* For in today's vastly expanded business activity, there are more key jobs than there are trained men to fill them.

Without interfering with your present work—and by devoting only a little of your spare time — you can qualify rapidly for the position you want through LaSalle home study. The cost is remarkably low.

For more than half a century LaSalle has been an acknowledged leader in home education. LaSalle has provided training to more than 1,000,000 men and women.

Over 5,500 Certified Public Accountants have trained with LaSalle. Each year LaSalle enrolls more than 4,000 students in its Law School. LaSalle's distinguished faculty includes some of the country's foremost practicing specialists and instructors. Your training is in experienced hands. Your LaSalle diploma will be a credential respected by employers.

Mailing the coupon below may be the start of a whole new future for you . . . may be the first step in getting a more important job, higher pay, all of the good things that go with success. Simply check the program in which you are most interested, and we will send you a valuable free booklet describing the opportunities in that field. Write to LaSalle, 417 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois 60605.

Check the subject you are interested in and mail the coupon for FREE illustrated booklet ➡

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

A Correspondence Institution • **417 South Dearborn, Dept. 38-091, Chicago, Illinois 60605**

Please send me, without cost or obligation, FREE booklet and full information on the field I have checked below:

ACCOUNTING
- ☐ Complete Accounting with CPA Training
- ☐ Complete Accounting
- ☐ Federal Income Tax
- ☐ Accounting Systems
- ☐ Auditing Procedure
- ☐ Controllership
- ☐ CPA Training
- ☐ Modern Bookkeeping

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT
- ☐ Complete Business Management
- ☐ Credit and Collections
- ☐ Office Management
- ☐ Personnel Management
- ☐ Business Correspondence

LAW COURSES
- ☐ Bachelor of Laws Degree
- ☐ Business Law
- ☐ Insurance Law
- ☐ Claim Adjusting Law
- ☐ Law for Police Officers
- ☐ Law for Trust Officers

SALESMANSHIP
- ☐ Sales Training

DRAFTING
- ☐ Basic Drafting
- ☐ Electrical Drafting
- ☐ Mechanical Drafting
- ☐ Architectural Drafting
- ☐ Structural Drafting
- ☐ Aeronautical Drafting

REAL ESTATE
- ☐ Complete Real Estate
- ☐ Real Estate Brokerage
- ☐ Real Estate Management
- ☐ Real Estate Sales

TRAFFIC AND TRANSPORTATION
- ☐ Complete Traffic Mgt.
- ☐ Rates and Tariffs
- ☐ Agency and Services
- ☐ Motor Truck Traffic

STENOTYPE
- ☐ Machine Shorthand

TECHNICAL COURSES
- ☐ Auto Body Repair
- ☐ Refrigeration
- ☐ Air Conditioning
- ☐ Diesel
- ☐ Welding
- ☐ Motor Tune-up

HIGH SCHOOL
- ☐ High School Diploma
- ☐ Vocational Course

CAREERS FOR WOMEN
- ☐ Dental Assistant
- ☐ Secretarial
- ☐ Accounting
- ☐ Bookkeeping
- ☐ Real Estate

Name . . . . . Age . . . . .

Address . . . . . County . . . . .

City & State . . . . . Zone or Zip No. . . . . .

Occupation . . . . . Working Hours . . . . A.M. . . . . P.M.

Canadian residents, write: LaSalle, Box 1001, Montreal 3, Quebec

309

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Many Long Distance Rates Are Again Reduced

Since the first coast-to-coast telephone call in January, 1915, improvements in technology have repeatedly led to better and more efficient telephone service. These developments have been most effective in reducing the cost of calls over the longer distances.

The reduction in Long Distance interstate telephone rates made on February 1st of this year is a good example of how these savings have been passed on to you.

The reductions in rates apply at the longer distances all day Sunday (rates are never lower), all day Saturday, and every night during the week.

A three-minute, station-to-station interstate call anywhere in the continental United States (except Alaska) now costs you $1 or less, plus tax, all day Sunday and after 8 p.m. on other days, and $1.50 or less, plus tax, all day Saturday and from 6 p.m. to 8 p.m. on other weekdays.

NOTE THESE EXAMPLES OF CURRENT INTERSTATE RATES

	Monday-Friday 4:30 a.m.-6 p.m. (day rate)	Saturday 4:30 a.m.-8 p.m. Monday-Friday 6 p.m.-8 p.m. (evening rate)	Sunday any time Monday-Saturday 8 p.m.-4:30 a.m. (night rate)
New York to Seattle	**$2.25**	**$1.50**	**$1.00**
Cincinnati to Denver	**$1.60**	**$1.10**	**$ .80**
Philadelphia to St. Louis	**$1.50**	**$1.05**	**$ .75**
Chicago to Atlanta	**$1.35**	**$ .95**	**$ .65**
Boston to Richmond	**$1.20**	**$ .85**	**$ .65**
Washington to New York	**$ .80**	**$ .60***	**$ .60***

Three-minute, station-to-station interstate rates. Add 10% Federal excise tax.

*Note: There is no difference between evening and night rates on interstate calls less than 221 miles.

Bell System

American Telephone and Telegraph Co. and Associated Companies

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Evening Post

Founded in 1728 by

WILLIAM A. EMERSON JR. Managing editor
OTTO FRIEDRICH Assistant managing editor
ASGER JERRILD Art director
FRANK KILKER Associate art director
DON McKINNEY Chief articles editor
WILLIAM EWALD Assistant articles editor
L. RUST HILLS Fiction editor
MARSHALL LUMSDEN Photography editor
STEWART ALSOP Washington editor

Senior articles editors JOHN APPLETON (books); CHARLES N. BARNARD (general); HILLEL BLACK (general); SANDFORD BROWN (business); THOMAS B. CONGDON JR. (national affairs); WILLIAM K. GOOLRICK (national affairs); LESLIE HANSCOM (entertainment); JOHN HUNT (speaking out); ROBERT L. JOHNSON JR. (national affairs); DAVID A. LYLE (foreign); MICHAEL M. MOONEY (general); JEANETTE A. SARKISIAN (general); STEVEN M. SPENCER (science). **Assistant** BARBARA J. POSEN. **Editors-at-large** JOHN BIRD, BILL DAVIDSON, ROGER KAHN, JOHN KOBLER, HAROLD H. MARTIN, ROBERT SHERROD. **Contributing writers** TREVOR ARMBRISTER, RICHARD ARMSTRONG, ALFRED G. ARONOWITZ, JAMES ATWATER, BEN H. BAGDIKIAN, EDWARD BEHR, ANNE CHAMBERLIN, MYRON COPE, SANCHE DE GRAMONT, ROBERT P. GOLDMAN, PETE HAMILL, C. ROBERT JENNINGS, STANLEY KARNOW, MARVIN KITMAN, LEWIS H. LAPHAM, RICHARD LEMON, RICHARD WARREN LEWIS, BARD LINDEMAN, EDWARD LINN, ROBERT K. MASSIE, CHARLES McCARRY, GILBERT MILLSTEIN, DON OBERDORFER, JAMES PHELAN, JERRY A. ROSE, WILLIAM SAROYAN, JOHN SKOW, BEVERLY SMITH JR. **Senior fiction editors** BERNARD FARBAR, MacLENNAN FARRELL, DAVID McDOWELL. **Associate fiction editor** SUSAN STANWOOD **Assistants** ANN BAYER, FRANCES GERALD, GERALDINE KRUG. **Technical photography director** JOHN HARM. **Assistant photography editor** ROGER VAUGHAN. **Associate photography editors** ANDRÉE L. ABECASSIS, SALLY A. REUKAUF, JOSH EPPINGER III, JUDY GUROVITZ. **Contributing photographers** JOHN LAUNOIS, LAWRENCE J. SCHILLER. **Regional photographers** OLLIE ATKINS (Washington); BILL BRIDGES (Los Angeles); LYNN PELHAM (Miami). **Photo lab** ROBERT MOORE (chief). **Senior copy editors** RICHARD L. LEHMAN, HAROLD P. HOSTETLER. **Associate copy editor** NORRIS RANDOLPH. **Assistant** MARY ANN O'ROARK. **Layout** JOHN DAXLAND, DAVID HANNUM. **Editorial production** FLORENCE CONWAY. **Assistant** RITA ORTIGA. **Research** LIA SMITS (chief); AYŞE GÜRSAN, MYRA L. BLUESTEIN, MARILYN FLAIG.

J. M. CLIFFORD President
MATTHEW J. CULLIGAN Chairman of the Board
JESS L. BALLEW Publisher

© 1965 The Curtis Publishing Compay, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105. All rights reserved. Title reg. U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries. Published biweekly; twenty-six issues per year. Second-Class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and at add tional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada. SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: U.S. and Possessions and Canada, 1 Yr., $3.95; 2 Yrs., $7.45; 3 Yrs., $10.95; longer terms $4.00 each additional year. Pan American countries, 1 Yr., $5.45. All other countries, 1 Yr., $6.95. UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTY. We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed. THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY. J. M. Clifford, President; Matthew J. Culligan, Chairman of the Board; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; L. Philip Ewald, Sr. Vice Pres.; Leon J. Marks, Sr. Vice Pres.; G. B. McCombs, Sr. Vice Pres.; Calvin A. Nichols, Treasurer; Gloria L. Swett, Secretary; Jess L. Ballew, Vice Pres. Publisher, The Saturday Evening Post; John S. Connors, Vice Pres., Advertising Director, The Saturday Evening Post. The company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, Holiday and The American Home. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST editorial offices are located at 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

IN THIS ISSUE

February 27, 1965 • 238th Year, Issue No. 4

ARTICLES

Communism is not what we think *(Speaking Out)* . . . *George Feifer* 10
Winston Churchill: A footnote *(Affairs of State)* . . . *Stewart Alsop* 20
The Black Muslims are a fraud . . *Aubrey Barnette, with Edward Linn* 23
Mobiles: The soaring art of Alexander Calder . . . *Richard Lemon* 30
Carroll Baker: The lady was a tramp . . . . *Richard Warren Lewis* 36
The dirty-clam caper . . . . . *John Skow* 44
Ah-ha, the cat saw the mouse . . . . . *William Saroyan* 70
Watch out—here it comes! . . . . . *Trevor Armbrister* 74
The Kingfish's son picks up the whip . . . . *William K. Goolrick* 78
Who killed your favorite TV show? . . . . . *Bill Davidson* 84

FICTION

Some of the time, all of the time . . . . . *S. Dorman* 50
The breakable cup . . . . . *Janet Lewis* 60

DEPARTMENTS

Letters 4
Post scripts 68
Hazel 83
Editorial 88

ABOUT THIS ISSUE

Carroll Baker

For his article on Carroll Baker, RICHARD WARREN LEWIS accompanied the actress on a tour of cheap bars and call-girl hangouts, in preparation for her role in the movie *Sylvia*. He was the only writer to travel with her to Tijuana, Mexico, then to New York City, where she was jailed with prostitutes and narcotics suspects. Lewis became so much a part of the venture that he later advised Miss Baker on the movie's climactic scene . . . . Braving the hazards of the world's wackiest railroad, TREVOR ARMBRISTER made friends with its *contrabandista* commuters by sharing a case of beer. . . . WILLIAM K. GOOLRICK, a veteran political reporter who has been fascinated by the Long dynasty, has covered six national political conventions and two presidential campaigns./In BURT GLINN'S cover photograph, an inquisitive youngster discovers Alexander Calder's 1956 mobile, *Four Directions*, one of 361 Calder works exhibited at New York's Guggenheim Museum.

MOVING?

Don't forget your Post and we'll send you this moving guide!

The Saturday Evening Post offers the New Home Journal to every subscriber who is moving. If you will let us know your new address at least EIGHT weeks before you move, you won't miss an issue of The Post, and we will send you the New Home Journal free. It helps you plan your move, saves time, trouble and money. For others it costs $1. The post office will not forward copies unless you pay extra postage, and we cannot replace lost copies. To keep your Post coming, send us your new address, including Zip Code, and a label from a back copy. For service adjustments send your latest mailing labels, including those from duplicate copies, to Post Subscription Service, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105. Postmaster: send form 3579 to Subscription Service Division, The Saturday Evening Post, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105.

The Saturday Evening Post
The Curtis Publishing Co.
Independence Square,
Philadelphia, Pa. 19105

Please send my free copy of New Home Journal. I will be moving to my new address on this date:

month____ day____ year___

IF YOU ARE MOVING
PIN LABEL HERE
DO NOT PASTE
Then print your name and new address below.

Name (Please Print)____

My new address____

City____ State____ Zip Code____

☐ Check here, and enclose one dollar, if you want New Home Journal but do not yet know your new address

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Illustrated
GOLD CREST dark claret $7 (light café finish, $8.50)

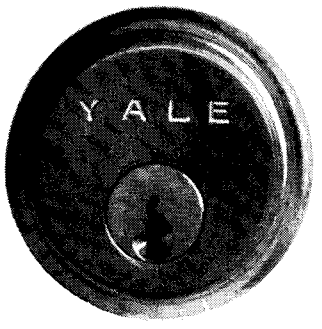
Put relaxation back into your smoking... enjoy the protection of a Medico Filter Pipe. Scientific disposable Filter traps tars, nicotine, juices–gives smoke a clean, natural taste. Every Medico is crafted only from selected imported briar. A few are illustrated at the right, all with nylon bits, guaranteed bite-proof.

For beautiful color catalog, write Medico, Dept. S11., 18 East 54th St., N.Y. 22. Enclose 10¢ for handling.

Other Medico Filter Pipes $2.50 up
Prices higher outside U.S.A.

MEDICO®
FILTER PIPES
Official Pipes New York World's Fair 1964-1965

EARN MORE!
You can earn more to help take care of expenses this year by joining our staff of independent representatives. Send a postal to the address below, and you will receive complete details about our offer. No obligation.
CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY, 298 Independence Square, Phila., Pa. 19105



For safety's sake

YALE®
THE FINEST NAME IN LOCKS AND HARDWARE
YALE & TOWNE

Be fearless. Be sure it's marked Yale.

Letters

Klan cover

Your January 30 cover sent chills up my spine!
KITTY FIXX DAVIS
Verona, N.J.

• The article is not necessary—the cover tells all.
HARRY J. MEALY
Longview, Wash.

• May we be granted the mercy and forgiveness of God for allowing innocent children to be indoctrinated with this bigotry before they can possibly understand.
JEWEL E. BERGER
Sarasota, Fla.

• When the Klan is given even a little bit of publicity, it is definitely to their advantage. Our job is to destroy them, not immortalize them.
ROBBY SNYDER
New York, N.Y.

The K.K.K.

I have just read with real appreciation your article THE KU KLUX KLAN: 'WE GOT NOTHING TO HIDE' by Harold H. Martin and Kenneth Fairly [January 30]. This kind of "bare-knuckle" reporting is greatly needed to expose these groups for what they are; that is, in my opinion, enemies of the Christian faith as well as the American democratic way of life.
REV. JAMES N. LOVE
Andalusia, Ala.

• As one Klansman pointed out—the Klan is all that the poor whites in the South have to represent them. . . . Our Constitution still provides for the protection of States' Rights, but Northern gentlemen overlook this in their invasion of the South.
JOHN C. ROGERS
Alexandria, Va.

• As a citizen of the "All-American City" of Salisbury, N.C., I was quite displeased with the picture and caption ["... Klansmen brazenly parade up the sidewalk in a daylight demonstration billed as a show of force"].

A Grand Dragon of the Klan resides in a small community outside of Salisbury; our local paper has published a few articles about him and his activity in the Klan. Otherwise, the majority of people would never know we have a "Dragon" in our midst.

Last spring, on your editorial page, you praised Salisbury and Dr. Donald Dearborn, president of Catawba College, for the cooperation in exchanging students with our local Negro college, Livingstone. The whites have for years attended and supported their cultural programs. We have prominent Negro families rated high in the educational world. Many own their own businesses, which the whites patronize.

The seeds of hatred planted by the Klan will fall on barren ground in Salisbury, N.C.
ESTHER GODFREY
Salisbury, N.C.

• The article by Harold Martin and Kenneth Fairly contains a number of points which tend to minimize the influence of the K.K.K. in the South. To those of us working in civil-rights endeavors in North Carolina, this tendency seems particularly obvious in that section of the article dealing with that state.

Despite attempts by many North Carolina public officials, most of the press, and business leaders to "play down" the degree of Klan growth and activity, a blunt fact is becoming increasingly clear: The Klan and its allied elements have been active indeed, and not simply through klavern meetings and public rallies. Martin and Fairly mention the incident involving the Klan attempt to prevent the painting of a Negro church—but neglect to point out that northern students attempting to paint the church were driven from the community by a mob of 250 Klansmen, some armed.

Many other incidents have taken place: hundreds of crosses burned, many of these in front of Negro homes; arson attempts against Negro property owners; armed motorcades through Negro sections of town; shooting out of windows. Virtually no one has ever been apprehended or convicted of any of these criminal acts. . . .

JOHN R. SALTER JR.
Field Secretary, Southern Conference Educational Fund, Inc.
Raleigh, N.C.

• Does the Klan's public-relations gesture of serving coffee to motorists on holidays include service to Negroes? Or isn't a Negro behind the wheel as deadly as a white?
MITCHELL GORDON
San Pedro, Calif.

Germ warfare

Congratulations to Dr. Clifford F. Rassweiler for the excellent presentation of the humanitarian way to preserve world peace through the strength of an arsenal which would lend itself to all forms of warfare [WHAT'S SO TERRIBLE ABOUT GERM WARFARE?, January 30]. Must we rely only on mass atomic destruction?
CLAYTON M. SIEGL
Oshkosh, Wis.

• Dr. Clifford F. Rassweiler's credentials as a chemist may be impeccable, but his efforts as a political analyst and military strategist read as though he has been afflicted by some of the very chemical and biological warfare agents he writes about so glowingly.

The critical challenge facing mankind today is to find ways of abolishing war as an institution and as a means of resolving international conflicts, and not to continue refining it, making it more "efficient" and "humane."

JOHN S. ROUNDS
Swarthmore, Pa.

Fake M.D.

S.E.P. scores again with its excellent article THE MASQUERADE OF A COUNTERFEIT DOCTOR by Bard Lindeman [January 30]. America was built by men akin to "Dr." Thomas M. Novak, whose natural abilities and willingness to serve their fellow man made them and their country great.

Their kind are now being suppressed by bureaus, commissions and licensors, manned in many instances by political appointees whose abilities are nil.

BILL WATSON
Brooklyn, Mich.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

© VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

You're missing a lot when you own a Volkswagen.

A VW has fewer parts than other cars because it needs fewer parts.

It doesn't need a drive shaft to transfer engine power to the rear wheels. Because our car's engine is in back to start with (and to maintain traction with).

And it doesn't need a radiator, or a water pump, or hoses. Because the engine's cooled with air, not water.

(When you drive your first VW, you may miss putting in antifreeze, rust inhibitors and whatnot. But you'll soon get used to it.)

The stuff a VW doesn't use, it doesn't have to haul (and waste gas on). Which is one reason it averages 32 mpg.

And the parts you don't buy, you'll never repair. So you can't waste money on that.

Now you know why you can drive a VW for years and years with a lot of parts missing.

And never miss them.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Amazing Potentialities of Memory

I LITTLE thought when I arrived at my friend Borg's house that I was about to see something truly extraordinary, and to increase my mental powers tenfold.

He had asked me to come to Stockholm to lecture to the Swedes about Lister and other British scientists. On the evening of my arrival, after the champagne, our conversation turned naturally to the problems of public speaking and to the great labour imposed on us lecturers by the need to be word perfect in our lectures. Borg then told me that his power of memory would probably amaze me—and I had known him, while we were studying law together in Paris, to have the most deplorable memory!

So he went to the end of the dining-room and asked me to write down a hundred three-figure numbers, calling each one out in a clear voice. When I had filled the edge of an old newspaper with figures, *Borg repeated them to me in the order in which I had written them down and then in reverse order, that is, beginning with the last number. He also allowed me to ask him the relative position of different numbers: for example, which was the 24th, the 72nd, and the 38th, and I noticed that he replied to all my questions at once and without effort, as if the figures which I had written on the paper had been also written in his brain.*

I was dumbfounded by such a feat and sought in vain for the trick which enabled him to achieve it. My friend then said: "The thing you have just seen and which seems so remarkable is, in fact, quite simple. Everybody has a memory good enough to do the same, but few indeed can use this wonderful faculty." *He then revealed to me how I could achieve a similar feat of memory, and I at once mastered the secret—without mistakes and without effort—as you, too, will master it tomorrow.*

But I did not stop at these amusing experiments. I applied the principles I had learned in my daily work. I could now remember, with unbelievable facility, the lectures I heard and those which I gave myself, the names of people I met—even if it was only once—as well as their addresses, and a thousand other details which were most useful to me. *Finally, I discovered after a while, that not only had my memory improved, but that I had also acquired greater powers of concentration; a surer judgment—which is by no means surprising since the keenness of our intellect is primarily dependent on the number and variety of the things we remember.*

If you would like to share this experience and to possess those mental powers which are still our best chance of success in life, ask B. M. Borg to send you his interesting booklet *The Eternal Laws of Success*—he will send it free to anyone who wants to improve his memory. Here is the address:

B. M. Borg, c/o Aubanel Publishers, 14 Highfield Road, Dublin 6, Ireland.

Write now—while copies of this booklet are still available. Postage is 7c for a postcard, surface mail, to Ireland.
Advertisement

Letters

• I wish Dr. Novak was *our* family doctor. *Imagine*, a doctor who would make house calls and who would be sympathetic! Imagine! How wonderful *that* would be.

EVELYN PRICE
Chicago, Ill.

Modest miracle

Mr. Hargesheimer should be commended for his individual efforts in providing a school in the heart of the jungle [MASTAH FREDDY'S MODEST MIRACLE by John Reddy, January 30]. By helping to educate the natives, he has reached the root of their problems.

KATHY ADAMEK
Minneapolis, Minn.

G.O.P. diagnosis

Many thanks for ex-President Dwight D. Eisenhower's article about THE FUTURE OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY [January 30], which I think should be read and pondered by every American voter. It reaffirms the impression I have long had that the Democratic majority look at problems from a subjective standpoint, whereas Republicans tend to be more objective—Democrats ruled by their emotions, and Republicans by Reason.

GUNHILD E. BODLE
Glendale, Calif.

• Whenever I read one of Dwight D. Eisenhower's treatises of politics, I get the feeling of watching a man running very hard on a treadmill just to stay in place.

His message is the same as always: Beware the big, bad Federal Government 'cause the federal goblins'll get you if you don't watch out! He says the G.O.P. is for all sorts of real, heartwarming human programs, but he rules out the one agency which can enact and administer the kind of programs he has in mind.

GORDON K. SMITH
Cleveland, Ohio

Retirement villages

Although Bill Davidson's rather dismal article on retirement housing [THISTLES IN PARADISE, January 16] undoubtedly gives an accurate picture of some phases of this new development in 20th-century living, I would like to point out a wonderful exception. NALCREST, the National Association of Letter Carriers' nonprofit retirement community, located on the shores of Lake We-Oh-Ya-Kapka, near Lake Wales, Fla., is open to retired persons from all walks of life, and we feel it is filling a real need.

JEROME J. KEATING
President
National Ass'n of Letter Carriers
Washington, D.C.

• Contrary to the impressions given by *The Saturday Evening Post* of January 16, 1965, the East Ridge Retirement Village in Florida is not owned or operated by The Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod. Statements and judgments about The Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod and East Ridge Retirement Village contained in that issue were unjustified.

WALTER F. WOLBRECHT
Executive Director, The Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod
St. Louis, Mo.

Coming soon...in The Post

INSIDE REPORT:
MADISON AVENUE
The fascinating business of advertising

SKIING WHERE IT NEVER SNOWS

The magic of
Liz Montgomery

Murder classic:
THE MILLIONAIRE, THE GIRL, AND THE BOOKIE

GERMAN MEASLES:
The fight to save unborn babies

Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*
3–Bill Bridges. • 10–Herb Snitzer. • 20–Camera Press (Pix). • 23–Ivan Masser (Black Star). • 24–Richard Saunders (SCOPE). • 25, 26–Ivan Masser (Black Star). • 27–Ivan Masser (Black Star), Declan Haun (Black Star). • 28–Wide World, UPI. • 29–Ivan Masser (Black Star). • 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35–John Launois. • 36, 37, 38, 42, 43–Bill Bridges. • 44, 46, 47–Steve Schapiro. • 74, 75, 76, 77—Bill Bridges. • 78–Ollie Atkins. • 84–Bill Bridges. • 85–Allen Grant, Bill Bridges. 86–NBC, CBS, two from NBC. • 87–I.C. Rapoport. • 88–Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. On deposit from the Boston Athenaeum.

He needs regular worming
Do it now—at home

It's easy to do with
Sergeant's Worm-Away®
—just mix with his food

Your dog depends on you. Help guard his vitality and good spirits—enjoy the fun of his companionship.

Sergeant's Worm-Away offers safe, sure protection against the common large roundworms (ascarids) which infest most dogs from time to time. Simply mix Worm-Away with your dog's food according to directions.

Puppies need extra care and should be wormed 6 to 8 weeks after birth.

Worm-Away is only 98¢ at drugstores or pet counters. Keep in mind, too, that Sergeant's offers you a complete line of tested dog-care products.

FREE Dog-Care Book. Packed with facts on feeding, training, ailments. Send a postcard with your name and address to Sergeant's, Dept. E, Richmond, Va. 23230

IF PRODUCT OR PERFORMANCE DEFECTIVE • Good Housekeeping GUARANTEES • REPLACEMENT OR REFUND TO CONSUMER

Sergeant's® Worm-Away

Shrinks Hemorrhoids
New Way Without Surgery
STOPS ITCH — RELIEVES PAIN

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain – without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all – results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) – discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in *suppository* or *ointment form* under the name *Preparation H®*. Ask for it at all drug counters.

FREE! NEW COMIC BOOK ON PETS!

Full color; fun to read! From the makers of famous KITTY LITTER® cat box filler, other top pet products. Write for your free copy today!

LOWES, INC., Dept. L-42, Cassopolis, Michigan

Beautify Wood Paneling & Furniture

Panel Magic removes scratches, scuffs, stains. Cleans, preserves, restores, beautifies. Spray on, wipe off. 16 oz. plastic spray bottle $1.98. Magic Iron Cement Co., Inc., Cleveland, Ohio.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If you like to draw, you may have a God-given talent

by NORMAN ROCKWELL

PHOTOGRAPH BY LOUIS LAMONE

I CAN'T THINK of a greater waste in the world than being blessed with a natural ability... and doing nothing about it. A talent for drawing, for example, is a wonderful gift. It can bring you such a rich and rewarding life that it just doesn't seem right not to give it a chance to develop and grow.

Nobody knows this better than I. I was born in a shabby tenement in New York City. I guess I always wanted to be an artist. I remember, when I was six, drawing pictures on old cardboard to amuse my friends. At fifteen, I had earned enough money from odd jobs to go to art school. Then, over my parents' objections, I left high school after my first year so that I could attend two art schools at once.

Many times I became terribly discouraged and wanted to give up art school to start earning money. But my instructors encouraged me to continue and got me work to tide me over. One day a friend urged me to submit my work to The Saturday Evening Post. To my surprise, they bought the first three pictures I showed them and asked me to do three more. I didn't know it then, but this sale started me toward the realization of my dream... making the most of the talent I was born with.

Albert Dorne was born in the slums. His God-given talent made him one of the highest-paid artists in history.

Others struggled, too

My story is not unique... other artists overcame greater hardships. Albert Dorne left school at 13 to support his family, but studied art at home in spare time. At 22 he was earning $500 a week. He went on to become one of the highest-paid commercial artists in America.

Stevan Dohanos, famous cover artist, drove a truck and worked in a mill before turning to art. Harold Von Schmidt was orphaned at five. Robert Fawcett, "the illustrator's illustrator," left school at 14. Austin Briggs struggled to support his family in a cold-water flat when he first broke into art.

As I progressed in my career, hundreds of promising artists came to me for help. I gave them as much time as I could. But what they really needed was an effective way to master the trade secrets and professional know-how of many successful artists.

A plan to help others

Albert Dorne found the way. One day over sixteen years ago, he asked me to meet him in his New York studio. When I arrived, I found Dohanos, Von Schmidt, Fawcett and Briggs. With them were Al Parker, Jon Whitcomb, Fred Ludekens, Ben Stahl, Peter Helck and John Atherton. Dorne pointed out the growing need for trained artists that existed all over the country. Then he asked, "Why can't we develop a way to share our art experience and knowledge with all who have talent... no matter where they live or who they are?"

All twelve of us loved the idea. Taking time off from our own careers, we poured all our knowledge of art—all our hard-won trade secrets into a unique series of home-study lessons. We made over 5,000 special drawings for a magnificent set of textbooks. After we had covered the fundamentals of art, each man contributed his own specialty. For example, Jon Whitcomb showed how to draw his famous "glamour girls." Dorne showed step-by-step ways to achieve animation and humor. I devised a simple way to explain characterization and the secrets of color.

New methods devised

Finally, we spent three years working out a revolutionary new way to correct a student's work. For each assignment the student would send in, his instructor would actually draw in black and white or paint in full color his detailed corrections of the student's work. Then the instructor would dictate a letter of further detailed criticism and advice. This way, there would be no misunderstanding. And the student would have a permanent record of his progress.

And so we started the Famous Artists Schools. Our classrooms are the students' own homes; our faculty totals hundreds of years of professional experience. The School started in a converted old barn in Westport, Conn. Today it occupies its own modern buildings and has thousands of students. All of us with the School are extremely proud of what our students everywhere have accomplished.

Our students succeed

James Ryan of Los Angeles, Calif., is a good example. If his God-given talent for drawing had gone undeveloped, he might still be a clerk, unhappy with his low-paying, routine job. Taking our Course radically changed his future. Today he's an illustrator at Hughes Aircraft—and pours out a steady stream of free-lance art work in his spare time.

Ellen Wilhelm, a housewife from Illinois, found that our training helped to make extra income for her family. Last year alone, she earned over $4,000 from free-lance art work. At one show, she sold 39 paintings.

To Dean Brinkley of Arlington, Tex., the Course opened a new world of accomplishment. He's had growing success as an illustrator, doing important free-lance art work for firms like Texas Refining Corp. And last year he participated in nine art exhibitions and had his own one-man show.

Since taking our Course, Felcie Wells, a Charlotte, N. C., housewife, has sold every painting she's finished. And she's made valuable contributions to her church – painting murals and handling the other art work.

And an elderly woman from California told me her doctors stated many times that all the medicine they could administer would never replace what the Course has done for her health. She has found contentment in painting.

I am not at all surprised by the success of our students. Opportunities open to trained artists today are enormous. The School continually gets requests from art buyers all over the country asking us for practical, well-trained students—not geniuses—who can step into full-time or part-time art jobs.

Do you like to draw? Do you have the desire to train toward a full- or part-time career in commercial art or fine art? If your answer is even a tentative yes to either, I urge you to take steps to develop your God-given talent to its fullest. You owe it to yourself not to waste it.

• • •

UNIQUE ART TALENT TEST. Norman Rockwell, Albert Dorne and the other Famous Artists have created a revealing 12-page Talent Test, designed to discover people who have art talent worth developing. Formerly, they charged for the test. But now it is offered free and graded free.

Men and women who do well on the test—or can offer other evidence of art talent—may enroll in the School. But there's no obligation.

To get your free Talent Test, fill out and mail the attached postage-paid card. (If card is missing, write Famous Artists Schools, Studio 7436, Westport, Conn. Give name, address, age, and ask for Art Talent Test.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Speaking Out

COMMUNISM IS NOT WHAT WE THINK

By GEORGE FEIFER

Author of "Justice in Moscow," a definitive—and widely praised—study of the Soviet courts. Mr. Feifer spent a year at Moscow University.

Most Americans have an inaccurate and ignorant conception of Russian Communism. It is a conception composed principally of platitudes and prejudices, but few facts. We judge Soviet Communism by our image of life in Russia—but this image is one-sided and simple-minded. It has little relevance to the reality of the daily life led by the great majority of Russians.

Americans have come to think of both socialism and Communism as evil and dehumanizing; more than any other people in the world, we fear these concepts. Why? Because we assume they trample on human principles, traditions and ideals. But the bizarre paradox is that for most Russians these same concepts express many of the ideals that Americans hold highest—indeed, universal, humanist ideals. They have become the Russian equivalents, in shorthand and with some modifications, of the Ten Commandments, "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," and "There's a Ford in your future." What we instinctively fear as oppressive, alien, dangerous doctrine, the proud and patriotic Russians treasure as a shining, uplifting, enlightening ideal.

The paradox was neatly demonstrated last month when I left Moscow after the most recent of four extended visits to the Soviet Union. The taxi driver who drove me to the airport said, "We're building Communism because it leads to a good life for the people and the beautification of society." The next day the taxi driver at Kennedy Airport said, "We're fighting Communism because it makes people into slaves." This sort of remark makes me want to object: "You've got it all wrong, you miss the main point, you've got to understand how the Russians feel."

In Russia I was constantly objecting to similar misconceptions of America, but after having recently talked with hundreds of Americans—bus drivers, barbers, teachers, lawyers, factory workers, housewives, farmers, students—I've come to the sad conclusion that our popular image of the Russians is almost as distorted as theirs of us, and at least they have the excuse of a government-controlled press. This gap in understanding is tragic because it is a partial cause of the Cold War and keeps our government under pressure to follow policies based on ignorance.

Now it is indisputable that certain aspects of the Soviet system correspond to the American idea of them. The rigged elections, the unrelenting censorship, the elimination of political opposition and public dissent, the party's monopoly on information and communications, the restrictions on speech, assembly, the press, the arts, travel—in a word, the *dictatorship*—all this exists, and it is more disturbing when one sees it function than when one reads about it. The Russians themselves, though they have never known much greater political freedom, resent these aspects of "the system" as a corruption of Communism, and hope to remove their shackles sometime in the future.

It is also indisputable that Communism as an aspect of Soviet foreign policy does threaten Western security and Western ideas of democratic government. No American needs reminding how Communism was ruthlessly spread to Eastern Europe—and how it has been ruthlessly maintained there. No one needs reminding of the extent to which "the Soviet Union" under Stalin meant "military force." And if Soviet military pressure in Eastern Europe, Asia and elsewhere has eased in the past few years, Soviet influence throughout the world is still the greatest adversary in America's greatest battle.

But beyond these obvious observations, there is a great deal about Russia on which Americans are completely misinformed. The sad truth is that we are highly opinionated about the "harshness" of Soviet life—but abysmally ignorant of any facts about it. Actually, daily life in Russia is far closer in letter and spirit to our own than is life in many friendly nations, such as India or Spain. American reporting on Russia reinforces our distorted image. Not that it is wrong; it merely fails to tell a balanced story, and the real Russia remains barely recognizable in the American press. Most Americans picture Russians as downtrodden and despairing, overworked and fearful, in spiritual revolt against "the Communist system," "the Soviet regime" and "the Kremlin rulers."

This bears little resemblance to the country where I have lived for a year and a half. In fact, the Russian people are relatively contented (they've never had it so good as now), relatively easy-going, optimistic, secure, public-spirited and patriotic.

Can a Russian build his own house? Sue for damages to his property? Appeal a criminal conviction? Receive interest on his savings? Bequeath his money to his children? Pick his daughter's college? (Dare his daughter risk a twist at her college dance?) Change his job? Quit? Move to another city? Of course he can, and does, no matter how much Americans insist otherwise.

How does a Russian spend his evenings? His vacations? How many hours a week does he work? Is the work pace fast in his office or factory? At what age does he retire? What is his attitude toward extramarital sex? Italian movies? I've been asking questions like these of many Americans I meet, and the answers are usually absurd.

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1,200 stocks on N.Y. Stock Exchange... the profit they make, dividends they pay...are they sound investments for you?...4 steps to wise investing.

If you're thinking of investing in stocks for the first time (it's estimated over one million Americans will do so this year), you may want to learn more about stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange.

* * *

Although there are well over 1,000,000 corporations in the country, the common stocks of only about 1,200 are listed on the Exchange.

* * *

These few earn nearly two-thirds of all the net profits reported by all companies, and pay about 60% of all the dividends. They produce most of the U.S. automobiles, steel, electric power, aluminum, rail and air transportation, to name just a few basic products and services the 1,200 supply.

* * *

Of the estimated 17 million U.S. shareowners, some 11 million share as investors in the progress of the companies listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Last year, on the average, 4.9 million shares were reported to have changed hands on the Exchange each trading day. This volume of supply and demand is one reason why an investor can usually buy or sell with ease and speed.

* * *

When the Exchange considers listing a company today, such minimums as these are used as guide-lines: 1,500 round-lot shareowners, 600,000 shares in public hands with a market value of at least $10,000,000, and demonstrated earning power of at least $1,200,000 a year after taxes. Financial reports for shareowners are required too. And owners of common stock must have the right to vote.

Getting listed is one thing; staying listed another. The Exchange considers de-listing a company when, for example, the number of round-lot shareowners drops below 600, market value of publicly held shares dips under $2,000,000, or other circumstances make further dealings inadvisable.

* * *

Are listed companies the right investment for you? Maybe, and maybe not. Much depends on your circumstances as well as the stock. Before you decide, we urge you to take these four steps to wise investing:

* * *

1. Fix your sights on a realistic goal. Dividends perhaps. Or long-term growth in the value of your stock. Or the greater safety that bonds may offer.

* * *

2. Provide for living expenses and emergencies, then consider investing. (The Monthly Investment Plan is a systematic way to invest with as little as $40 each three months.)

* * *

3. Make your judgment on facts, not hopeful rumors or bits of news. There is risk in any investment, including listed stocks, so you'll be wise to search out such facts as a company's sales, earnings, dividends, the recent price range of its stock, and then try to evaluate its potential.

* * *

4. Let a member firm help you. Registered representatives have had to meet Exchange standards for knowledge of the securities business. This doesn't make them invariably right, but perhaps they can arm you with facts that you might have overlooked, and provide a fresh point of view to consider.

* * *

Investing can be a rewarding experience. That is why it is important to know there are both right and wrong ways to go about it.

Own your share of American business

Members New York Stock Exchange

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET. Mail to a member firm of the New York Stock Exchange, or to the New York Stock Exchange, Dept. 5-H, P.O. Box 1070, New York, New York 10001.

Please send me, free, "INVESTMENT FACTS," listing some 500 stocks that have paid cash dividends every three months for 20 to 100 years.

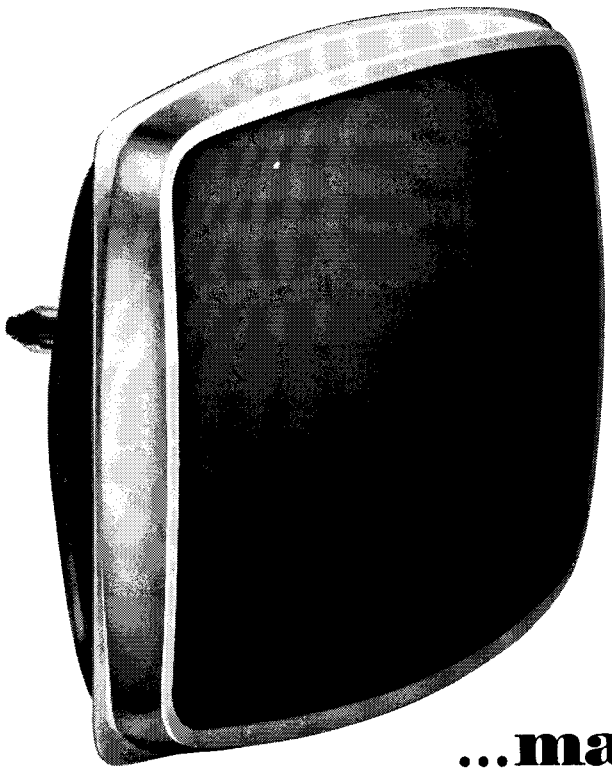
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

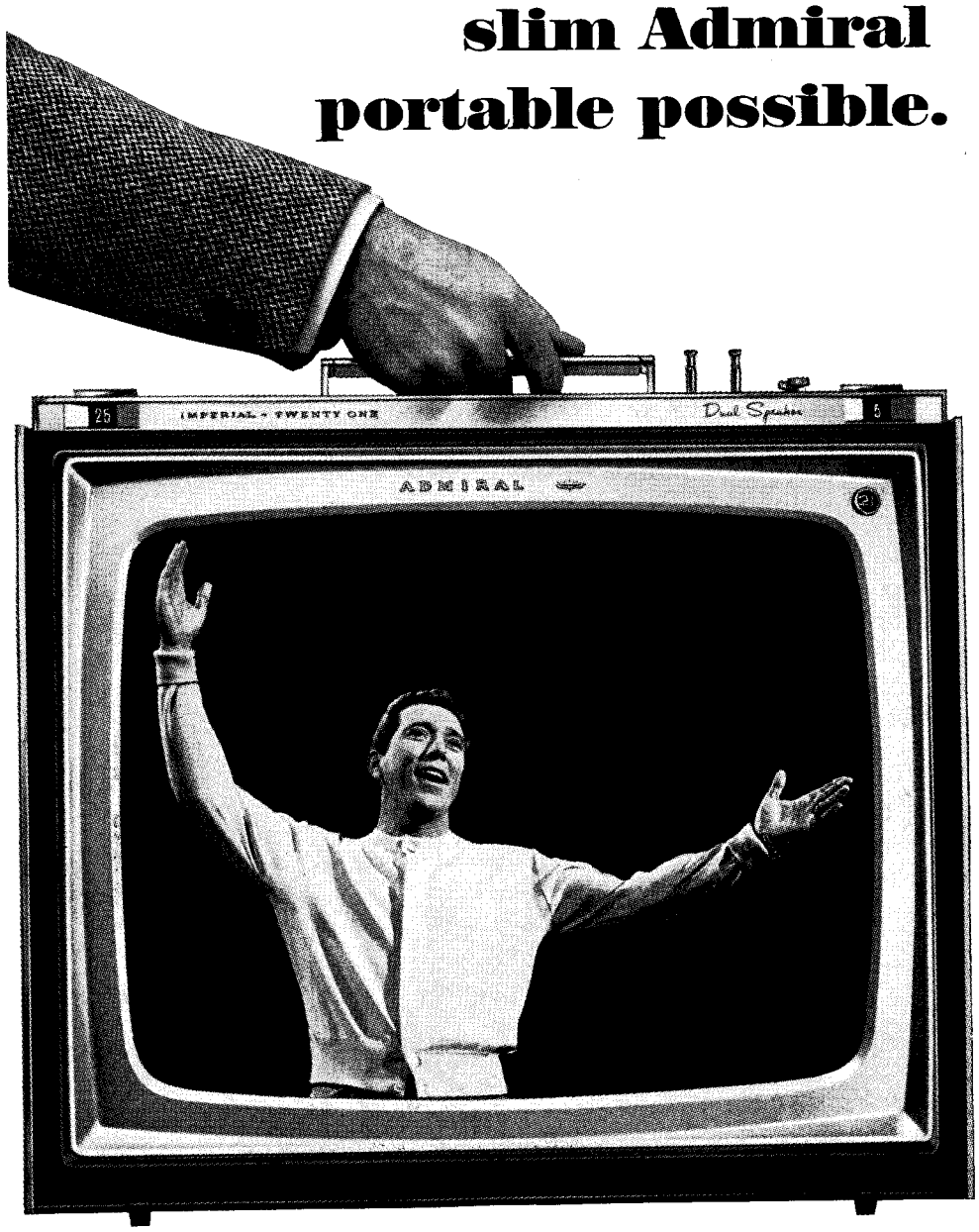
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



New Admiral 21" (overall diagonal) flat-faced, slimmed, squared picture tube...

(23% more picture than 19″ TV)

...makes this slim Admiral portable possible.



It's almost all picture... the only 21" portable! First from Admiral! From $179.95*

See Admiral on the Andy Williams Show in color on NBC-TV every Monday night.

19″ 21″

The one-and-only new Admiral 21″ Portable TV gives 40 square inches more picture than 19″ TV . . . on a flat-faced, movie-square screen . . . in the same size cabinet as most 19's! Admiral quality precision-engineering hugs the components to the tube, makes it secure to take the jolts and jars a portable gets. Two speakers, one on each side, give all-around sound. See this new Admiral 21″ portable. *There's nothing finer at any price.*

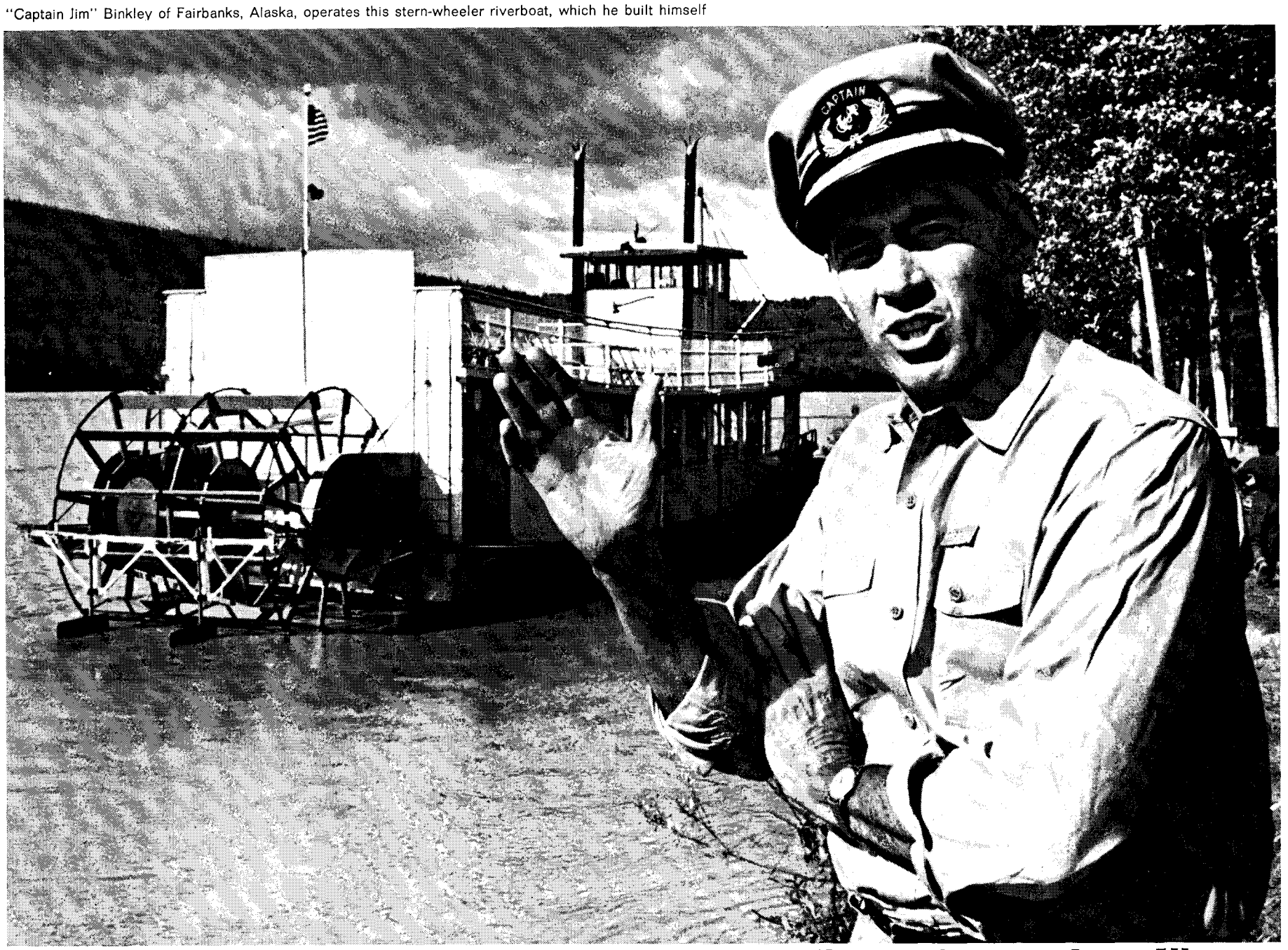
Admiral®

MARK OF QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

*Mfr. suggested list price PG 2101. Slightly higher some areas. Shown above, The Promenade, PG 2127. Admiral, Chicago. Canadian Admiral, Port Credit, Ontario.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Captain Jim" Binkley of Fairbanks, Alaska, operates this stern-wheeler riverboat, which he built himself



"I've bought all the life insurance I'm going to buy!"

"Or so I said... until a very helpful MONY man showed me a way to retire earlier!"

"Captain Jim" Binkley talks it over with Les Thomas

"'Frankly,' I told MONY man Les Thomas when I met him, 'I'm not in the market for more insurance.'

"What I really wanted was someone to un-confuse me about the policies I had already.

"To say Les was helpful this way is the understatement of the year!

"He put all my insurance benefits on a chart...with colors and everything... so I could see just what it was accomplishing and what it *wasn't*.

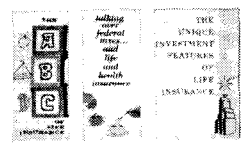
"Then he designed a program built around the insurance I had, that not only gave me more protection...but I'd be building up enough of a fund to help me retire earlier. I'm working on that now! I also took his suggestion for insurance on Mary (that's my wife). When he first mentioned it, I was shocked. But if she dies, I'll have money to keep our 4 children at home with me.

"Les is a real professional. When I add more insurance, it'll be with Les... and MONY."

MONY men care for people.
They'll be glad to discuss how life and health insurance can help you...and how you can start a substantial plan, or fill out your present program, with savings from the tax cut.

MONY
MUTUAL OF NEW YORK

MONY
Dept. P25
Broadway at 55th St.
New York, N.Y. 10019



Please send me these *free*, helpful booklets:

☐ "The ABC Of Life Insurance." How insurance works, in plain English. Basic types, cash values, dividends, etc.

☐ "Talking Over Federal Taxes...And Life And Health Insurance." The tax cut and how it can help your family.

☐ "The Unique Investment Features Of Life Insurance." Helpful comparison of insurance with stocks and bonds.

Name_____

Address_____

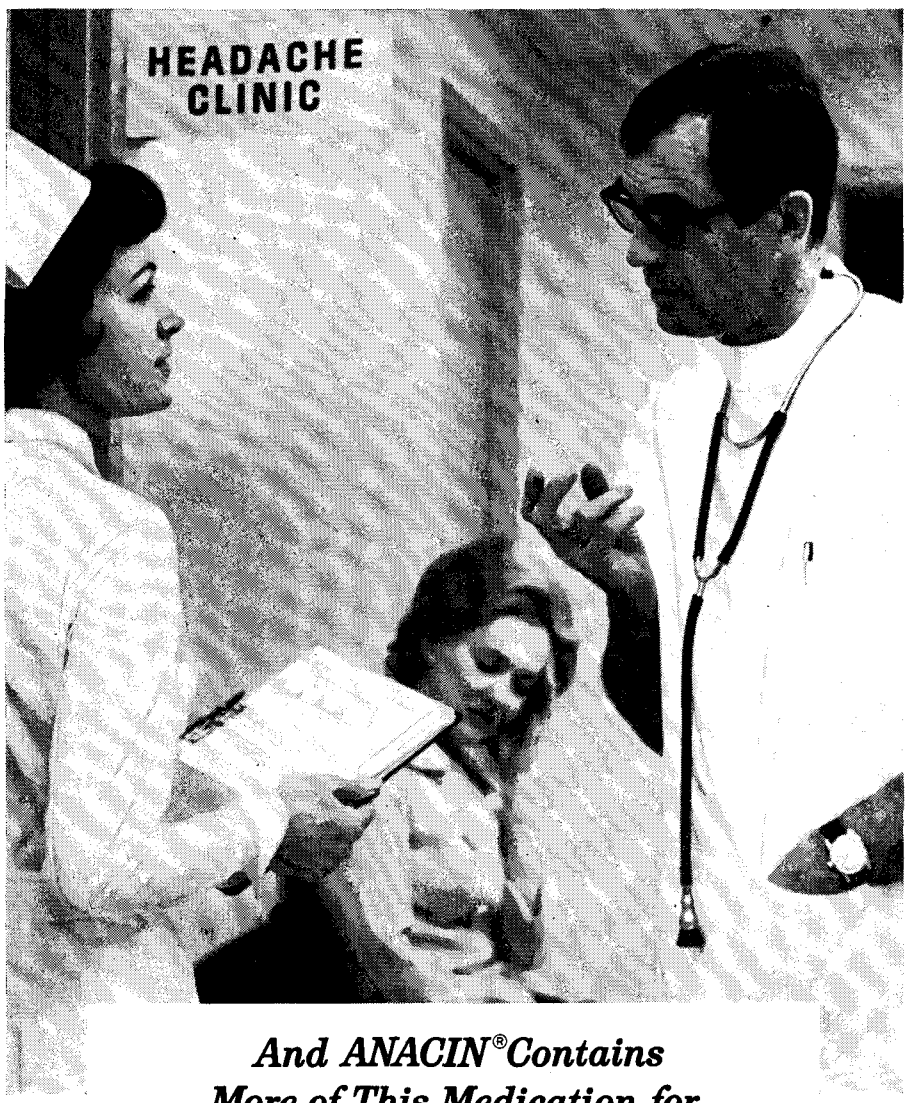
City_____ State_____ Zip #____

Occupation_____ Age_____

The Mutual Life Insurance Company Of New York, New York, N.Y. — Life, Health, Group Insurance, Pension Plans—Sales and Service Offices throughout the United States, in Canada, and serving our Armed Forces in Western Europe

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Strongest in the Pain-Reliever Doctors Recommend Most



And ANACIN® Contains More of This Medication for

TENSE, NERVOUS HEADACHES

Than Any Leading Headache Tablet

Anacin is strongest in the pain-reliever doctors recommend most. That's why an Anacin tablet gives you *extra power* to relieve headache pain.

With Anacin, relief comes fast! In 22 seconds after entering your bloodstream, Anacin is speeding relief direct to your headache. Not only does pain go quickly, but also its nervous tension and depression. You experience remarkable 'all-over' relief.

Remember, no tablet you can buy has the strong yet safe formulation you get in Anacin. See if Anacin Tablets, with their smooth, gentle action, do not *work better* for you. Buy Anacin today.

SPEAKING OUT

I am not thinking of the out-of-date horror stories about Soviet hunger and gloom, terror and slave camps that are still circulated by some supposedly knowledgeable commentators. Few Americans still believe that "Russia" means broken bodies, barbed wire and desperate eyes. But take a day last week as a fair example. First, a Madison Avenue secretary told me she assumed that "since they work for the State," Russian secretaries can be sent to labor camps if they are late for work. (The Moscow secretaries I know *are* late rather often—for which they're punished with a cold look and a "What, again?") At lunch, two college-educated junior executives said they thought Russians need permission to leave their cities for a weekend in the country. (In fact, they can vacation for months on the Black Sea, with no more permission than a plane ticket.) Later I heard from a shoe salesman that Soviet workers are assigned to factories by the State; from a taxi driver that Communist Party members get higher pay and are immune from criminal prosecution; from a librarian that Soviet cities have evening curfews, that hiring a baby sitter is against the law, and that Russians are afraid to talk back to a policeman, listen to the Voice of America or wear tight sweaters. All this is utter nonsense.

Unfortunately, however, this distorted image has permeated some members of our own government. Several months ago I testified about the mood of Soviet youth before the House Committee on Foreign Affairs. I told the committee that the Russian students in my Moscow University dormitory believed deeply in Soviet socialism and that they expressed their hopes for a better future in terms of "building Communism." The Congressmen frowned; their faces hardened. They asked, "But how can we subvert this belief in Communism?" One of them put it directly: "What can we do to encumber the paths . . . of the Soviets? What can we do to exploit the dissatisfactions? How can we develop this idea of ideological contamination? . . . We must seek to exploit the dissatisfaction that arises out of the actualities of life in the Soviet Union today, as compared to the objectives which they feel they are going to achieve in the future."

That was the mood of the hearing, and it reminded me of nothing so much as the same hostile, futile approach of Soviet propagandists toward America. (What can we Russians do, they ask, to exploit American dissatisfaction with race conflicts and unemployment?) But beyond this, the Congressmen seemed grossly ignorant about the subject they were supposed to be investigating; if they had had any genuine understanding of what socialism and Communism mean to the Russians, they could not have asked those questions. This approach, our national approach, to fighting Communism is short-sighted and has as little chance of success as the Russian hope that Americans will abandon their belief in the Constitution. To the thousands of Russians I've talked to, from teen-age wise guys to kerchiefed grandmothers who sweep the streets with brooms of twigs, socialism and Communism mean better lives for themselves, their families and their country—in terms Americans fully favor. They mean prettier clothes, better education, fairer trials, happier families, healthier children, more travel, longer vacations, greener cities, more—and more cultural—leisure, finer human relations, elimination of poverty, slums and delinquency, and self-improvement of every kind. At the lowest level Communism means simply more meat in the diet, a private apartment, and perhaps someday a car. At the highest it means ideals like those taught in American schools: fairness, decency, compassion, justice, generosity, brotherhood, honesty. We ought to encourage such hopes and ideals, not scheme to destroy them.

Let me make myself clear. I do not think the Russians' attachment to Communism developed as a spontaneous, popular movement among the ordinary people. An unparalleled propaganda apparatus functions in every sphere of Soviet life, instructing the Soviet people—incessantly, relentlessly—that capitalism is bad, socialism good, Communism the best, and that every new Russian achievement from paved roads to spaceships is a triumph for the Soviet system. This staggering half-century long campaign has had great effect: Like every people, the Russians have come to believe roughly what they are told.

What I do mean, simply, is that the American view of "Communism" is a vast distortion of its real meaning in the Soviet Union. Russians do not feel oppressed because they live "under Communism"; on the contrary, the notion pleases them. Its achievements are their achievements; its hopes are their hopes. I mean also that *for Russians, in Russia,* Communism is in many ways a civilizing influence, and we ought to recognize it as such instead of fearing it as an unmitigated evil. A blind fight against "Communism" is self-defeating. It means, in the case of Russia, that we are fighting against many of the hopes and ideals we cherish for ourselves.

A historical parallel can perhaps best make this clear. It was not very long ago that Catholics and Protestants were fighting bitter, brutal wars, burning each other at the stake, and vowing eternal enmity. Now we have come full cycle: Priests and ministers encourage each other's work, lend each other the use of their facilities, discuss joint projects and even, in Rome, merger. What happened? Each side slowly disabused itself of the notion that the other is evil. The other religion may lie outside of the true faith; it may be less effective and meaningful; it may be less "good." But in sum it is still a civilizing force that benefits its followers and therefore ought to be encouraged.

One day our attitude toward Communism will follow this pattern. We will always have our quarrels with it. We will always feel that capitalism is superior. But in time we will accept it as a civilizing force that deserves encouragement because it is improving the lot of the Russian people. This will take a long time—20 years, perhaps 50—and it may take even longer for Russians to give up the notion that capitalism is evil. But this is the direction in which history is moving, and I should like to see America get in step with it.

George Seldes

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WALTZES"

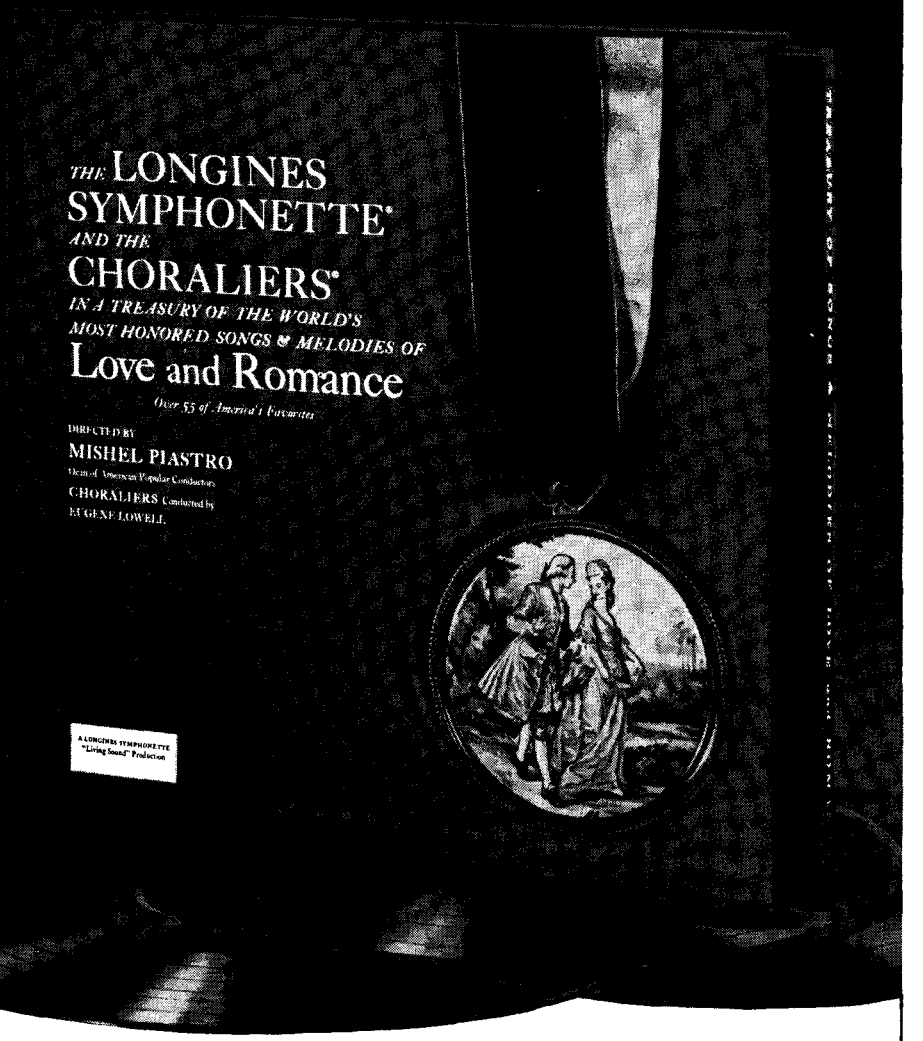
Here are eleven of the most familiar, stirring and passionate waltzes ever brought together in a single thrilling album. Dance again in dreamy three-quarter time to GOLD AND SILVER . . . ANDALUCIA . . . RETURN OF SPRING . . . RENDEZVOUS and many more. Eleven in all—and it's yours FREE . . . just for listening to the beautiful and inspirational Treasury of The World's Most Honored Songs and Melodies of LOVE AND ROMANCE.

FREE
Record Album
IF YOU ACT NOW!

The Longines Symphonette's Treasury of Songs and Melodies of

Love and Romance

OVER 55 of the most stirring and familiar songs and melodies of Love and Romance with brilliant and sweeping arrangements by the Longines Symphonette and the Singing Choraliers.



The Perfect Gift For All Occasions

FREE To Hear for 10 Romantic and Memory Filled Days —Over 55 of The World's Most Beautiful and Inspiring Selections

Yes—The Longines Symphonette and The Singing Choraliers recreate, through the magic of LIVING SOUND RECORDINGS, the most romantic, nostalgic and happiest moments of your life. Here in five pure vinyl records, you'll find your fondest memories brought back to vivid life. Do you remember GIRL OF MY DREAMS . . . BEYOND THE BLUE HORIZON . . . I'M FALLING IN LOVE WITH SOMEONE . . . INTERMEZZO . . . LIEBESLIEDER WALTZ . . . ROMANZA ANDALUZA . . . DEEP IN MY HEART . . . SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES . . . They're all here in this beautiful treasury . . . over 55 selections . . . the music you want in your home once again, to share with your family and to add to the musical heritage of your children.

The Songs You Know and Love—Listen FREE for 10 Days!

Just mail the coupon below or the postage-paid card attached and we will send you the beautiful 5 record treasury of the songs and melodies of LOVE AND ROMANCE to play again and again for 10 days FREE. At the end of that time, you may return the treasury and owe nothing, but keep the stunning FREE RECORD ALBUM of THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WALTZES. Enjoy in your own home amazing true-to-life "LIVING SOUND" and discover the extra pleasure and silken quality of these finest pure vinyl records. Admire the handsome, lifetime full-color, stamped-in-gold, presentation case. See for yourself why records of this deluxe quality might cost as much as $24.95 in fine record stores . . . yet you save almost 50% by accepting this limited invitation! Mail card or coupon today!

Just a few of the over 55 beautiful and romantic songs and melodies of LOVE AND ROMANCE.

AMONG MY SOUVENIRS	FUR ELISE	OVERTURE TO CINDERELLA
BEAUTIFUL LOVE	GOLDEN DAYS (STUDENT PRINCE)	SOME DAY
BEST THINGS IN LIFE ARE FREE	I'M ALWAYS CHASING RAINBOWS	SWEETHEART OF SIGMA CHI
CONSOLATION	IN SUMMER FIELDS	VALSE SENTIMENTALE
DAYBREAK	JUST LIKE THE IVY I'LL CLING TO YOU	VENETIAN LOVE SONG
DREAM WALTZ	LOVE, I HAVE WON YOU	VOCE DI DONNA
EROTIK	ONE ALONE (THE DESERT SONG)	VOICE OF THE BELLS
FLEDERMAUS	ONLY MAKE BELIEVE	WHEN DAY IS DONE
FORTUNE TELLER (SELECTIONS)	OPEN THY BLUE EYES	WITH A WATER LILY

—And many, many more of the all-time favorite songs of nostalgia and memory from "THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED SONGS AND MELODIES OF LOVE AND ROMANCE."

THE LONGINES SYMPHONETTE RECORDING SOCIETY
an educational service of the Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company

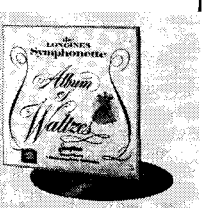
LESS THAN 24¢ A SELECTION

Only $5 A Month or $12.95

All five records in deluxe, lifetime, full-color, stamped-in-gold presentation case! Over 55 inspiring selections!

KEEP FREE RECORD ALBUM!

Remember—"THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WALTZES" is an exclusive new 12" record album—not for sale anywhere! You keep it even if you return the five-record Treasury of LOVE AND ROMANCE. Mail postage-paid card or convenient coupon below.



TEAR OFF AND MAIL POSTAGE-PAID CARD TODAY! No Stamp needed! Or mail convenient coupon below!

THE LONGINES SYMPHONETTE RECORDING SOCIETY
Longines-Wittnauer Tower • Fifth Avenue • New York, N Y 10036

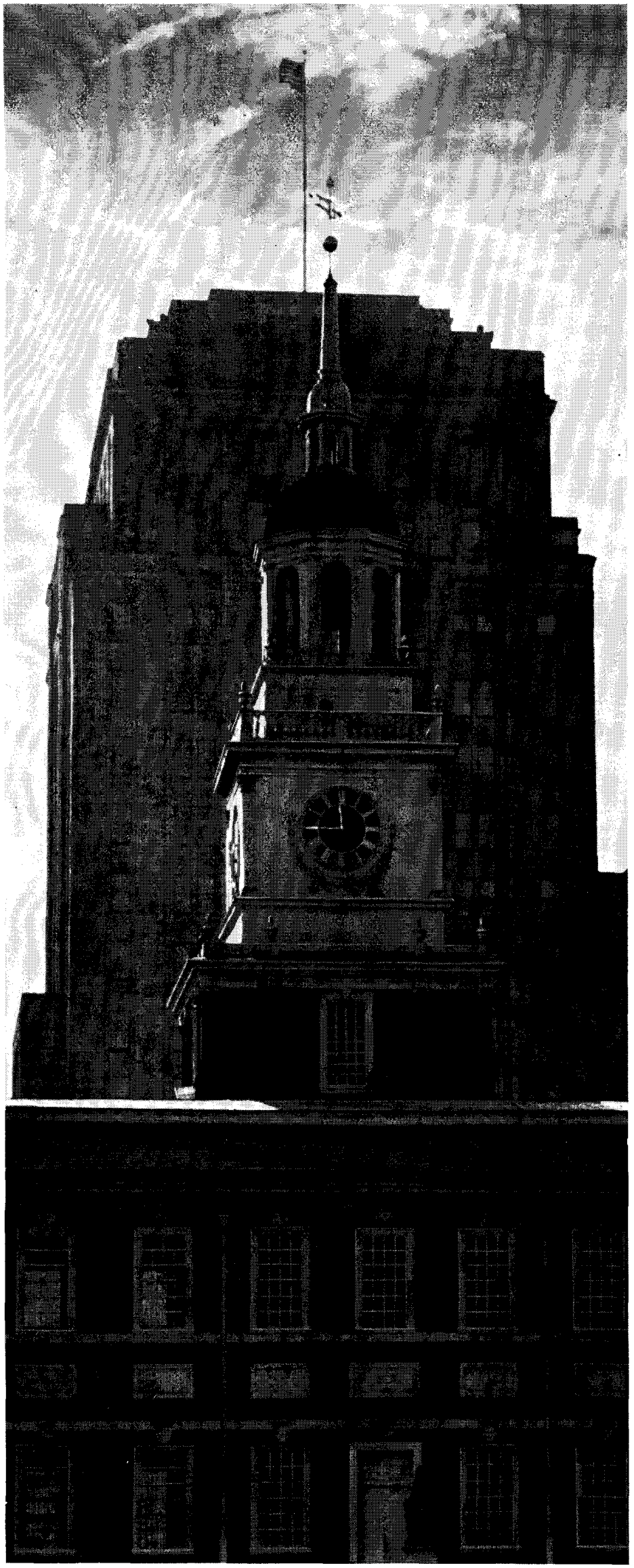
YES—send my FREE record album along with the five-record Treasury of LOVE AND ROMANCE. I may return the Treasury after 10 days and owe nothing or will send just $5 a month until the full price of just $12.95 (plus modest postage-handling cost) is paid. I KEEP FREE "WALTZ" RECORD ALBUM in any event!

CHECK HERE FOR STEREO
☐ STEREO EDITION just $1.25 more for all 5 records

Name .....
(Please Print)
Address .....
City ..... State ..... ZIP or ZONE .....
R291-158

☐ SAVE EVEN MORE! Enclose $12.95 (Stereo edition $14.20) and we pay all postage-handling costs. Same FREE record offer and 10-Day Trial. Prompt refund guaranteed. N.Y.C. residents only add 4% sales tax!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Behind historic Independence Hall, home of the Liberty Bell, stands the Penn Mutual Home Office Building.

Gordon C. Anderson
Minneapolis

King C. Archer
Los Angeles

William C. Bell
Denver

S. M. Bernbaum, CLU
Seattle

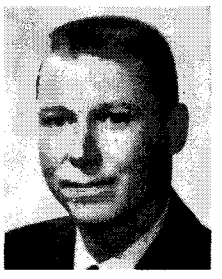
C. W. Fahnestock
Encino, Cal.

James S. Froelke
St. Paul

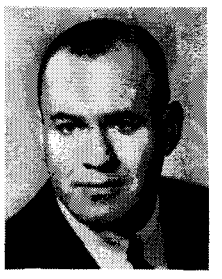
Jan A. Gallinetti
Fresno

Michael J. Georgen
Chicago

Paul Jernigan
Wichita



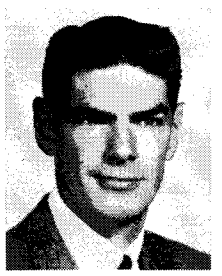
John J. Joy, Jr., CLU
Chicago



Jerome S. Kaplan
Pasadena

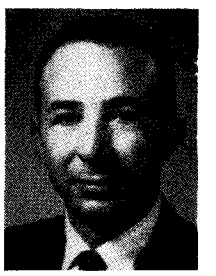
Kenneth L. Keil, CLU
Springfield, Ill.

Norman N. Lee
Vallejo, Cal.



C. Jerry Lewis
San Bernardino, Cal.

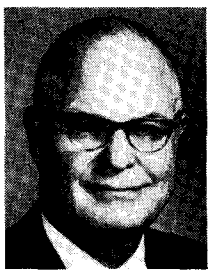
Sam Marasco
Omaha



Tony Marrone
Los Angeles

D. L. Mitchell, CLU
Seattle

Charles Nichols, Jr.
Minneapolis



J. Colgan Norman, CLU
Louisville

Starr Northrop, CLU
Sacramento

G. Milford Peterson
Crookston, Minn.

James M. Pollock
Palo Alto, Cal.

Arthur F. Priebe, CLU
Rockford, Ill.

Roger R. Reid
Chicago

George Rowland
Los Angeles

William G. Schmidt
Chicago

William A. Schwed
San Diego

Roy D. Simon, CLU
Highland Park, Ill.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

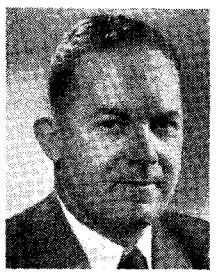
James A. Board, CLU
Sacramento

John G. Brandon
Peoria

G. C. Bright, CLU
Phoenix

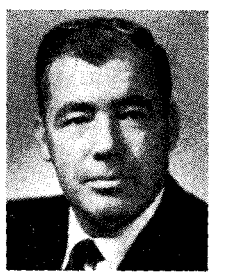
Edwin R. Brock
Des Moines

H. M. Chesterman, CLU
Oakland



Glenn D. Commons
Aurora, Ill.

M. R. Coulson, CLU
Wichita



Roy E. Curtis, CLU
Tulsa

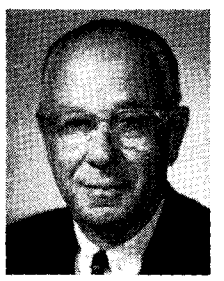
Donald R. Gibbons
Tulsa

Robert S. Gillespy, Jr.
San Francisco

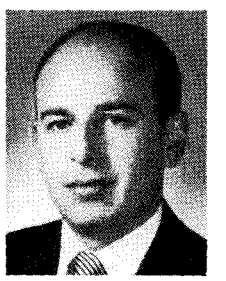
James P. Gillis
Los Angeles

Philip E. Harmon
Seattle

Michael W. Hawkins
Pasadena



Walter N. Hiller, CLU
Chicago



Fred R. Hoffman
San Francisco

Ott G. Huber
Dayton

John D. Kennedy, Jr.
Kansas City

F. H. Kneeland, CLU
Napa, Cal.

Distinguished by exceptional understanding

A UNIQUE DEPTH of understanding is the key to true success for any life insurance underwriter. He must be expert and imaginative in the application of all the many forms of life and health insurance. He must be able to understand the needs of those who look to him for advice, and able to design their insurance programs to fit those needs.

Penn Mutual "Top Club" members have demonstrated that depth of understanding to a remarkable degree. Each of them has helped his clients to create more than $1,000,000 in additional security and peace of mind during the past year. It is a pleasure to recognize their achievements here and to commend their services to you for your personal and business life and health insurance needs.

These are the "Top Club" members in your part of the country. Those in other areas are being honored in copies of the Post circulated there.

CHARLES R. TYSON
President

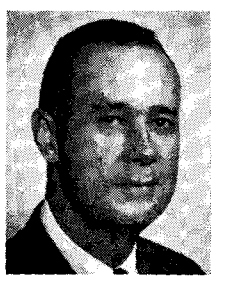
Edwin A. Knickrehm
Davenport

Ray C. Knight
Firebaugh, Cal.

Alfred F. Mattson
San Francisco

P. J. McGarry, Jr.
Los Angeles

Warren S. Michael
San Francisco



J. E. Miller, CLU
Long Beach, Cal.

Joseph F. O'Connor
Los Angeles

William R. Orrock
Napa, Cal.

Arnold L. Panella
Daly City, Cal.

S. Don Pendlay
Monterey, Cal.

Ned Rickett
Crawfordsville, Ind.

Roger Roesch
Encino, Cal.

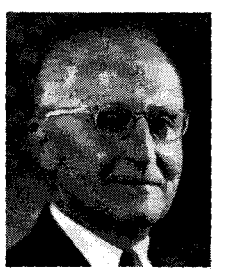
The PENN MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

Back of Your Independence Stands The PENN MUTUAL • Founded in 1847

Life and Health Insurance • Annuities • Pension and Profit Sharing Plans • Complete Group Coverages

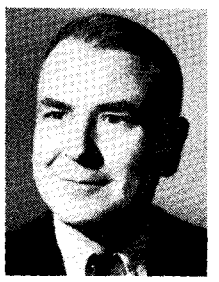
Waverly E. Rose
Kansas City



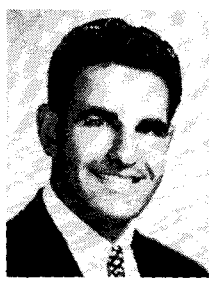
E. W. Rosenheim, CLU
Chicago

Gerald R. Stintzi, Jr.
Spokane

H. R. Stradley, CLU
Kimberly, Idaho

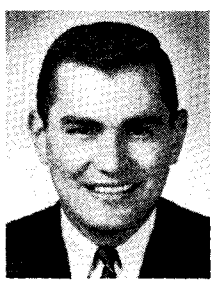


Andrew D. Tomlinson
Phoenix

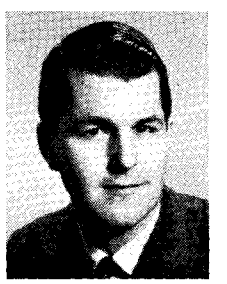


Nickolas P. Tooliatos
Vallejo, Cal.

Alfred Villasenor, Jr.
Los Angeles



Robert M. Villasenor
Los Angeles



W. R. Woodard, CLU
Pasadena

Donald A. Zeledon
Encino, Cal.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Winston Churchill: a footnote

WASHINGTON:

As the world waited for the great old man to die, I kept remembering a few hours I spent with Mr. Winston Churchill (as he was then) at Chartwell, his country place, in 1950. Perhaps those hours are worth describing now, as a very small footnote to the history in which Winston Churchill played so large a part.

Wandering about the continent that summer, I had met his son, Randolph, and got on well with him (not everybody does—I still do). When I got to London, Randolph asked me to lunch at Chartwell. I had expected a large luncheon party. Instead, there were only the three of us—Randolph, myself, and Mr. Churchill.

He was dressed in his siren suit and looked very rumpled and grumpy. When Randolph introduced me, he made a harrumphing noise and said nothing at all. I suspect my presence was a surprise, and an unwelcome one.

All through the first course of a delicious meal, his silence was unbroken, except by an occasional threatening harrumph when Randolph or I ventured a timid word. With the second course (was it the champagne, which was copious and very good?) he began to thaw, and by the time the port was served he was embarked on a marvelous monologue, of which, alas, I recall only bits and snatches.

At one point, I remember, he took a newspaper clipping out of his pocket. The clipping quoted Bernard Baruch as saying that Winston Churchill knew nothing about economics. Mr. Churchill then treated us to a dazzling, if incomprehensible, analysis of the world economic situation, obviously designed to disprove Baruch's point. Mr. Churchill was not without vanity.

He was not without a certain arrogance either. I asked him his opinion of a Labor Party politician I had recently interviewed. "I wouldn't have him for a gardener," he said, harrumphing loudly. "I wouldn't have him for an *under*-gardener."

He was also not without malice. He was leader of the Conservative opposition at the time, and Anthony Eden was his understudy. When some really tedious subject for debate was scheduled—a report on sewer systems or the like—he would telephone Eden, he said, and tell him: "This is a great opportunity for you, my boy—a great opportunity to shine. You may lead the debate."

Two things he said, however, were on a grander, more Churchillian scale. Over the port, he was recalling the time when Adolf Hitler came to power.

"I knew there was to be a great war," he said. "As soon as the Nazis came to power, I felt war in my bones."

Thereafter, he fell to talking about the then current scene. This was during the worst part of the late Stalinist regime. The Berlin blockade had only recently ended, and the Communists had attacked in Korea. The international outlook, he acknowledged, seemed singularly bleak. "But you know," he said, "it is very curious, but I do not feel war in my bones today."

He did not feel war in his bones, he said, because the "terrible new weapons" had made war irrational, an act of insanity. This was the reasoning which later led him to make his last great speech, on the "peace of mutual terror." That peace is still the peace which, 15 years later, we know today.

As the meal ended, over a glass of brandy and the inevitable cigar, Mr. Churchill began to talk about his wartime friend, Franklin Roosevelt, a subject which led him to talk in turn about the United States.

"America," he said thoughtfully, and paused to puff at his cigar. "America—a great and powerful country, like a strong horse, pulling the rest of the world up behind it, out of the slough of despond, towards peace and prosperity." Then he fixed me with an accusing stare: "But will America stay the course?"

That question went to the heart of the matter then, as it still does today. For the "peace of mutual terror" can only be maintained if America, the keystone of Western power, does indeed "stay the course." Winston Churchill's ability to go straight to the heart of the matter was surely one reason why he was a great man.

He was also a lovable man. After luncheon Mr. Churchill commanded my presence for a tour of Chartwell. First he took me to his goldfish pond and fed his goldfish with grubs supplied by a secret-service man in attendance. He was intensely proud of his goldfish and remarkably conscious of their monetary value.

"See that one," he would say, pointing to a particularly vast fish. "Paid ten shillings for him. Worth fully five pounds now, I dare say."

Then he led me down a hill, and as he turned on some sort of spigot, he remarked happily, "This will surprise you, my boy." Water poured forth, a series of pretty, miniature waterfalls appeared miraculously, and I was indeed surprised, for (was it all that champagne?) there were places where the water seemed to flow uphill.

At the bottom of the hill we came upon a larger pond. In the middle of the pond was what appeared to be a bicycle wheel with four mirrors attached to its sides. Mr. Churchill pushed a button, and the wheel revolved. The rays of the sun, he explained, reflected in the revolving mirrors, would frighten off the marauding birds which stole his fish. As he spoke, a light drizzle began to fall. "Unfortunately," he said with infinite sadness, "on this small island the sun scarcely ever shines."

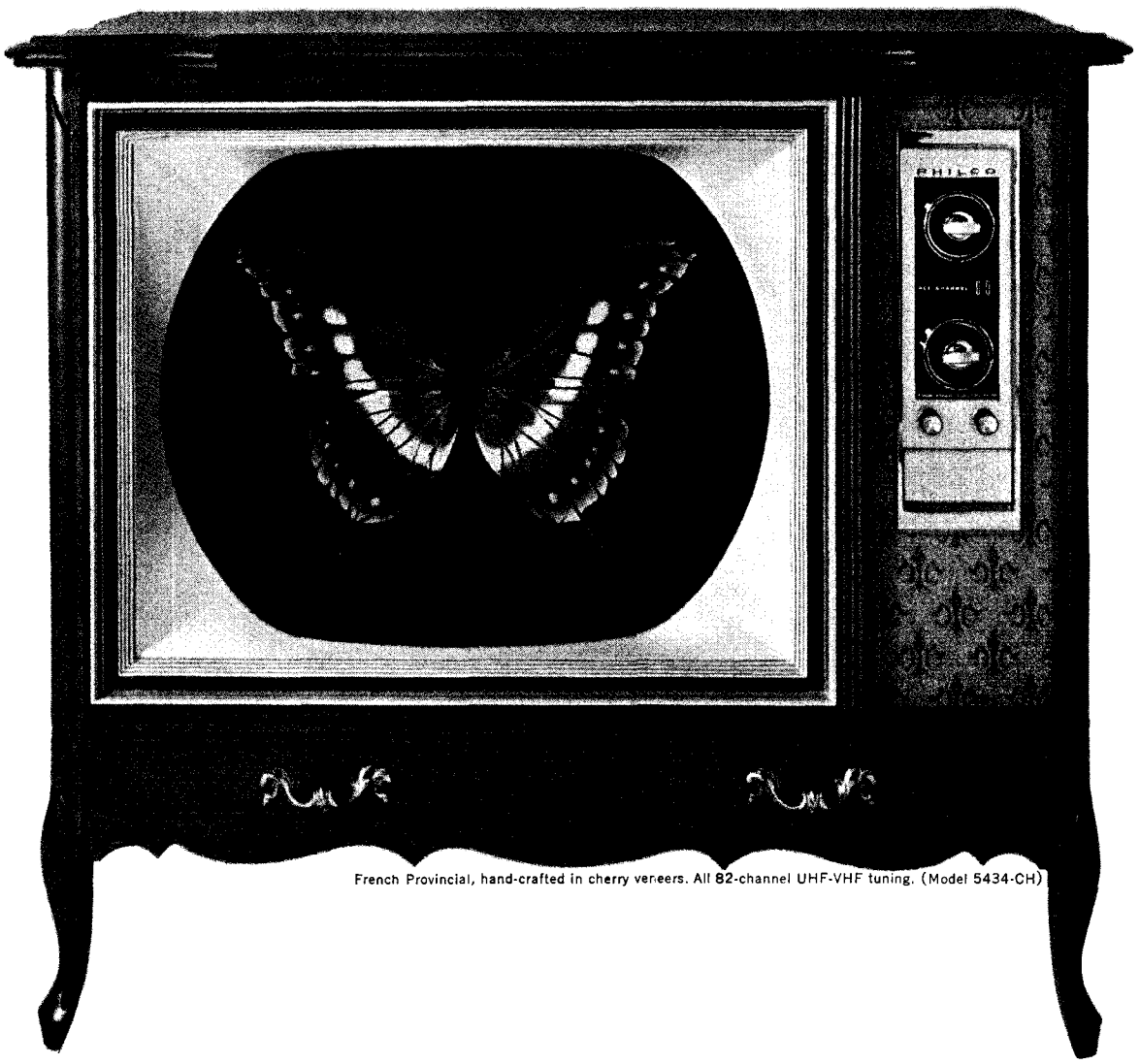
He showed me his paintings in a garden studio and a handsome brick wall he had built. By the end of the afternoon, when I said my good-byes, he was happily uprooting small trees with a contraption he had invented, which used an ingenious system of leverage.

For his goldfish, his waterfalls, his bird-scaring and tree-uprooting inventions, he retained all the capacity of enjoyment of a boy—the simple, unfeigned, wholehearted enthusiasm most of us lose so soon. Perhaps this was one reason why he survived so many thousands of cigars, so many gallons of good drink, and so many soul-testing trials and tribulations, to reach the age of 90. Perhaps it was also one reason why so many people loved him so.

Stewart Alsop

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOU ARE LOOKING AT TODAY'S MOST EXCITING ADVANCE IN COLOR TV



French Provincial, hand-crafted in cherry veneers. All 82-channel UHF-VHF tuning. (Model 5434-CH)

PHILCO 20/20 COLOR VISION

Now see superb color in sharp focus. Get brighter, clearer color reception, even in fringe areas. Philco just doubled the picture-pulling power of its Color TV. The result: new 20/20 Color Vision—color rivaled only by nature.

Color TV just took a giant step. It's called Philco 20/20 Color Vision. It gives you color the way color should be—bright, sharp and natural. Color that stays true because Philco's Automatic Picture Pilot electronically checks the picture over 15,000 times a second—doesn't let color wash out or turn garish. And the Philco ColorClear Tuner and Power-Plus Chassis double the sensitivity of Philco Color TV. You get brilliant reception even in outlying areas. Make this your year for extra fun. See Color TV by Philco, the people who developed basic circuitry for compatible color years ago.

PHILCO LASTING VALUE

FAMOUS FOR QUALITY THE WORLD OVER

PHILCO® COLOR TV

A SUBSIDIARY OF *Ford Motor Company*

TELEVISION RADIOS STEREO PHONOGRAPHS HOME LAUNDRY REFRIGERATORS RANGES AIR CONDITIONERS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE TOTAL PERFORMANCE FORD GALAXIE 500 LTD 4-DOOR HARDTOP

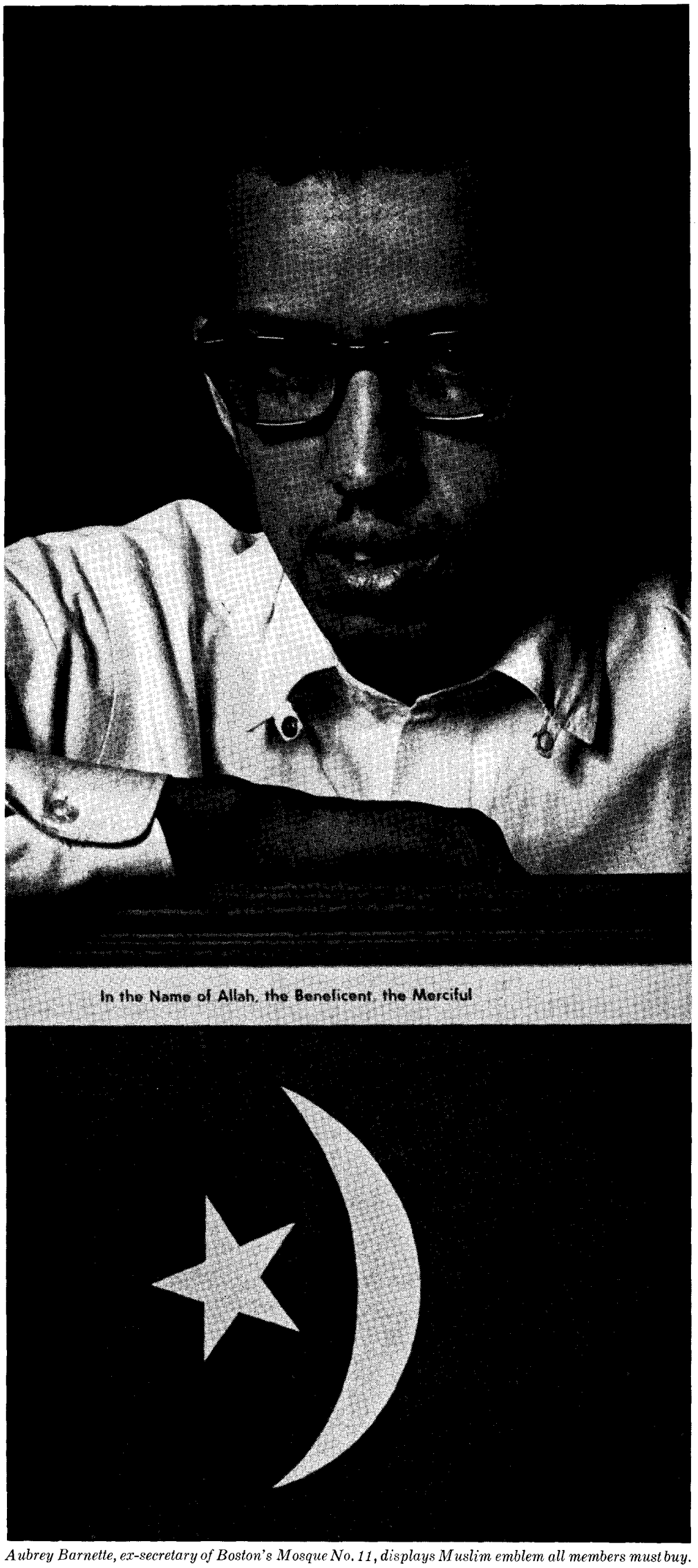
Ford's LTD feels almost as luxurious and roomy inside as this dreamlike picture suggests. And to its spaciousness it adds such delights as: wood-grained vinyl paneling; deep cut-pile carpeting; rich upholsteries. And, with its smooth V-8 and Cruise-O-Matic transmission, an LTD rode quieter, by test, than a new Rolls-Royce.

Best year yet to go Ford!
Test Drive Total Performance '65

FORD

MUSTANG · FALCON · FAIRLANE
FORD · THUNDERBIRD

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Aubrey Barnette, ex-secretary of Boston's Mosque No. 11, displays Muslim emblem all members must buy.

POST

For three years this college graduate was an official of the much-feared Muslim movement. Now, disillusioned by the violence, extortion and fakery, he reveals that

THE BLACK MUSLIMS ARE A FRAUD

By AUBREY BARNETTE, with EDWARD LINN

I WAS hardly expecting trouble. It was a pleasant Sunday afternoon in August, and John Thimas and I were driving down a busy street in Roxbury, a Negro section of Boston. We were passing Roxbury's Black Muslim mosque when a pink Cadillac pulled away from the curb, cutting us off. I sat there at the wheel, vaguely impatient, waiting for the driver to pick up his passenger, or whatever it was he was going to do, and drive off.

Suddenly four men I recognized as Black Muslim goons rushed to John's side of the car. The door flew open and they dragged him out, hitting him with short, flat-handed karate chops. Before I had a chance to move, someone reached in through the open rear window and grabbed me around the neck. Three or four others opened the door beside me, seized me by the legs and yanked. I wrapped my arms around the door-post and held on for dear life, but someone kicked me hard in the small of the back, and I had to let go. I fell flat on the street, and the goons crowded around me, punching, kicking and stomping.

We were lucky, though. Traffic was piling up behind us; horns were honking, bystanders were screaming, and the neighborhood people were running out of their houses and out of the stores to find out what was happening. A photographer came running up the street, snapping pictures, and several of the goons dropped John and went chasing after the photographer to get that camera and destroy the film.

I was still laid out on the street and being worked over. I had grabbed one goon tightly around the legs, and he was screaming, "Kick him! Kick him!" I felt a sharp kick on the base of my spine and I could feel the numbness go right through me. Someone stomped on my ankle, and I could feel the ankle crunch beneath the boot.

After about five or 10 minutes the screaming and the honking finally scared them off. I was on the pavement, and the driver of one of the cars behind us was trying to help me get cleaned up. He said there had been 13 of the goons. I stand five feet six and weigh 130 pounds; the members of the Muslim terror squad are all strapping six-footers. They left me with a broken ankle, two

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'The Muslim movement is just another little money-grabbing scheme feeding on Negro frustrations.'

Minister Louis X, a former calypso singer, tried in vain to stop the revolt in the Boston mosque.

fractured ribs, a fractured vertebra, damaged kidneys and internal bleeding. I was in the hospital for a week, in bed at home for another week and out of work for a total of three weeks. My ankle was in a cast for a month.

The beating was most probably an act of revenge. I had been an official of Boston's Mosque No. 11 for three years, and John Thimas was at one time my assistant. I believe we were beaten as punishment for quitting and also as a warning to us to keep our mouths shut.

I had quit because I had grown weary of being hoodwinked and of hoodwinking others. The Muslims' basic and powerful argument is that, since the white man has rigged society against Negroes, Negroes must withdraw from white society and band together to improve their lot. This solution sounds so simple that Negroes are easily beguiled into thinking it works. Even influential and responsible Negroes like football star Jimmy Brown have been led to believe that the Muslims have an active program for education, economic uplift, moral rehabilitation, family harmony and brotherhood. All myths. The Nation of Islam (the official name of the Muslim organization) is a moneymaking proposition which bleeds its followers dry. When its peculiar quackery fails to bring in money in the name of charity, it resorts to terror, violence and extortion.

My background made me a most unlikely prospect for the Muslims. I was a college senior majoring in business administration at Boston University when I first heard of the Muslims. I was married, had three children, and, in addition to attending college, was working a full night shift at the post office.

More than that, I had never known the hardships that drive Negroes to desperation. My father, a post-office worker, was always able to make a better-than-average living. We never lived in ghettos, but in reasonably well-integrated areas. One of my brothers not only went to Columbia University on a full scholarship but was elected president of his sophomore class.

In July of 1958 another brother, Carl, having attended a couple of Muslim meetings in Los Angeles, was going around the house quoting the Bible and telling my wife Ruth and me about the Muslims' program for the advancement of the Negro. We were impressed enough to go to a meeting with him. Carl had not really joined the mosque in Los Angeles, and the Muslims do not permit people simply to walk in off the streets. But the Los Angeles temple had not been set up officially at that time, and Carl had convinced the Boston officials that he was really a member.

None of this should be taken to mean that the Muslims are not convert-minded. The brothers are always being exhorted to recruit new members (to "fish") among the Negroes ("lost-founds") from the outer world ("the grave"). Most of this fishing is done in the established churches for much the same reason that anybody looking for goldfish would do well to hang around a goldfish bowl. The Muslims' boast that they bring religion to nonreligious people is far from the complete truth.

The mosque my brother brought us to was a brick-front building, originally a synagogue. I took two steps inside the door and was immediately whisked off to an anteroom. Ruth was whisked off too, and that was the last I saw of her for the rest of the night. Inside a Muslim mosque, men and women are very carefully segregated.

The guard instructed me, very pleasantly, to remove everything from my pockets and to raise my hands above my head, for this was the search room, where everybody, members as well as first-time visitors, is frisked. He even loosened my belt so that any weapon I might have hidden along my waist would fall to the floor. He took my two ball-point pens out of my jacket pocket and, pointing them directly into my face, depressed the little button on top; fortunately I had not come equipped with an exploding pen. Over on the women's side, Ruth was having her compact taken away because it had a square mirror. A round mirror would have been OK, she was told, but a square mirror, with its sharp corners, could be used as a weapon to attack the minister. It was impossible not to feel that the minister must be a personage of enormous importance, the carrier of some potent message, to be protected so carefully.

As I was led from the search room, I was passed on to another brother, who led me to a seat in the front row, where all first-time visitors are brought. Almost immediately a huge man—a lieutenant—loomed up in the aisle, front and center, stationing himself between the minister and the congregation. Another official took a seat in the front row, turning to keep an eye on the assemblage. When the minister came to the lectern, other lieutenants began patrolling the side aisles.

The minister, Louis X, was about 26—my own age. I knew all about him, because Carl had told me he was Gene Walcott, a handsome, talented and not unsuccessful calypso singer. I had seen him perform around Boston a couple of years earlier, billed as "The Charmer."

Minister Louis knew something about me too—it is standard procedure to brief the minister on the first-timers. He told the rest of the audience how wonderful it was for a college student to show such interest in the racial problem. Pointing out that I was studying business administration, Minister Louis then spoke to me directly. "Whose business are you going to administer to?" he asked. "Do you think the white devil is going to let you run his business?"

"Teach on," chanted the audience behind me. "You telling the truth."

And then he began to talk about the great communal business complex the Nation of Islam had built in Chicago and about the enormous strides that were being made toward building a similar complex in Boston. Most of his teaching, however, was nothing more than a commentary on current events as they applied to the Negro's position in America. His text, I noted with surprise, was taken not from the Koran but from a column which Elijah Muhammad, head of the Nation of Islam, was writing for the Pittsburgh *Courier*.

Any resemblance between the Black Muslims and the real religion of Islam was, I discovered in the end, almost coincidental. The minister opens with an Arabic phrase, "As-salaam-alaikum" ("Peace be unto you"), and the congregation responds, "Wa-alaikum-salaam" ("And unto you peace also"). And that's the last Arabic anybody hears. During my first years in the Nation, the members were specifically forbidden to buy even an English version of the Koran. Those who pressed for a reason were told bluntly, "Because you won't be able to understand what's in it." It wasn't until the captain of the mosque in Newark, N.J., got himself a franchise for importing Korans from Pakistan that the policy underwent a sudden change. All members were now urged to order copies from him. Purchases from any other source were still strictly forbidden.

My brother Carl, having got us involved, attended only a couple of more meetings, found the discipline uncongenial, and cut out for good. Ruth, however, was fascinated, because she had learned that the women were given the opportunity to teach the young children such things as manners and personal hygiene. She joined about six months later. I didn't join, not then.

Though I had graduated from college with a B.S. in business administration in August, 1958, I was still working at the post office—with overtime I could earn far more than I could possibly earn starting out fresh in the business world—and I had also taken an evening job as an insurance agent. By the time I finally became a Black Muslim, in March, 1960, we had bought our own one-family home, we had a new automobile, and we had some money in the bank. I was 28 years old.

I joined for a combination of reasons. Ruth felt that since I had a college degree I should be making some kind of contribution to the Muslims' program for educating Negro children. The opportunity to put my own business education to work in that burgeoning business empire Minister Louis was always telling me about appealed to me. And, most important of all, I suppose, I did have my own guilt feelings about remaining on the sidelines at a time when the racial situation was finally coming to a boil.

There was another reason too. In those two intervening years Minister Louis had written a musical play, *Orgena* ("A Negro" spelled backward), in which the white man was put on trial for creating the conditions that led to the black man's degradation ("If

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Negro is a dope addict, who is flooding the Negro neighborhoods with dope? If the Negro is a drunkard, who sells him the whiskey?") and for lulling him with a religion that robbed him of his right to defend himself ("Did God want the Negro, whose cheek is already busted, to turn the other cheek?"). *Orgena* had been produced in several major cities, with Louis himself playing the lead. Louis said he wanted me to tour with it and take over the publicity and promotion.

That little project folded abruptly, however, when Elijah Muhammad forced Louis to abandon his play. The reason should have been obvious to me from the beginning. Now, after more than three years as a Muslim, I see the basic contradiction between the Muslims' dogma and all that fine, fond talk about uplifting the Negro. I came to realize that *the one thing the Muslims cannot live with is success.* It is impossible to preach total disaffection to anyone who is making his way in the real world. The Muslims display a vested interest in failure, in discrimination, in segregation. The Muslims, no less than the Ku Klux Klan, want to "keep the Negro in his place." If Louis succeeded as an entertainer, he would be lost to them. For this very reason Muslims do not court prominent Negroes. Cassius Clay was almost certainly a Muslim for a long time before he won the heavyweight boxing championship and it was no longer possible to hide his membership.

To me, Louis X is a tragic figure. He had the talent to become a leading figure in the entertainment world. He put aside all personal ambition because he believed the Muslims were trying to instill in the Negro a sense of pride and a hope for accomplishment. Not, I should say, that he was starving. Louis was drawing a salary of $110 a week and was living rent-free in a big house alongside the mosque. Each member was supposed to donate $2.95 a week toward Louis's upkeep, which means that if 100 members were contributing regularly he was receiving another $15,000 a year in expense money.

In theory, Louis was the only salaried member of the mosque. The other two officials—the captain, who is the military leader, and the secretary, who takes care of the finances—were supposed to be supported by frequent contributions from the membership. But in addition to those contributions, the captain received $85 a week from the administration funds, and the secretary got $35.

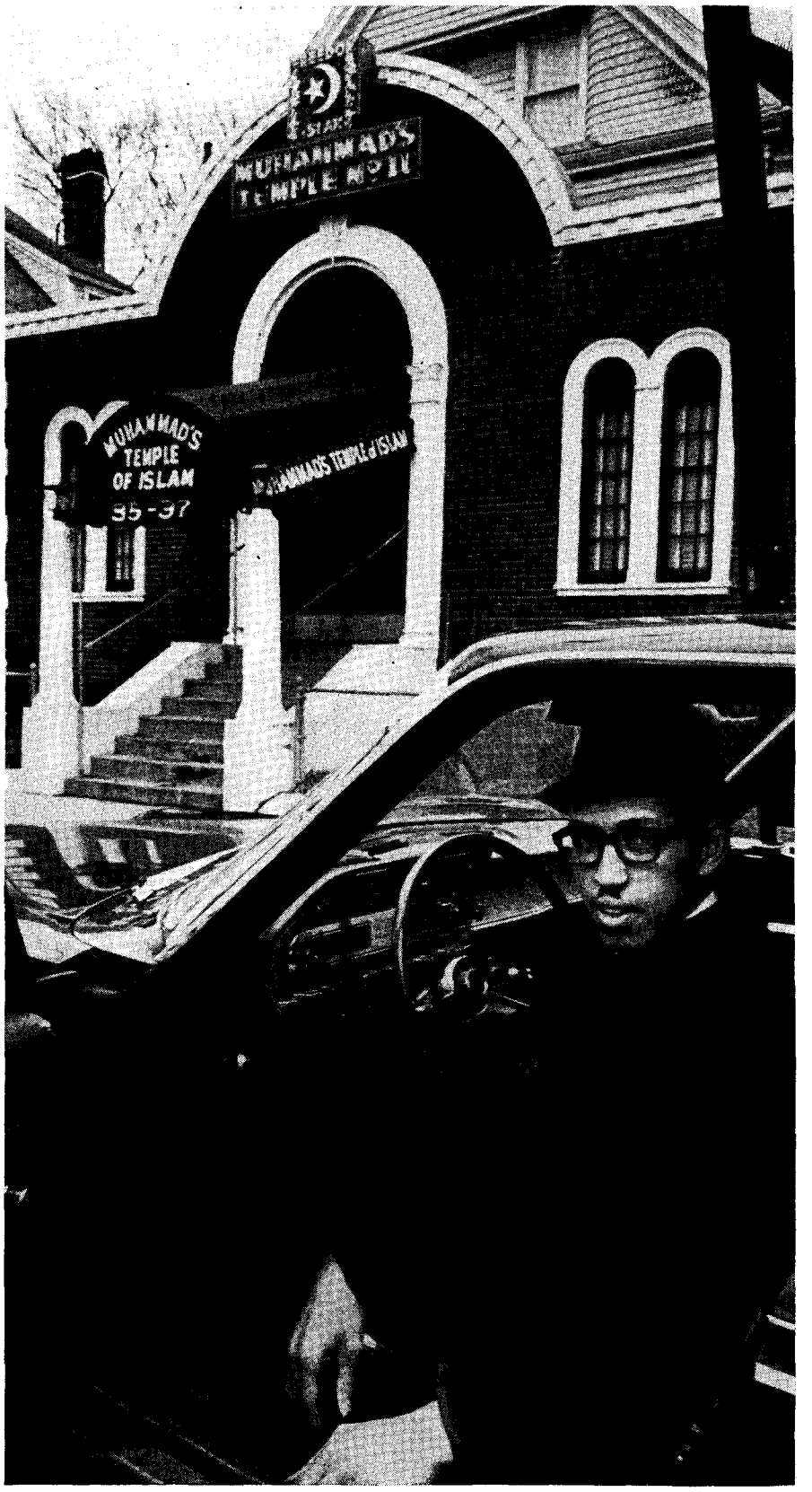
Once I made the decision to join the Nation of Islam, I threw myself into the movement with complete dedication. On my first night as a member I stood up before the orientation class and said, "I came from a large family. I had eight brothers and I felt very close to all of them. But as much as I loved my family brothers, I value this brotherhood even more, because you are the brothers I have chosen."

And I meant every word of it.

I came in with the understanding that a special position as liaison between the minister, captain and secretary would be created for me, making me in effect a fourth official. And instead of spending the usual wasted six weeks in orientation class, I immediately became the secretary of the Fruit of Islam. One of the countless misconceptions of the press is that the Fruit of Islam is a special unit, a sort of honor guard. It is not. The Fruit of Islam is the whole male membership. As soon as you become a full-fledged Muslim, you become—and this is the term that is used—a Fruit.

The Muslims did do one thing for me. In obedience to the laws of Islam I gave up drinking. The second thing I gave up was my overtime at the post office. With my temple duties I simply couldn't work extra hours. The Fruit had to attend temple meetings of one kind or another on Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings, plus an afternoon meeting on Sunday. That didn't mean we had Tuesday and Thursday nights to ourselves, though. On those two nights, as well as on Saturday and Sunday mornings, we were supposed to be out on the street selling the Muslim newspaper, *Muhammad Speaks.*

As an official, I didn't have to worry about hawking papers, but I did have my duties as secretary of the Fruit of Islam. To get to my desk on time, I would report to my job at the post office at six A.M. so that I could check out by 2:30, rush to the temple and remain until midnight. This hardly left me time for the rich family life the Muslims are supposed to be promoting. It barely left me enough time to eke out a living. In the 12 months before I became a Muslim, I had earned $7,200. In my first year as a Muslim I earned $5,200. Out of that sum Ruth and I were donating about $1,000 to the temple. We had to give up our home. We sold the 1959 Chevrolet and bought a 1949 Chevrolet. And, strange as it seems, we did it gladly. Yet my career as a Muslim turned out to be a succession of disillusionments as, one by one, I found every program to be a myth, every claim to be an illusion.



At this spot last August, Muslim goons pulled Barnette from this car and beat him severely.

Free of Islam's fierce demands, Barnette and his wife Ruth can spend time with their children.

The Myth of Numbers

The Muslims have managed to impress themselves upon the nation's consciousness as a powerful and vital and growing movement. To create the illusion of strength, the leadership always mustered almost the full national Muslim force in every city where the Honorable Elijah Muhammad was to speak. If there was a meeting in Detroit for instance, we in Boston were ordered to charter a couple of buses and arrive in Detroit with almost our full membership. The same order would go out to all the mosques in the country. There would also be a good many curiosity seekers. If the newspapermen covering the affair wanted to assume we were all local members, we did nothing to discourage them.

And yet, even with the curiosity seekers and busloads of members from eastern cities, we had trouble getting 3,000 into the Boston Arena (capacity

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Muslim must not succeed in the white world. If he tries, he is pitilessly punished.

7,000). Chicago, the center of the movement, had to strain to get 10,000. Only New York could approach 15,000—most of them visitors. Still we fooled everybody with ease. The leaders of the responsible Negro organizations should know better, yet many are so certain that the Muslims represent a force to be reckoned with that they feel it necessary to put in an appearance at these meetings, take a bow and wave to the assemblage.

How large was our membership? The most accurate estimate I ever heard of our strength in Boston came during a radio debate between Gordon Hall, a specialist on extremist organizations, and Malcolm X, who was the symbol of the Muslims for most people until he broke with the movement in March, 1964. Hall is the only outsider I know of who was not fooled by the Muslim myths. He told Malcolm X that we were lucky if we had 1,000 members throughout New England. Malcolm, needless to say, treated Hall's estimate with contempt; other estimates ran over 3,000. In point of fact, the greatest number of men we ever had in Boston was 110, with perhaps another 125 women. The male membership of Mosque No. 11 today is certainly no more than 55. Springfield, Mass., our other tower of strength in New England, has never had more than 50 members. Providence reached a high mark of 18. Worcester, Mass., as far as I know, had a husband-and-wife team who never quite managed to recruit anybody else.

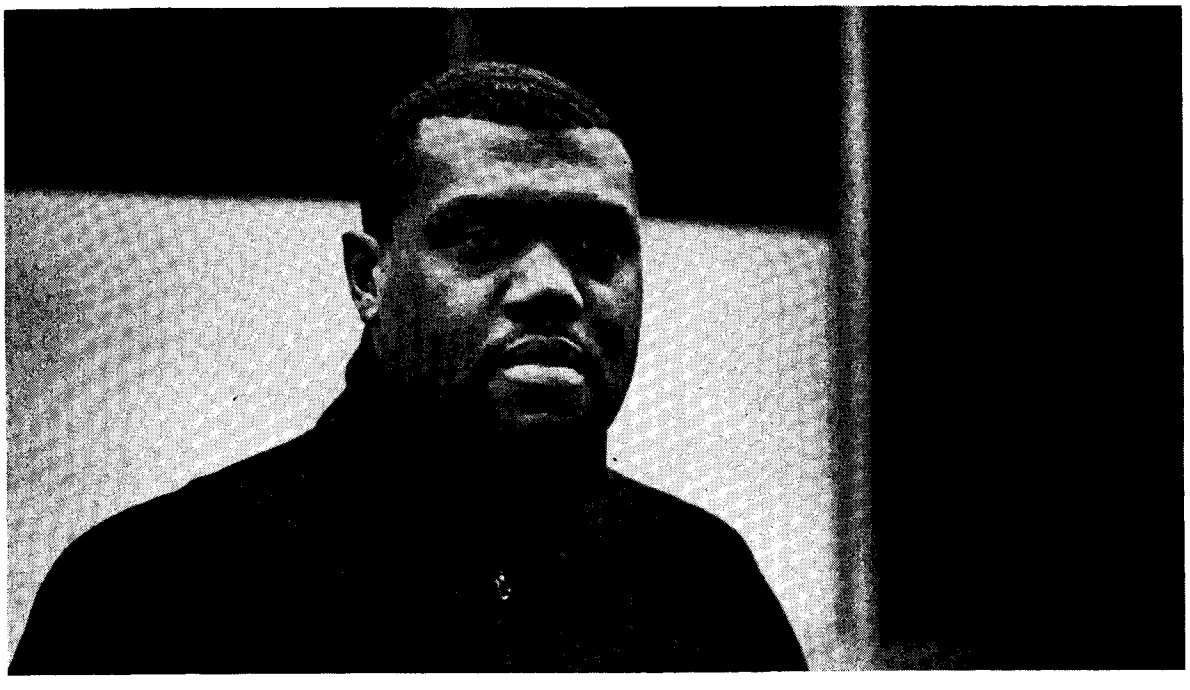
When Dr. C. Eric Lincoln wrote what was supposed to be a definitive book on the Nation of Islam in 1961, he stated that our national membership had reached 100,000 and was growing rapidly, and that we confidently expected to reach five million by 1964. Louis Lomax, who has probably had closer contact with the movement than any other Negro writer, wrote only two years ago that "the state of the Nation of Islam is good; its population is growing, its economy is in the black." I have been to every big city where we have a mosque and, giving the Muslims all the best of it, I would say that the national membership—men, women and children—runs less than 7,000, down by more than half from the high of 15,000 in 1960–61. The population is not growing. It is collapsing.

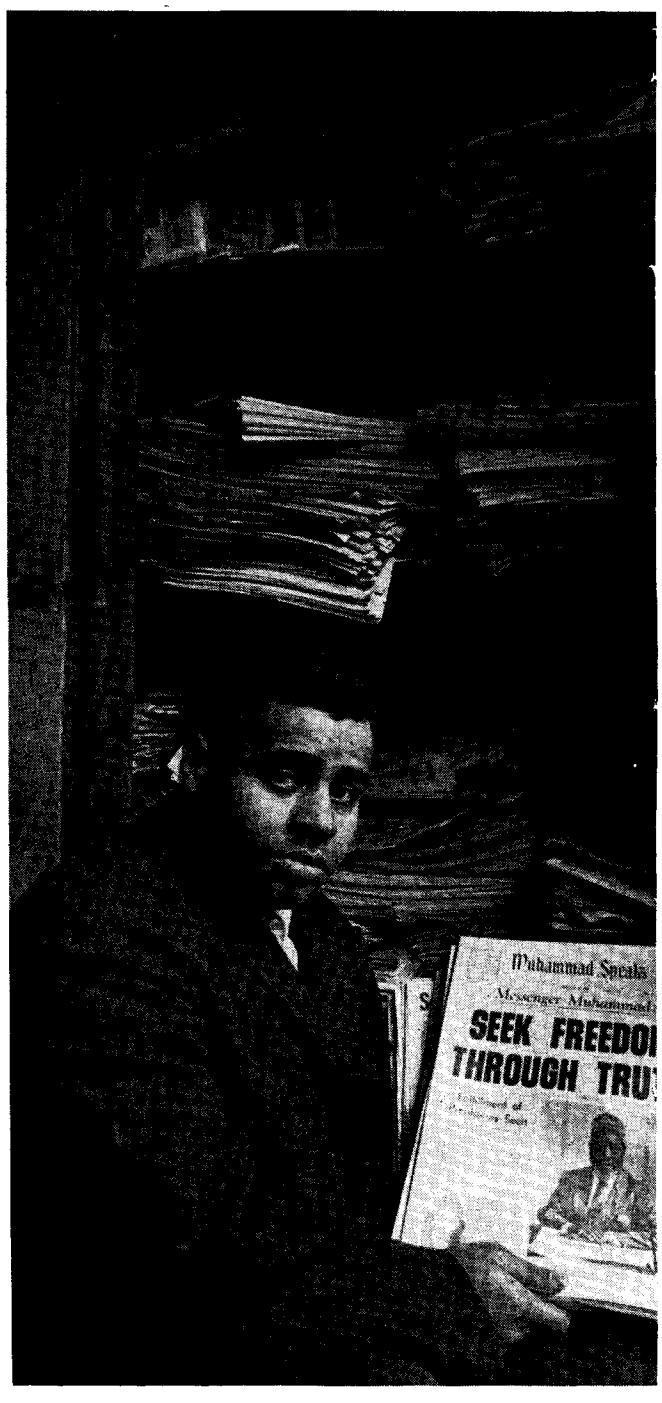
The Myth of Education

My main interest in the movement was its educational program. I had been told about the University of Islam in Chicago, that great institution through which the Muslims were educating and elevating a whole generation of Negroes. So eager was I to become a part of this great undertaking that I was trying to rearrange my schedule so that I could return to college, get my teaching certificate, and teach at the University of Islam.

The great disillusionment came the following February, 11 months after I had joined, when we went to Chicago to attend our first national convention. While we were driving by the Chicago mosque, one Muslim called out, "There's the university." I didn't see any university. All I saw was a small, low building. "What's that?" I asked. "The administration office?"

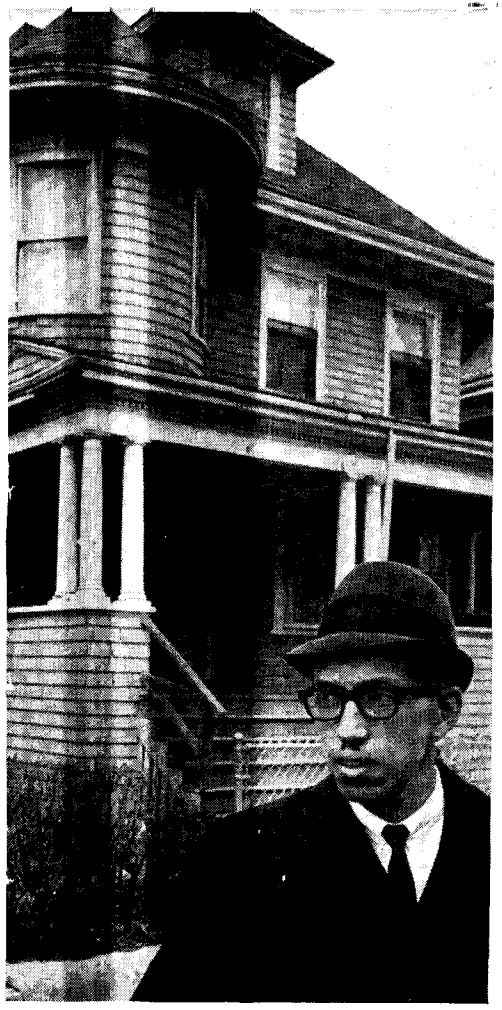
It was, of course, the whole university. The University of Islam is principally a grammar school, not accredited.





Ex-Muslim Robert Wise (top) peers into furniture store he lost because of the mosque; Goulbourne Busby (bottom) had to give up his restaurant because he had a white partner; Robert Worthington (right) still has Muslim papers he paid for but couldn't sell.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



So steep was Barnette's tithe to the mosque that he had to sell his 10-room house.

I went through it later and it contained, as I remember, eight rooms. It did have a smattering of high-school students, but their credits were not accepted by any college. The graduating classes have about six students.

I was stunned. Throughout the rest of the weekend I kept muttering to Ruth, "But that can't be the university. It can't be."

Having given up on the University of Islam as the Negro's great hope for intellectual advance, I decided to try to start a Muslim parochial-school system in Boston. Minister Louis whipped off a letter to Chicago asking for permission to proceed, but permission was denied. The hierarchy reminded us of its grand new plans for building a $20 million center in Chicago which would include, among its other glories, "a two-story structure which will house the best possible teaching facilities, science laboratories and gymnasium...." Chicago had, in fact, already instituted a "call" to raise the $20 million—a call being a special assessment added to the $40 minimum contribution each member is supposed to, and had better, make to the temple every month.

A brochure had already been sent around showing drawings of beautiful glass-and-stone buildings. The land had already been purchased, Chicago informed us, construction was about to begin, and we in Boston could hardly expect to indulge ourselves in our own school system when the same money could be used to build a university that would serve the entire Nation of Islam.

Unfortunately the center in Chicago never did move off the pages of the brochure. After more than three million dollars reportedly had been collected, we were told that the city of Chicago had taken the land away from us for a playground. To my knowledge no accounting of the money was ever given, and no further talk of the center was ever heard. To ask about the money was out of the question. Even to question a Muslim official labels a member as a "seed planter," a breed we were constantly warned about.

The Myth of Economic Uplift

The plans for the center have never been revived, possibly because Muhammad has been so busy working on those plans of his for a great business empire. "The Negro can make jobs for himself," Muhammad has written. "Twenty million Negroes have a combined purchasing power of over twenty billion dollars. . . . No other race of people in the world would allow twenty billion dollars to pass through its hands yearly without adding power and prestige to itself."

My disillusionment with Islam's business empire came during my first visit to Chicago as a Muslim. I had heard about the modern communal businesses, but all I saw were a small bakery; a small grocery store; a small restaurant; a small cleaning establishment; a small clothing store; a small barbershop, and a small dress factory. Although the dress "factory" had only a few machines and a mere handful of employees, it was the one business that might have been making a substantial amount of money. By coincidence it was the only business not owned by the Nation of Islam itself but by Muhammad's daughter.

It would be difficult for the factory not to make money, since it has a completely captive market. A few months after I joined the mosque, all the sisters were told that in order to dress with the modesty expected of a Muslim sister they would have to wear special robes descending to their ankles. There were five basic colors, and it was mandatory that the sisters buy a minimum of three—white, beige and red—at a cost of $200 for the set.

In Boston we did have a string of service-type businesses. One of Minister Louis's great boasts was that our mosque had 52 businessmen as members. What I failed to see at first was that while all these men owned businesses when they joined, many no longer did. If being a Muslim is the only road to the Hereafter, it also seems the quickest road to bankruptcy.

An example is the case of Edward and Robert Wise, two brothers who owned a small furniture store. While the Muslims were trying to recruit them, the members were instructed to patronize the brothers' store. As soon as the brothers did join, however, most of the Muslim customers disappeared, leaving their bills unpaid.

That was just the beginning. Once Edward and Robert became Muslims, they could no longer keep their store open at night, since they had to attend meetings four nights a week. And when it was learned that both brothers were skilled painters and carpenters, they were put to work fixing up the minister's house. Their income dropped sharply, yet they still had to contribute large amounts to the mosque. Soon they had to give up their furniture store.

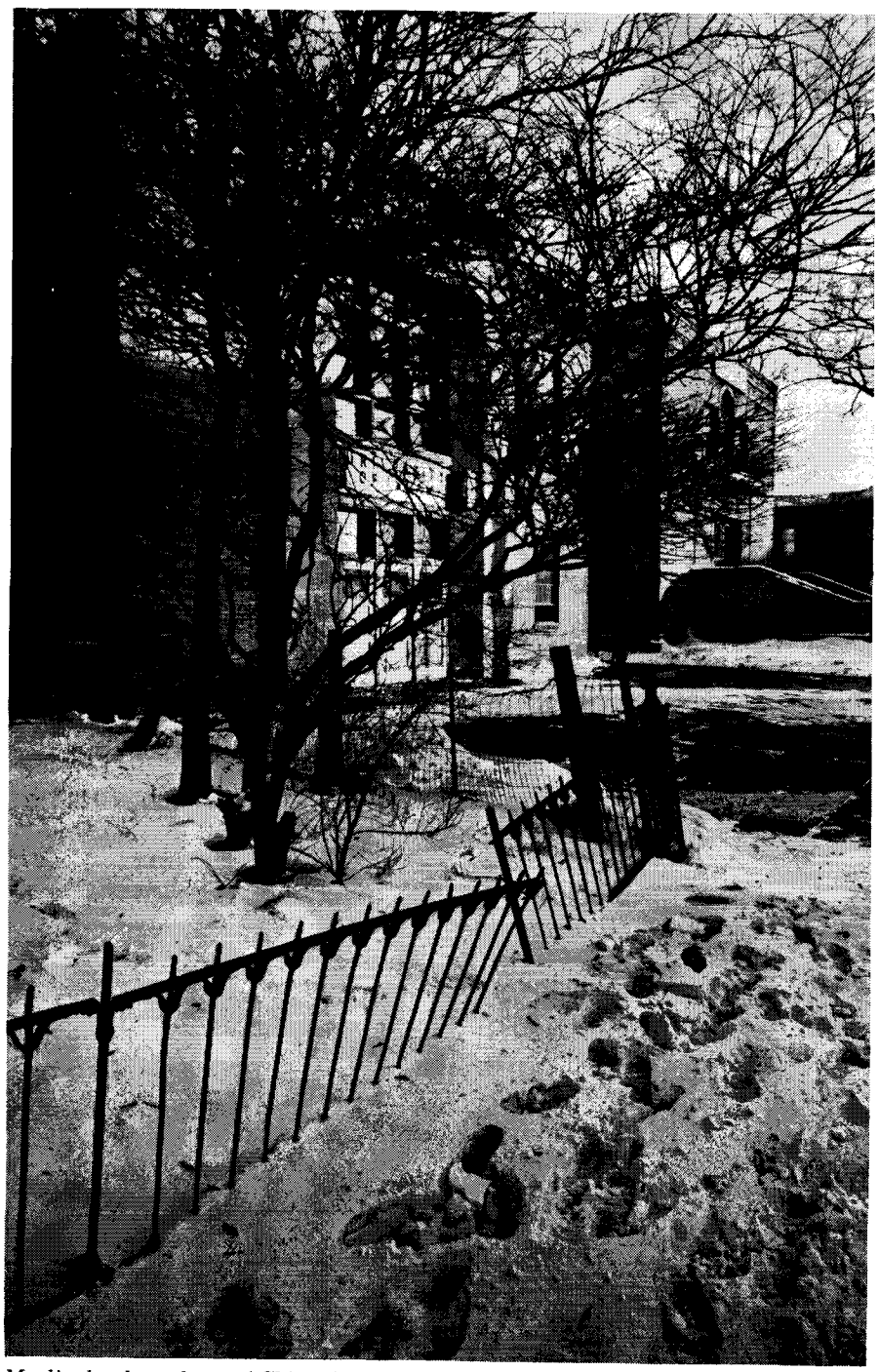
The Myth of Brotherhood

Muslims claim that Negroes, set at each other's throats by white society, come to live in harmony in the all-black Nation of Islam. Nothing in my career as a Muslim bears out this claim.

The principal agent of discord in the Boston mosque is an ex-addict named Clarence W.X, the captain of the Fruit of Islam. With the aid of his private terror squad Clarence runs the F.O.I. as a tight military organization. A stocky man of medium height, with closely cropped hair and a thick roll of flesh at the back of his neck, he looks like an ex-middleweight boxer. He is arrogant, suspicious, dictatorial. An ordinary member is not permitted to speak to him directly but must go through channels. Even then it does little good. He shouts down every complaint. "The men should not be allowed to talk back to you," he once told his lieutenants. "It reflects disrespect for me and those in authority over me. If they grumble, bring them to me on charges." On another occasion he told them, "Do not whip the men. Only I have the right to whip the men."

F.O.I. meetings are a two-hour mishmash of drill, hygiene lectures, current-events briefings, pep talks, physical exercise and miscellaneous instruction. In the final half hour the captain harangues the troops. Clarence loved to tell the members that there were spies and traitors still among us. He always ended his harangue with the warning that the FBI had succeeded in placing a spy—"yes, one of our own black brothers"—right there in our midst. I could never quite understand what an FBI agent could possibly learn at a Fruit meeting, and I suggested to Captain Clarence at one point that he really ought to knock that stuff off. "All you're doing," I said innocently, "is breeding suspicion and distrust among the brothers." Captain Clarence balefully observed that perhaps the reason I wanted to silence him was because I was an FBI spy myself.

Since the ranks are supposedly teeming with spies and traitors, the captain quite obviously has a duty to keep every member under surveillance. To aid him he has an official "investigator," whose job is to dig up evidence against those who have violated the Muslim laws. There are so many petty rules that the assignment keeps the investigator and his staff hopping. As a rule of thumb, any time you have a smile on your face you are breaking a Muslim law



Muslim brochures boast of Chicago's University of Islam (left). Barnette discovered to his surprise it is merely a small, unaccredited grammar school.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Said Clarence X: 'There's an FBI spy in our midst—yes, one of our own black brothers.'

THE MUSLIM FRAUD

A Muslim is not supposed to go to a movie, a dance, or any other entertainment. Television is frowned on. He may attend a wedding, but only if it is a Muslim wedding. Tremendous pressure was put on my wife and me not to attend my brother's wedding, first, because he was not a Muslim (which meant I wasn't supposed to associate with him at all), but also because a wedding is entertainment. We did go, and we were not brought up on charges only because I was still being given special privileges. We had an assistant minister who was not so privileged. Seen going into a movie, he was defrocked and suspended.

It is the duty of every member to spy upon and inform on every other member. Once Captain Clarence received information that the brother and brother-in-law of Minister Louis's wife had entered the Y.M.C.A., which is as out-of-bounds as a Muslim can possibly get. The investigator discovered that the two were going to the "Y" regularly to study the self-defense technique called karate. Clarence concluded that if they were secretly studying karate it could only be for use against the Muslims. The two men were hustled down to the basement of the mosque for questioning while a temple meeting was in progress. Instead of confessing, however, they insisted that they had only been trying to find out whether karate was worth teaching to the rest of the F.O.I. Clarence didn't believe them and had his lieutenants beat them.

When one of the two, Richard X, began to cry out in pain, he was ordered to be quiet. Clarence pointed out sternly that since his cries could be heard in the temple, they indicated a lack of respect for the minister—Richard's own brother-in-law. And so Richard submitted to the pummeling without any further outcries. He really didn't want to disturb the mosque meeting.

Both suspects were suspended for 90 days, and the case was sent on to Chicago for Elijah Muhammad's final judgment. The report arrived at headquarters just about the time headquarters had decided that karate should be taught in all the mosques. So both men were quietly reinstated and given special positions—as karate instructors.

Most of my time as F.O.I. secretary was spent typing up the charges against seed planters. Trial night came only once a month, but it was a rare trial night when we didn't have at least two or three brothers in the dock. The captain would stand on the rostrum under the Muslim flag (a red flag with crescent and star). The accused was brought in between two guards, the three of them marching down the aisle in single file. As they reached the front of the temple, the accused would step out to the right, salute the captain smartly, execute an about-face and exclaim to the assembled members: "As-salaam-alaikum." At this point I would come forward, read the charge, and ask the accused how he wished to plead. It was futile to make any plea but guilty.

A major assignment for Clarence and his terror squad was applying pressure on the members to sell the biweekly newspaper, *Muhammad Speaks* (edited by a non-Muslim). The pressure was tremendous. Elijah Muhammad Jr. once told us, "The Brotherhood of Islam is engaged in the business of raising the dead, selling *Muhammad Speaks*, and obeying the laws of Islam." But, listening to the minister and the captain make sales pitches for the paper, you couldn't help thinking that the sole purpose of the Muslim movement was to sell newspapers.

With its unpaid newsboys and captive customers, the paper must have been very profitable. All money from its sale went directly to Chicago. When I first came into the mosque, the paper cost 15 cents, and each member was required to take 200 copies and to pay for them whether or not he sold them. This meant that in addition to the regular contributions and the special assessments, he had to find $60 a month just for the newspapers. Few members came anywhere near their quota. Most of them didn't sell any. When I visited fellow Muslims who I knew were struggling just to put food on the table, I was often distressed to find unsold newspapers stacked in their closets and in their cellars and in the trunks of their cars.

The mosque began to have as much trouble collecting from the brothers as the brothers had in selling the paper. Finally, a new policy was announced. The price was raised to 20 cents and, in what was supposed to be an attempt to promote initiative, the salesman was to keep three cents for himself. That three-cent commission turned out to be a fraud. Clarence directed that the three cents be returned to the mosque.

Under the new policy the pressure to sell papers was applied more strongly than ever. The dunning was constant. When a brother fell too far behind, members of the terror squad would pay him a night visit. If he still wouldn't—or couldn't—get up the money, they would invite him out for a ride, drive him to Franklin Park and work him over.

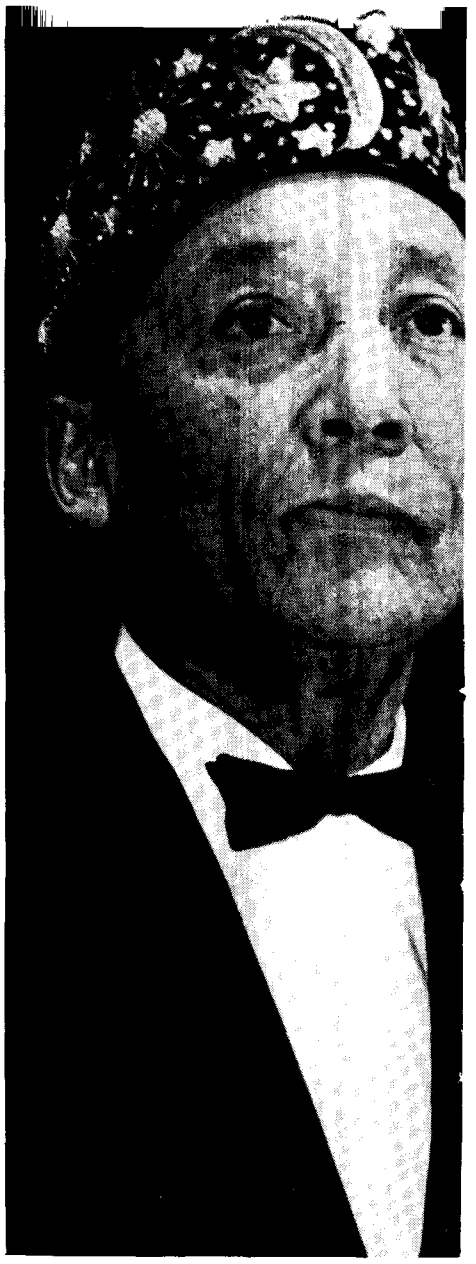
Since the members who were businessmen were reluctant to take time away from their already neglected businesses in order to become newsboys, and since they were also presumed to be the most able to meet their obligations, it was the businessmen who came to take the brunt of the beatings. And right here was the rock on which the Boston mosque broke. The businessmen, having been their own bosses, had a sense of their own dignity. They refused to submit themselves to the humiliation of a beating.

The conflict came to a head in the fall of 1962. We were told that Elijah Muhammad Jr., the assistant supreme captain and chief troubleshooter, was coming to Boston to listen to the disaffected brothers' complaints and to try to bring peace and tranquillity to our troubled mosque. Elijah Muhammad Jr. came, all right, but he made it very clear very quickly that he had not come either to appease the membership or to censure Captain Clarence. His opening words were, "The issue here is the paper. You just don't want to sell it. The majority of the nondoers are the businessmen. The charge they have on you is right. . . . If you don't want to sell the paper, then don't even bother to come in here. I'm the judge tonight, and you are guilty."

And then, to nail it down, he reminded us that in the old days recalcitrant brothers were killed. "And the Messenger," he said, "fulfills all." In Muslim jargon that meant it was written in the book that in the future, too, some would be killed. Having spread his message of brotherly love, Elijah Muhammad Jr. returned to Chicago. Within the next few days, 42 businessmen quit the Boston mosque.

During this same period of time I was working as secretary for a subcommittee that had been formed in my neighborhood to protest against police brutality. As a matter of policy, the Muslims refuse to work with any other Negro organizations, and they were not very happy about my efforts to help non-Muslims. In his teachings Minister Louis began to castigate me as a "bourgeois Negro," the Muslims' worst epithet. Since I seemed to have so much time on my hands, he told me, I was going to have to sell my quota of newspapers just like anybody else. He was trying to force me to quit the neighborhood committee, I knew. Instead, I simply wrote a letter early in 1963 saying that I was so unhappy with the way things were going that I felt it best to stay away from the mosque for a while, lest my unhappiness infect the others.

In November the male membership was down to a pitiful 45, and Minister Louis invited all who had left to return under a general amnesty. Clarence was out, he said, and things were going to improve. Clarence was out? We could hardly believe it. Nor were we any less incredulous when we heard that the reason for his ouster was woman trouble. Clarence just hadn't seemed interested



Elijah Muhammad, head of the Muslims, has been denounced even by two of his own sons.

Clarence X (left), who helped to beat Barnette, served as bodyguard for boxer Cassius Clay.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in women. Other officials of the mosque were married, but Louis had often told us that Clarence was meant to wait and to be married in the Hereafter.

What had happened was that Clarence had married, and the marriage had collapsed after only three days. Minister Louis told us that Chicago had removed Clarence from office for this failure to provide a glittering example of marital success.

As weary and disillusioned as many of us were, most of those who had quit showed up at the next Friday-night meeting. Louis promised that the newspaper quotas would be dropped and the heavy discipline would end.

But the truth was that Clarence had not been cast down. He had merely been directed to stay away until his marital problems were straightened out. The following Wednesday I went to see Louis and found him badly shaken. Clarence had written to the Muslim leaders in Chicago, informing them of Louis's promises of leniency. Chicago then had ordered Louis to hold to the old line. Louis folded completely. Two days later he mounted the rostrum and said: "Some of you seem to have misunderstood me." And then he made clear that the tough old policies were still in force. That was it. When I walked out that night I knew that I would never return.

I was broke. I had lost everything I had worked to accumulate before I became a Muslim. But at last I had shaken myself out of the lunatic, fairy-tale world of blue-eyed devils and divine-sent Messengers. I was back in the real world.

The real awakening came a couple of months later when a woman on my mail route asked me if I would answer some questions for a survey she was conducting. We soon discovered that we were both Boston University graduates. "With a degree in business administration," she asked me, "what in the world are you doing delivering mail?" And for the first time in years I asked myself the same question. What *was* I doing delivering mail? The Muslims had hammered away so hard at the message that there was no hope for a Negro in white society that I had subconsciously written off all hope myself.

The woman took me into her house and phoned the university's placement director, a good friend of hers. He made an appointment for me, for two weeks from then. But that night, discussing the whole thing with my wife Ruth, I decided not to wait two weeks but to strike out immediately for myself. The next afternoon I presented myself to Jobs Clearing House, an organization that attempts to place qualified Negroes in the business community. I was sent to a bank, interviewed, and placed in the bank's management-training program.

Nine months later I received that beating in broad daylight by the 13 Muslim goons. The story behind the beating begins in a weird way—with a reported attempt by supporters of Elijah Muhammad to kill Malcolm X.

Having been thrown out of the Nation of Islam by Elijah Muhammad, Malcolm was spreading word in the Negro community that Muhammad had a couple of paternity suits pending against him. Malcolm had been scheduled to hold a meeting in Boston last June, and I decided to attend. But, to my disappointment, he sent four of his New York associates in his place. After the meeting, as they were driving through a tunnel on the way back to the airport, another car cut them off and, according to reports, several men leaped out, their guns drawn. Instead of finding Malcolm, they found his four associates, one of whom had a shotgun resting on his knees. That would have been the end of that, except for one thing: When Malcolm's men arrived at the airport, they went walking through the concourse carrying the shotgun right out in the open, a fairly good way of coming to the attention of the police.

I had come to the Malcolm X meeting with John Thimas and a taxi owner, also an ex-Muslim, for whom I was doing tax work. Afterward the taxi owner had to pick up one of his drivers who was about to go off duty at the airport, and through that coincidence we found ourselves driving into the airport perhaps 15 minutes after the police had been called. When we arrived, the police were still picking up anybody who looked suspicious, which in this case meant almost any Negro. We were taken to the police station.

Since we were booked, we had to appear in court to get our case dismissed. The case kept being postponed, however (Malcolm's alleged attackers were eventually acquitted), and in July, as I was walking out of the courtroom after one of the postponements, I saw the Boston mosque's investigator and a couple of his boys across the street. One of them was pointing a movie camera at me. "We are going to make you a star at the next F.O.I. meeting," the investigator called to me. Obviously the Muslims thought I had seen what had happened in the tunnel and had come to court to testify against them. And that was apparently one reason why they pounced upon me in August and sent me to the hospital.

From my hospital bed I discovered that none of the Muslim goons had been arrested. The police told me they couldn't make an arrest until I filed a complaint. But a city official told me that the police hadn't wanted to make any arrests out of fear of starting a riot. It was a perfect example of the exaggerated notion the public has of Muslim strength and power.

I had told my employers at the bank about my career as a Muslim, and so when I was beaten they were understanding instead of outraged; they assured my wife that my pay would continue throughout my recovery. Once I could move about again, I went to see Gordon Hall, the specialist on extremist groups who knew the truth about the Muslims. Hall told me that by vigorously pressing charges against my assailants—one of whom was Clarence X—I would help publicize the fraud of Islam and save other Negroes from making my mistake. I therefore swore out complaints for assault and battery with a dangerous weapon. At the hearing the Muslims' lawyer said his clients were pleading not guilty upon instructions from Chicago. In mid-January, nine were found guilty of assault and two, including Clarence, were convicted of assault with a dangerous weapon (their shoes, used in kicking).

Similar complaints of assault have been sworn out by ex-Muslims in Chicago, Philadelphia, New York and Los Angeles, and the FBI was anxious to know whether I thought all these beatings were taking place on orders from Chicago. In the Chicago case the Muslims pleaded not guilty and were sentenced to 18 months in jail.

If the Muslim strong-arm men did plead guilty, not only would it amount to an admission that beatings are taking place; it also might well establish a pattern clear enough for the Justice Department to hang a conspiracy rap on the top officials in Chicago.

And the Nation of Islam is in enough trouble already. The city of Boston has challenged its right to a tax exemption as a religion and has already moved to seize its property to satisfy back taxes. In January, Akbar Muhammad became the second of Muhammad's sons to renounce him publicly. And, of course, the Honorable Elijah has those paternity suits still hanging over him.

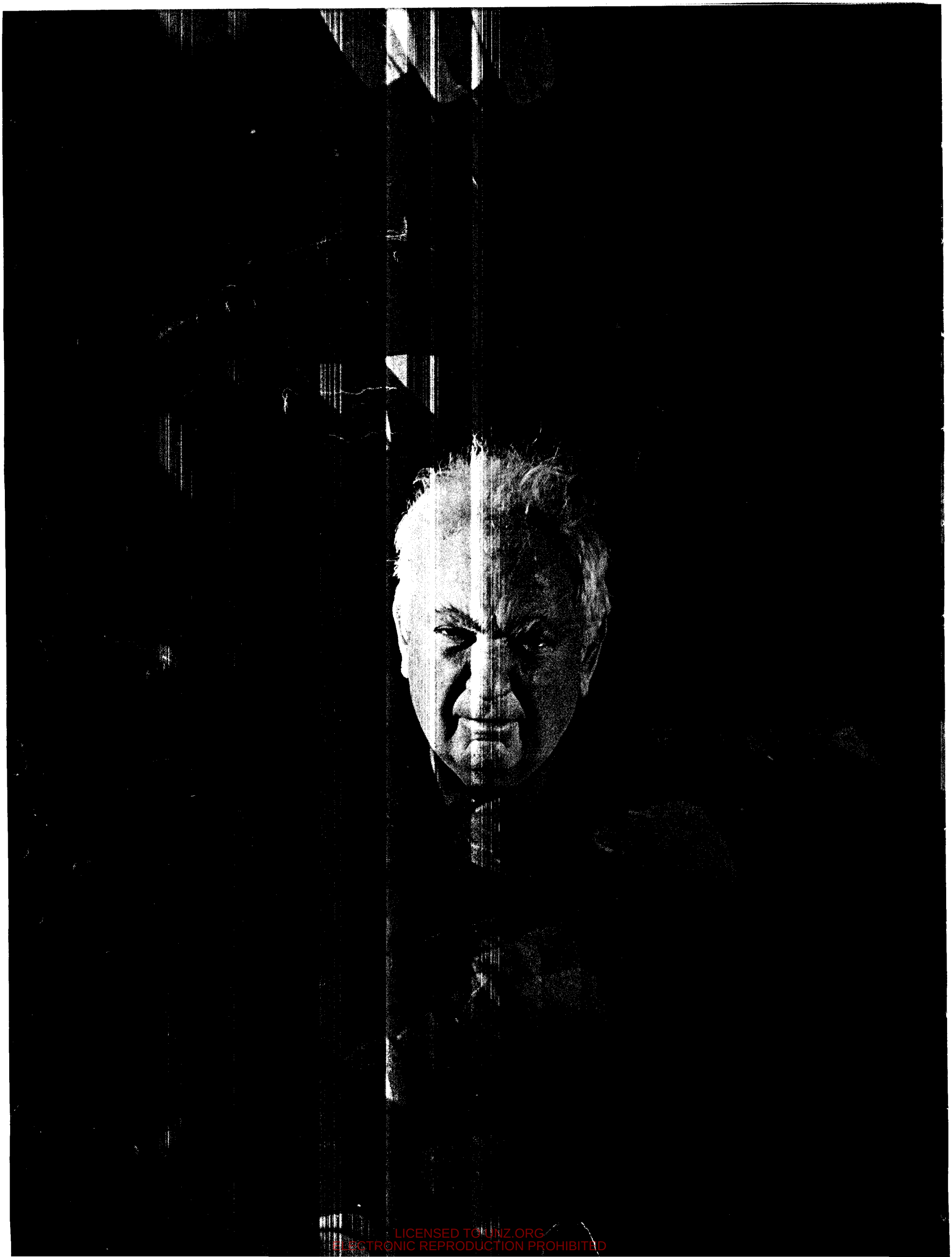
If the press and public officials will see the Black Muslim movement for what it is—just another little money-grabbing scheme feeding on the frustrations and the ignorance of American Negroes—its influence will dwindle to what it was before Malcolm X inflated it to such enormous proportions. And if the Negroes will understand that the Muslims are all talk and no action—that they can condemn, complain and criticize, but cannot deliver on any of their promises—then the Nation of Islam will disappear completely.

To the white man the Black Muslims have been only a minor annoyance. To the Negro, and this is the final tragedy, they have been another foot on the back, another knock on the door, another ride in the darkness, another beating—yes, another slave master.

Perhaps it is the nature of a hate movement that it becomes the very thing it preaches against. □

In a Boston courtroom, members of the Black Muslim terror squad that assaulted Barnette wait for trial that resulted in their conviction.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



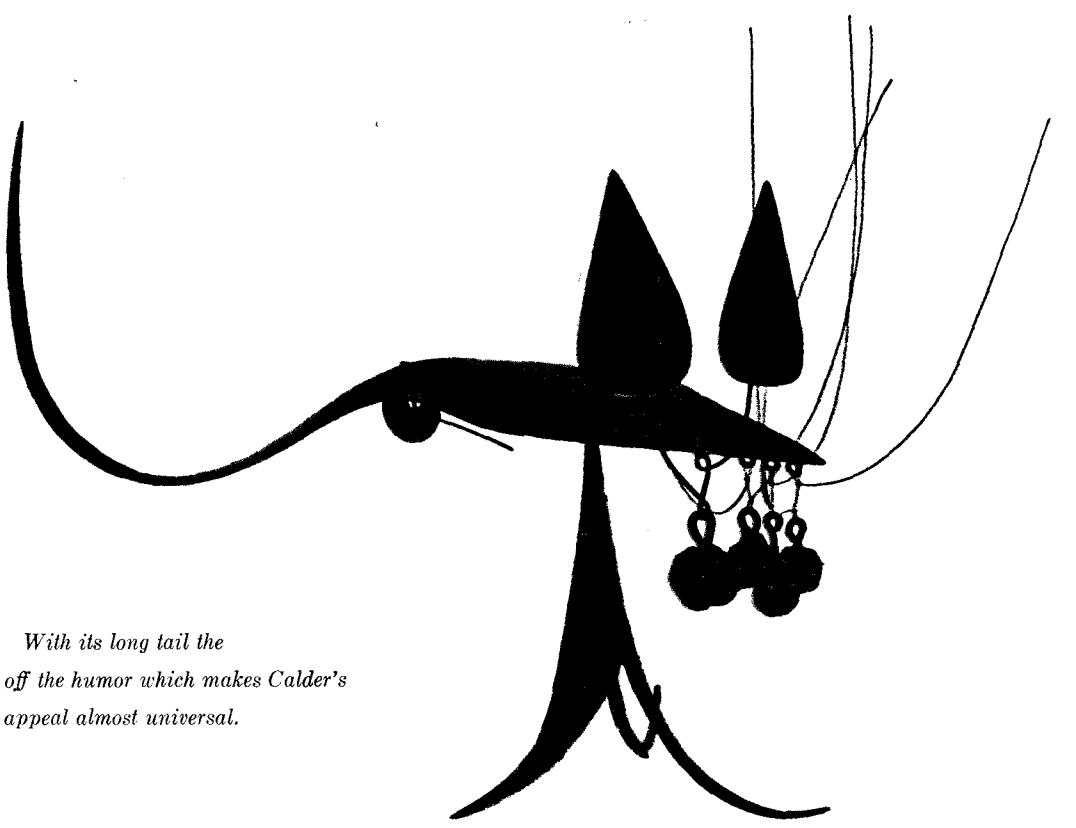
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sheet metal, rods and wire rotate around the first sculptor in five centuries to give art a new twist. (Perls Galleries mobile, 1963.)

MOBILES:

The soaring art of Alexander Calder

By RICHARD LEMON



With its long tail the Rat shows off the humor which makes Calder's appeal almost universal.

In the main lobby of New York's Kennedy Airport, dangling from the ceiling like a run of musical notes made visible, 16 red, black and orange discs drift slowly through constantly changing orbits. In a square in Spoleto, Italy, a black, five-legged creature, big enough for cars to drive under and looking like some posthistoric animal, points its arrow-shaped head straight toward the sky. Outside the new Los Angeles County Art Museum, the tips of three tall triangles sprout branches from which brightly colored spheres glide and whirl under the supervision of the breeze and jets from a fountain. Outside the UNESCO building in Paris, a series of rudders on slanted tillers climbs and sways in a surrealistic spiral. And somewhere in Kansas a little old lady is snipping stars and circles out of shirt cardboards, stringing them on picture wire to dangle from a piece of coat hanger, and having the time of her life. Directly or indirectly, all these objects are the product of the fertile mind of Alexander Calder, a sculptor who for 35 years has been operating in a one-man field of his own invention, and whose works have probably had the widest range of appeal of any American art in history. Painter Marcel Duchamp coined the term "mobile" in 1932 to describe Calder's principal invention: Sculpture which is suspended and moves with the air. Jean Arp then made up "stabile" to describe the Calder works which stand still like other people's sculpture. Today, Calder is at the height of his popularity. Early this winter 361 Calder works were gathered in New York's Guggenheim Museum, where over a quarter of a million

Photographs by John Launois

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Children flocked to the Guggenheim show, by nature born Calder connoisseurs. In the foreground a nonmoving "stabile," Bucephalus.

A friendly poke from a satisfied enthusiast.

SOARING ART

people came to see them, a record for the museum, and caused the show to be held over for three weeks. On February 21, half of these pieces open in St. Louis and half in Milwaukee, for one-month stands. In April the two groups will move on to Toronto and another city still to be selected. And on July 1 the entire collection will be in Paris for a grand, final appearance.

Calder is probably the only man in the 20th century to invent and practice an art of his own. A few sculptors had used motion in their works before Calder came along, but aside from the makers of Chinese wind-bells and weather vanes, nobody had made works in which everything moved and motion was of primary importance. Virtually nobody has done it since, either, because Calder's unique works defy all but the frankest imitation. They have had plenty of that, however. Department stores have carried assemble-it-yourself mobiles for about 10 years, particularly at Christmastime. Amateurs, who could not paint a respectable cow and probably never heard of Calder, have happily put together mobiles of their own. It is impossible to buy a "reproduction" of any Calder mobiles, but he has probably made about a thousand of them, ranging from tiny to huge. "I've done so many of those small mobiles, I could almost do them blindfolded," he says. "It's a concession to commerce, although it's often fun to do."

Whether it is for commerce or art, the movements of Calder's mobiles have fascinated everybody from children to philosophers and scientists. Dozens of children swung on a sturdy stabile-mobile called *Five Rudders* during the Guggenheim show. Albert Einstein once spent 40 minutes watching the entire cycle of a motorized mobile called *A Universe* at the Museum of Modern Art, and reportedly said he wished he had thought of it himself.

If creators embodied the qualities of their work, one might expect Calder to be a short, elfin man with the quick grace of a dancer. In fact, he was educated as an engineer and worked, before arriving at the idea of sculpture in motion, as a ship's-boiler stoker, a store clerk in a lumber camp, a draftsman, a department-store efficiency expert, and a cartoonist for the *National Police Gazette*. Calder used to be fond of dancing, but he weighs 220 pounds, and he prefers to dance solo, improvising strenuously; one of the few times he danced with a partner, he broke her ankle. His legs are a little bowed, and his shoulders are rounded, and when he

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is stationary he looks like a bust and torso set on a pedestal.

When he moves, however, Calder in many ways is the personification of the mobile. He does everything with natural rhythm, rather slowly but easily. At work, he picks up, lays down, moves, snips and connects at a constant speed. He once spoke of the motion of his bigger mobiles as having "an inertia like a ship coming into dock," and the description fits Calder's own movements closely.

Also like his mobiles, he often radiates amusement and a kind of placid mockery of pretension. Calder, whom almost everybody calls Sandy, is an informal man who favors red woolen shirts, and he lives simply and well, with houses in Roxbury, Conn., and Saché, France, and a cabin in Brittany. He speaks in a low rumble, and a sentence is apt to start with a guttural warm-up, turn gradually into words, and end with a fading chuckle. He loves jokes and puns, and they are sometimes awful. "Did you build these stools as well?" his son-in-law recently asked him in Roxbury. "As well as I could," Calder said.

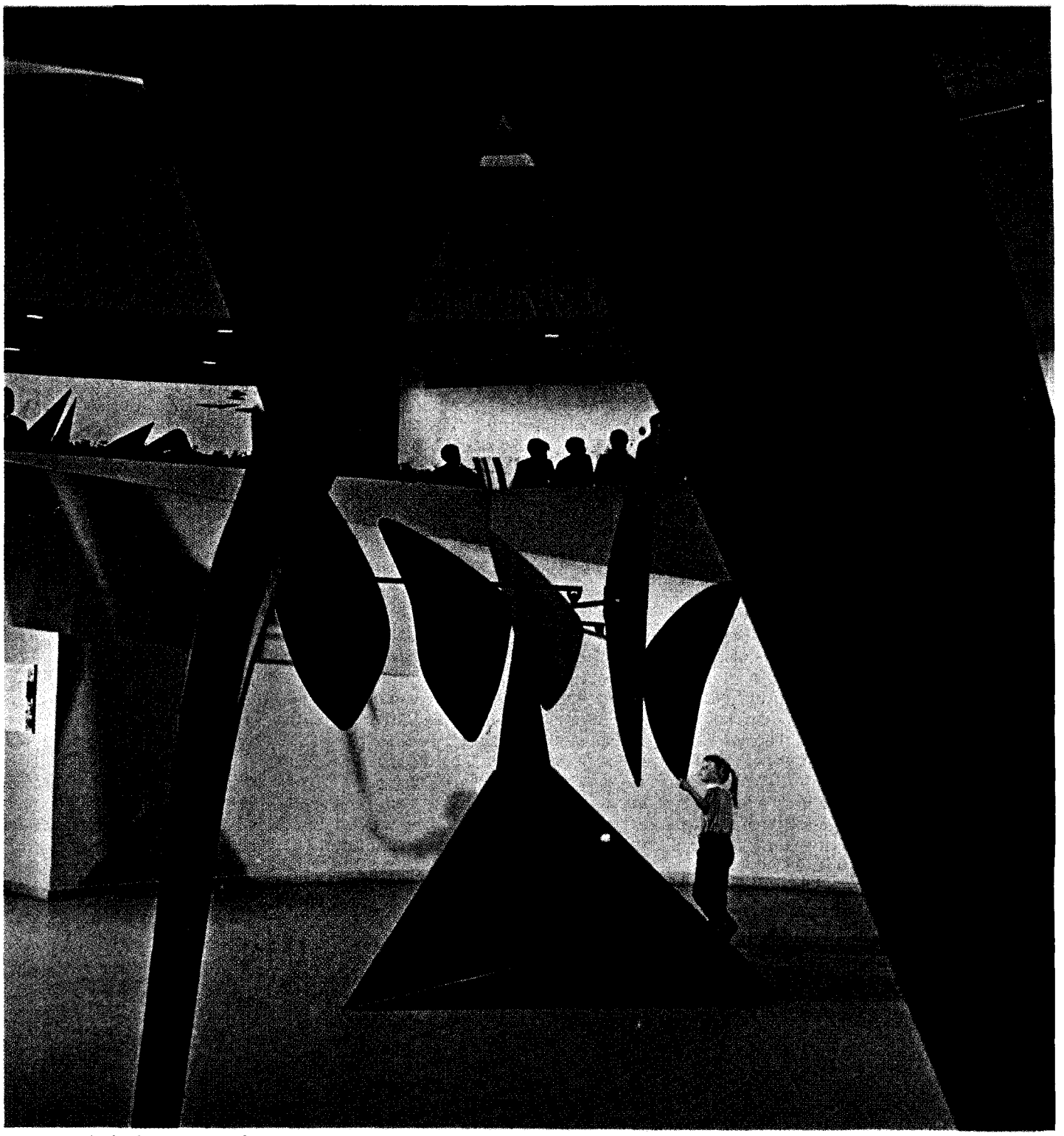
He also loves the sort of humor politely described as "earthy." In the kitchen of the Roxbury house is a wire from a champagne bottle. With a few twists Calder has turned it into a man in an indelicate position. Mrs. Calder is so fond of it that she takes it back and forth between Roxbury and Saché.

"He has a great capacity for puncturing highfalutin nonsense," says Klaus Perls, his dealer, "very often in a short, consciously vulgar way."

One result of Calder's humor, both professional and personal, is that many people have been unable to take Calder's works altogether seriously. Strangers often greet Calder with the announcement, "I make mobiles too," which annoys him no end, and his children are often asked whether he really makes a living that way.

Until about 10 years ago the general skepticism about Calder's seriousness was reflected in his prices, which were modest. Today, Calder's prices are as respectable as they come. They run from a little less than $500 for small, table-model mobiles, up to the $100,000 asking price for a 22-foot-high stabile called *Guillotine for Eight* in his current exhibition. A similar elevation has occurred in the words critics use to describe his mobiles. Once, they were "gangling contraptions" which "jumped" and "jiggled."

In *Time* magazine alone, Calder mobiles have "bounced and joggled, slithered and woggled" (1937), gone "teetering, swaying, jiggling and bobbing" (1945), and "jiggled and joggled" while hanging "jittering" from the ceiling (1951). By 1958, however, the critical winds had shifted. In *Time* that year the mobiles were "delicately spun" by the breeze, and Calder was jiggling and woggling no longer. In fact, only the smallest mobiles move with any speed at all, and for Calder to be known for his jouncy mobiles is like Christy Mathewson being known for his throw to first base.



Seen through the legs of a stabile, a girl experiments with another Calder variation, a "stabile-mobile" called simply Five Rudders.

Calder usually works in aluminum, which is easy to cut and shape. The large mobiles and stabiles are built in foundries, from models, with Calder supervising. He uses no power tools, and has invented many of his hand tools, including a gadget for locating the center of gravity of a piece of material. He balances the piece on a metal tip which stands below a metal arm holding a poised nail. He then raps the nail down to mark the central spot. His studio is a magician's junkyard, overflowing with old models and mobiles, and bits and snips of metal.

"I paint with shapes," he says, describing his methods. "I put them down on the table and move them around. It's sort of like *objets trouvés* [the art of making a composition with ready-made odds and ends], only I've made the objects."

For the most part, the forces behind Calder's mobiles are a mystery between Calder and the winds. "I make a mobile without very much worry about how it's going to move. You trust to luck and the linking. Somehow things seem to work out rather pleasantly." He is constitutionally unable to comply with requests for works with specific connotations. "I get strange requests to make a mobile that will mean nothing but love," he says, "but I don't know how to do that." He was once commissioned to do a stabile, preferably suggesting a horse, for a Texas town. When the Texans saw the finished product, they said it didn't look like a horse. "Well, it probably isn't a horse," Calder said. The Texans, disappointed and a little confused, did not buy the stabile.

Calder's family has been in art for four generations now. His grandfather created the statue of William Penn which stands atop Philadelphia's City Hall, and his father is represented in the Metropolitan Museum by a statue of Sandy Calder at the age of four. His mother was a painter, and so is one of his two daughters, Sandra. Sandra is married to Jean Davidson, who is the son of Jo Davidson, the sculptor. Calder's wife, Louisa, is the grandniece of William and Henry James, but they were writers and don't count. She has atoned for this background by painting and weaving patterns of her own and Calder's design.

With hindsight, it is possible to say that Sandy Calder was destined to be a mobilist from infancy. He was making wood and wire figures by the age of five, and one of his childhood creations is an inch-square piece of copper

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with two of its corners twisted in opposite directions, so that it spins when one holds it between two fingers and blows on it.

Calder himself, however, was slow to recognize his inevitable line of work. He was born and raised in Lawnton, Pa., studied engineering at the Stevens Institute in New Jersey, and then went knocking around the country doing odd jobs. Three years after his graduation as an engineer, Calder bowed to his natural inclinations and started studying at the Art Students League in New York, and drawing for the *Police Gazette*. Then, in the mid-'20's, he went to Paris to paint. In 1929, on a visit to America, he met and married Louisa James, a quiet, pretty girl from Boston.

Calder had become fascinated with circuses while covering one for the *Police Gazette*, and in Paris he began to make his own, using wire, cork, and clothespins, and making his figures move by means of wires. The circus was extraordinarily ingenious. Riders leaped onto moving horses. A wire strong man lifted a barbell. There was a chariot race, a woolen belly dancer, and a little female aerialist who flew through a paper hoop.

The circus quickly delighted the Paris art world, but it did not get uniformly good notices. Thomas Wolfe memorialized it unflatteringly in *You Can't Go Home Again*. In Wolfe's version, the circus was run by a Mr. Piggy Logan, who wore a battered football helmet, a turtleneck sweater with a Y on it, and kneepads, and it was "unconscionably long, chiefly because Mr. Logan was not able to make it work."

In 1930 a visit to Piet Mondrian's studio put Calder on the final track to his sculpture in motion. Mondrian's brightly colored shapes delighted Calder, but he decided they would be even more wonderful if they moved. He went home and started making abstract objects that moved by hand. Next came mechanized mobiles. Finally, Calder settled on natural motion, and he and nature have been collaborating harmoniously ever since.

Like his mobiles, Calder's life today is ingeniously simple. When he moves between Saché and Roxbury, the only things he takes are a few of his favorite red L.L. Bean shirts. His main interests are nature, talking, food and wine.

"I like to drink—wine and so on," Calder said recently. "We have a nice wine cellar in Saché. We live in the Château country, and there are lots of caves, and our house is partly troglodytic. The cellar has a cave and a fireplace at one end of it."

The Calder farmhouse at Roxbury, where he lives about half the time, is furnished with rampant informality. The chairs and sofas are comfortable and inelegant, and some of the furniture was made by Calder himself. The living room overflows with artistic clutter, including a number of mobiles, two Légers and a Miró, and, over the fireplace, a steer's skull painted red. Calder found the skull on the grounds. He has also made forks, spoons, strainers, ashtrays from olive-oil cans, and even an electric toaster which has seen infrequent use since it flipped a piece of toast into somebody's coffee.

Just before he left for Saché last month, Calder showed a visitor around his place at Roxbury. The hard Connecticut countryside sported about a dozen large mobiles and stabiles, some of them weathered to a dull gray, and Calder wandered through the snow, naming them ("Those are the knights, those two guys down there"). He paused to straighten a twisted linkage on a large mobile called *The Southern Cross*, then walked to the larger of two studios to show his tools and models. In the middle of the jumble was a box containing several tangled pieces of wire sculpture, which had been returned from a Houston show. "That's the way they treat them," he muttered, straightening a wire bird. "Messed everything up, all in one carton. Most people, after they've had them, say the hell with them."

Before lunch Calder drove to the two foundries he uses in Waterbury, 12 miles away. He was greeted heartily at the first foundry by Carmen Segre, the owner, who is building a large, 10-foot-high Calder stabile. A small strip of steel had been welded onto the main stabile in one place, and the visitor remarked that the joint, even before final buffing and painting, was barely visible.

"It's the same with his bill," Calder joked. "You have a hard time telling what's real and what's not."

"What're you going to call this one, Sandy?" Segre asked.

"I dunno," Calder said. "What do you think?"

"Boy," Segre said, shaking his head. "Three trapezoids and a polygon?" Calder suggested, in no seriousness.

The next foundry was run by a short, wiry man named Liberato Ieronimo, or Chippy for short. When Calder went to Los Angeles to put in place a mobile entitled *Hello Girls*, he took Chippy and his wife with him. Chippy greeted Calder with a wide grin, and Calder went over to a small stabile which had just been given a primer coat of paint. He looked at it briefly, then marked a short, quarter-moon slice in the wet paint, using a stick of wood, to show a piece that should be cut off. "This is an old one that belongs to the Museum of Modern Art, and they don't know how to take care of it," he said, "so I said I'd have it made out of heavier metal. Chippy's going to patch up the old one and I'll take it."

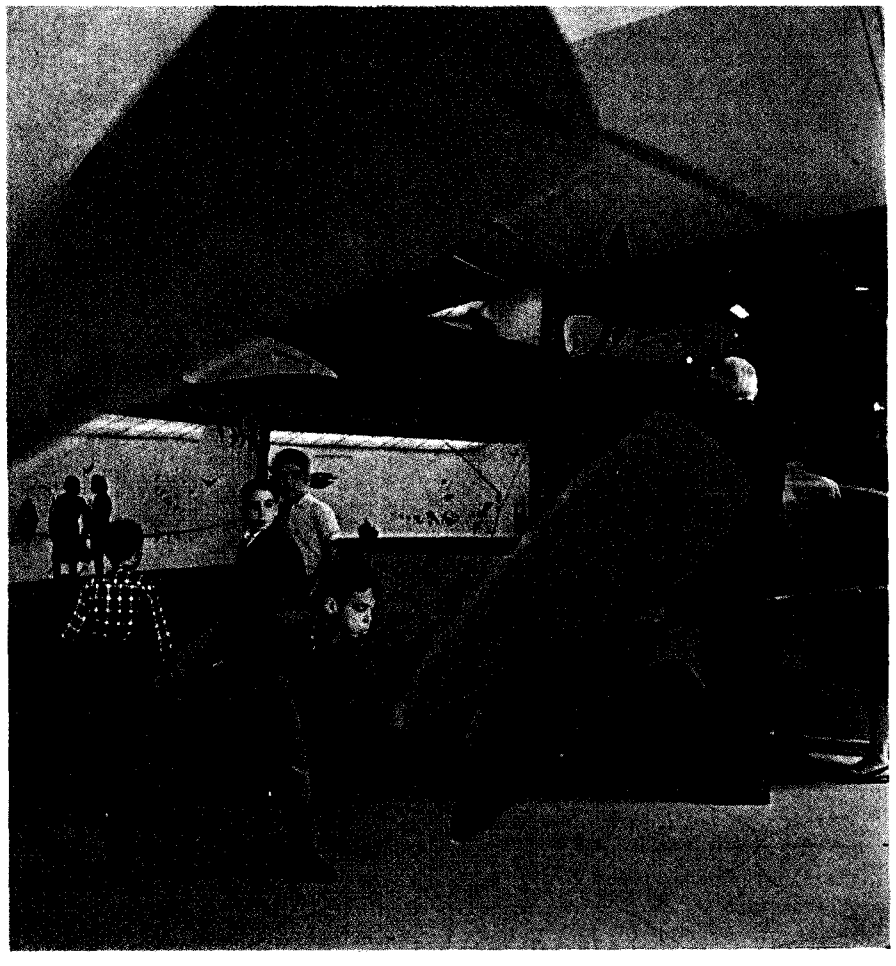
Driving home, Calder said that Chippy had wanted to see Disneyland during their trip. "I told him everybody there was constructed to five-eighths scale," Calder said, "and he'd feel right at home."

Back at the house, the assembled Calders sat down to a lunch of cold meats, Italian bread (Mrs. Calder makes her own), cheese, salad, two kinds of omelet, and quantities of red Italian wine from a large, basketed bottle. Then Calder, the visitor, and the wine bottle retired to the living room, where Calder summed up his artistic credo.

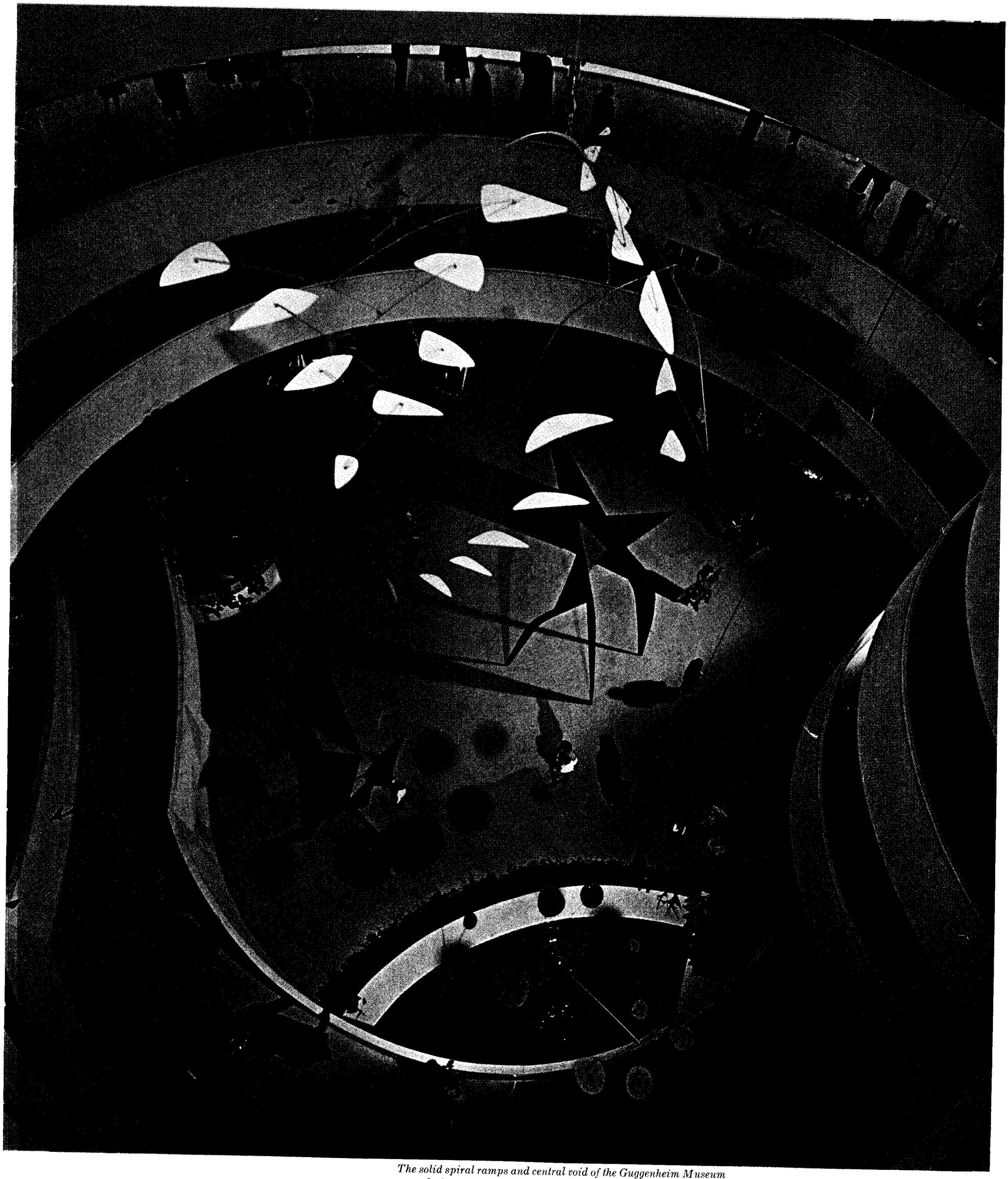
"There's a story about an Irishman in a ditch picking the lice out of his hair when two Englishmen come by," he said, giving a small mobile in front of him a light whack. "'Hello, Pat,' says one Englishman. 'You picking 'em out?' 'No,' Pat says. 'Just takin' them as they come.' I just took 'em as they came." □

Calder broke all attendance records at the Guggenheim, outdrawing even the mighty van Gogh.

When guards enforced DO NOT TOUCH *rules, blowing became almost as good as touching.*

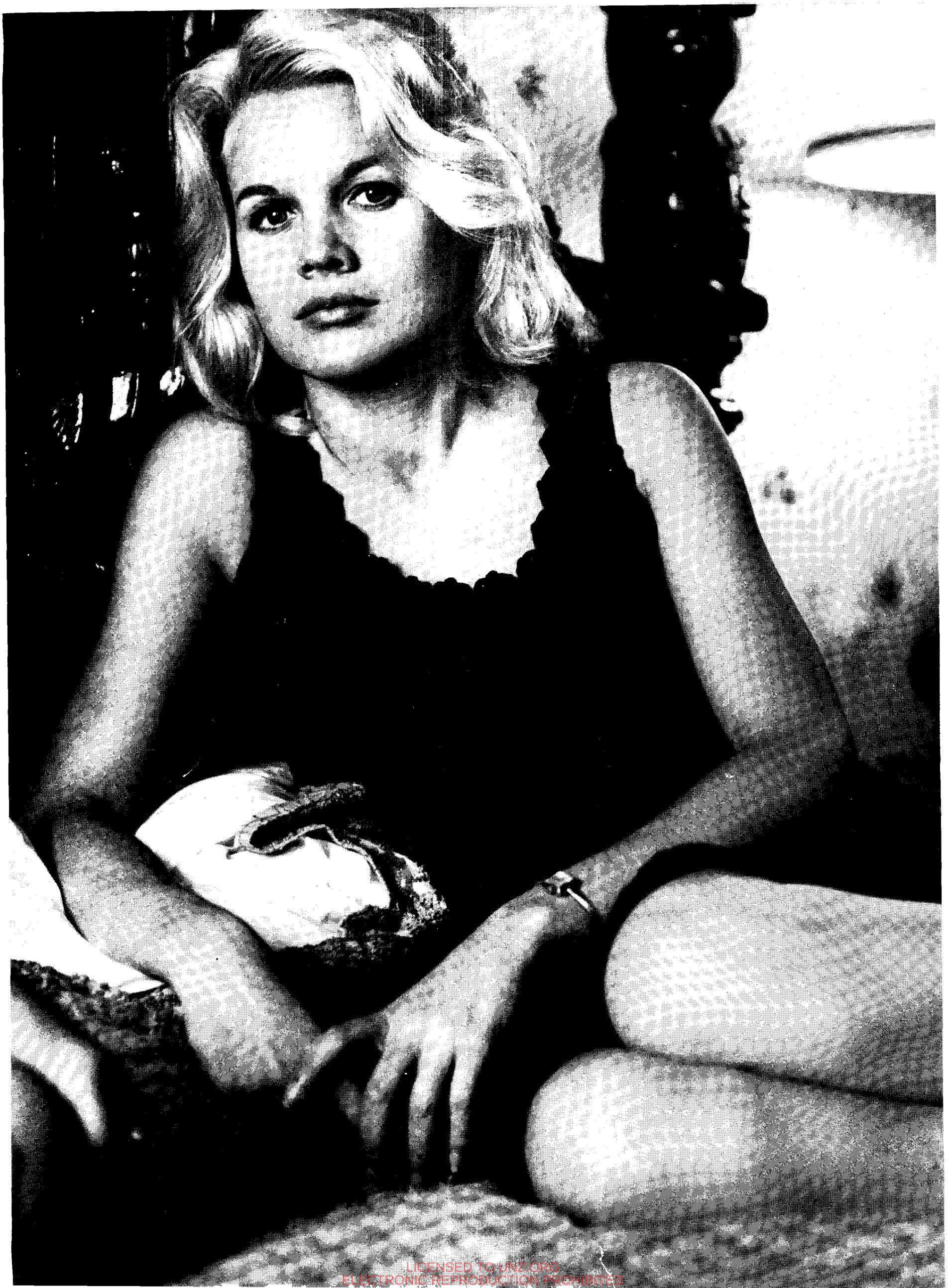


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The solid spiral ramps and central void of the Guggenheim Museum seem designed as a setting for Calder's fantasies, sometimes earth-bound, sometimes as ethereal as the shimmering white Ghost *(top)*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Carroll Baker

THE LADY WAS A TRAMP

TO MAKE HER ROLE IN A NEW MOVIE MORE REAL, THE BLOND ACTRESS HUSTLED DRINKS, TOURED PICKUP JOINTS AND EVEN WENT BEHIND PRISON BARS.

"If you can't put a real woman on the screen, then you're not really showing the audience anything," declares Carroll Baker.

THE BARE-LEGGED platinum blonde, her face wan, her hair falling in her face, sat in a detention cell of the Criminal Courts Building in New York. Two dozen women arrested the night before—prostitutes, vagrants and narcotics suspects—sat beside her on wooden benches, awaiting booking. None of them suspected that the disheveled blonde was actress Carroll Baker, and that studio press agents had planted her in their midst as a publicity stunt for a new movie.

Several days earlier, Manhattan tabloids had headlined the uncovering of an East Side vice ring, and the other prisoners apparently believed Miss Baker had been seized in that raid. When a photographer who was in on the stunt moved toward the bars to snap Carroll's picture, the prisoners formed a protective circle, shielding her with their hands. "Cover your face, baby," one of them shouted. "Don't let that guy see you, or it'll go hard for you in court."

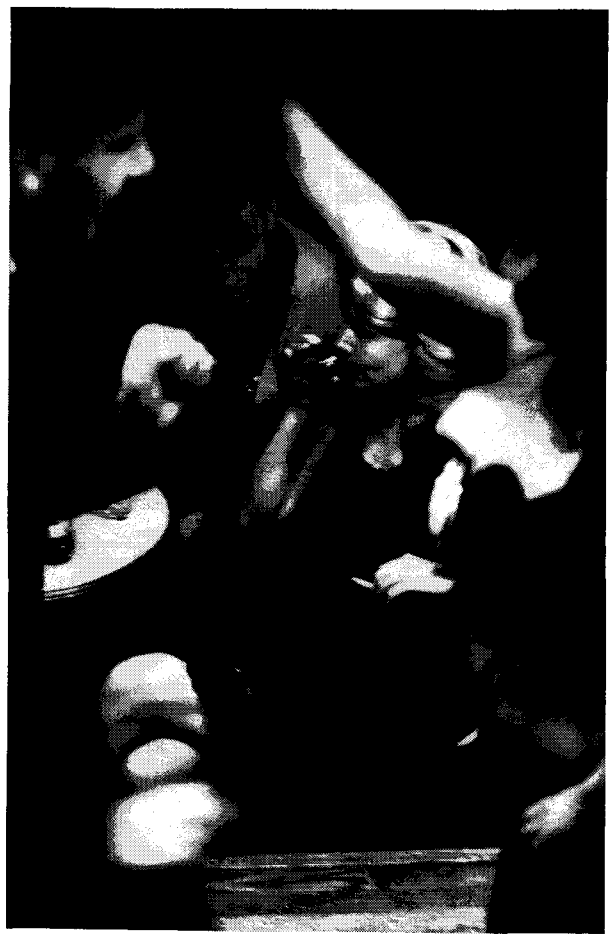
Miss Baker's impersonation of a call girl was merely one disguise she employed during a recent series of investigations, all heavily chaperoned, into the seamier side of life. The results of her experiences in prisons and pickup joints may be seen this month in the film *Sylvia.*

The movie traces the unhappy history of a rehabilitated female hustler. As an adolescent, Sylvia is attacked by her father, deceived by a thief masquerading as a priest and then driven into prostitution. She eventually becomes New York's leading $100-a-visit call girl, only to be beaten and disfigured by one of her clients. The Catholic Legion of Decency, prior to the release of the film, called it "objectionable in part for all."

Sylvia serves as the latest in a series of roles that have established Miss Baker as a reigning sex symbol. For the past two years, and with unflagging dedication, Carroll has pursued a high-powered publicity campaign almost totally based upon the photographic sport of peekaboo.

An alumna of Actors Studio, Carroll frolicked in the nude last December for *Playboy* magazine. Then, in a move that caused considerable publicity, Carroll sued *Playboy* for one million

By RICHARD WARREN LEWIS *Photographs by Bill Bridges*



In Tijuana, a squalid Mexican pleasure dome, Carroll goes unrecognized as she explores the seamy side of life. At left, she holds friendly chat with local lady of negotiable virtue. Center, Carroll does solo twist for customers in pickup cabaret. Right, she sips colored water while gentleman acquaintance leers. He bought several drinks for Carroll before she fled.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From Tijuana instructress, Carroll learns about pay, dress and working conditions of the world's oldest profession. "I was impressed by her sweetness," said Carroll.

dollars in damages, charging breach of contract, violation of privacy and defamation of character for the unauthorized use of her likeness.

To capitalize on the topless-bathing-suit fad, she posed for a wire-service photographer beside the pool at her $250,000 Beverly Hills home, arms demurely folded across her chest.

When producer Joseph E. Levine paid $100,000 last year for the best-selling Irving Shulman biography, *Harlow*, and announced that Miss Baker would star in the movie, this set off a new beating of drums to sell Carroll as Harlow reincarnate. Miss Baker has imitated Harlow in undress, makeup and coiffure for painters in Paris and partygoers on the *Queen Mary*. She startled newsmen at a Beverly Hills cocktail party by emerging from a 1932 Isotta-Fraschini limousine groomed to look just like Jean Harlow. She even sported an artificial mole beneath her lower lip. Imitating Harlow, she has displayed herself at movie premieres or parties in an assortment of diaphanous, backless, frontless and translucent attire. She keeps 150 old photographs of Harlow littered around her bedroom. Her maid was once Harlow's maid.

Last December, the Baker home was robbed of $11,600 in furs, costume jewelry and currency. Miss Baker took full advantage of the theft. Dressed in a plunging neckline, she smiled sensuously for the press and the police while bemoaning her loss. Although the theatrics inevitably aroused some suspicion in the film capital, four days later the culprits were apprehended. To celebrate, Carroll draped a recovered, $5,000 mink cape over her shoulders while newsreel and still cameras recorded the scene for posterity. One gossip columnist nominated Carroll as "Miss Anything for Publicity."

Frequently this relentless pursuit of ballyhoo conceals Miss Baker's dedication as an actress. The series of attention-getting stunts she participated in for *Sylvia* certainly were inspired in large part by publicity, but there was also another aim—research for her role. Marlon Brando once worked in a gas station to understand more fully the character he played in *Streetcar Named Desire*. Jack Lemmon attended Alcoholics Anonymous meetings before shooting *Days of Wine and Roses*. Prior to filming *Baby Doll*, for which Miss Baker won an Oscar nomination, she lived with a Mississippi family for three weeks. She also clerked in a five-and-ten-cent store for her role in *Something Wild*. "If you can't put a real woman on the screen, then you're not really showing the audience anything at all," she says. "I've always felt that any experience you have in life helps. Twenty years at the Actors Studio and 50 volumes of Stanislavsky could not teach me what I learned about Sylvia in just one day in Tijuana."

Those preparations for *Sylvia* began last June with a weekend trip to Tijuana, a seamy Mexican border town near San Diego. Donkeys and live chickens roam the streets of the city, all-night lawyers arrange quickie marriages and divorces, and beggars seem to outnumber the police. For the education of tourists, the local citizens hawk various sexual distractions.

For her stay on campus, Miss Baker packed a suitcase containing two garish kimonos, a baby-blue negligee, a satin robe, a revealing black knit dress, a Spanish-English dictionary and a gold pen from Tiffany's for note-taking. A black limousine whisked her from the palm-lined streets of Beverly Hills.

Paramount Pictures, the eager sponsor of Miss Baker's journey, had arranged for a unique Tijuana welcoming committee of one, a 20-year-old lady of negotiable virtue. Seated on an ornately carved bed, the girl discussed pay scale, dress and working conditions with Carroll. Then the two ladies repaired to a garish, neon-lit cabaret, where local hustlers plied their trade.

Carroll's companion wore a tight, black satin dress with one shoulder bared, crystal beads that hung down to her waist, white patent-leather shoes and a matching pocketbook. (Hollywood designer Edith Head later adapted this outfit for Miss Baker's wardrobe in *Sylvia*.) Carroll dressed simply in her black, wool-knit dress, waist cincher and backless white shoes. Her bleached hair glimmered in the overhead spotlights bathing the dance floor. "She looks more like a hustler than any broad in the place," said the admiring cabaret owner to a hovering Paramount press agent.

Carroll and the girl sat opposite each other at a table covered with blue oilcloth. The girls ordered cherry-colored soda water in tall glasses, snapped their fingers to the beat of a rock-'n'-roll combo and idly watched Mary Lou, a gum-chewing dancer of Aztec lineage, whose measurements were whimsically announced as 44-44-44.

Carroll's Mexican companion explained that a B girl was obliged to promote 12 drinks nightly before she could leave the club with a man. Carroll nervously waited for the action, often glancing at an electric clock over the bar which advertised Bubble Up. In the background, an adenoidal singer droned Ray Charles's *It's All Right*.

Finally, two off-duty sailors from San Diego joined the girls at the table. "You speak English?" one of them asked Miss Baker, while a nimble waiter took orders for tequila drinks all around. "I saw you the minute you came through the door," the sailor continued. "You look very young."

"I am very young," Carroll replied.

"I'm pretty young too," he said. "I'll be twenty-three tomorrow." He put his arm around her waist and drained the diluted drink that had cost him a dollar.

"I'm a little older than that," responded the 33-year-old Miss Baker. "I'm twenty-four."

"How many disappointing love affairs have you had?" the sailor asked. Carroll blinked, but did not answer. "What did you go to California for," he said, "to be a movie star?"

"Yes," Carroll replied.

"I don't understand why you didn't make it," he said. "They don't have anybody as beautiful as you. It's a tough racket." He held her hands and told her they were cold. The waiter cleared off the girls' untouched drinks and took orders for another round.

"Hey, play something slow," he yelled to the combo. "I want to dance with the blonde." Miss Baker's press agent, drinking beer at a neighboring table, became alarmed. He motioned to the club's impresario, who quickly rescued Carroll by leading her to the dance floor. Gamely, she kicked off her heels and twisted vigorously as three amplified guitars laid down a heavy-beated version of *Tequila*. No one in the audience looked surprised.

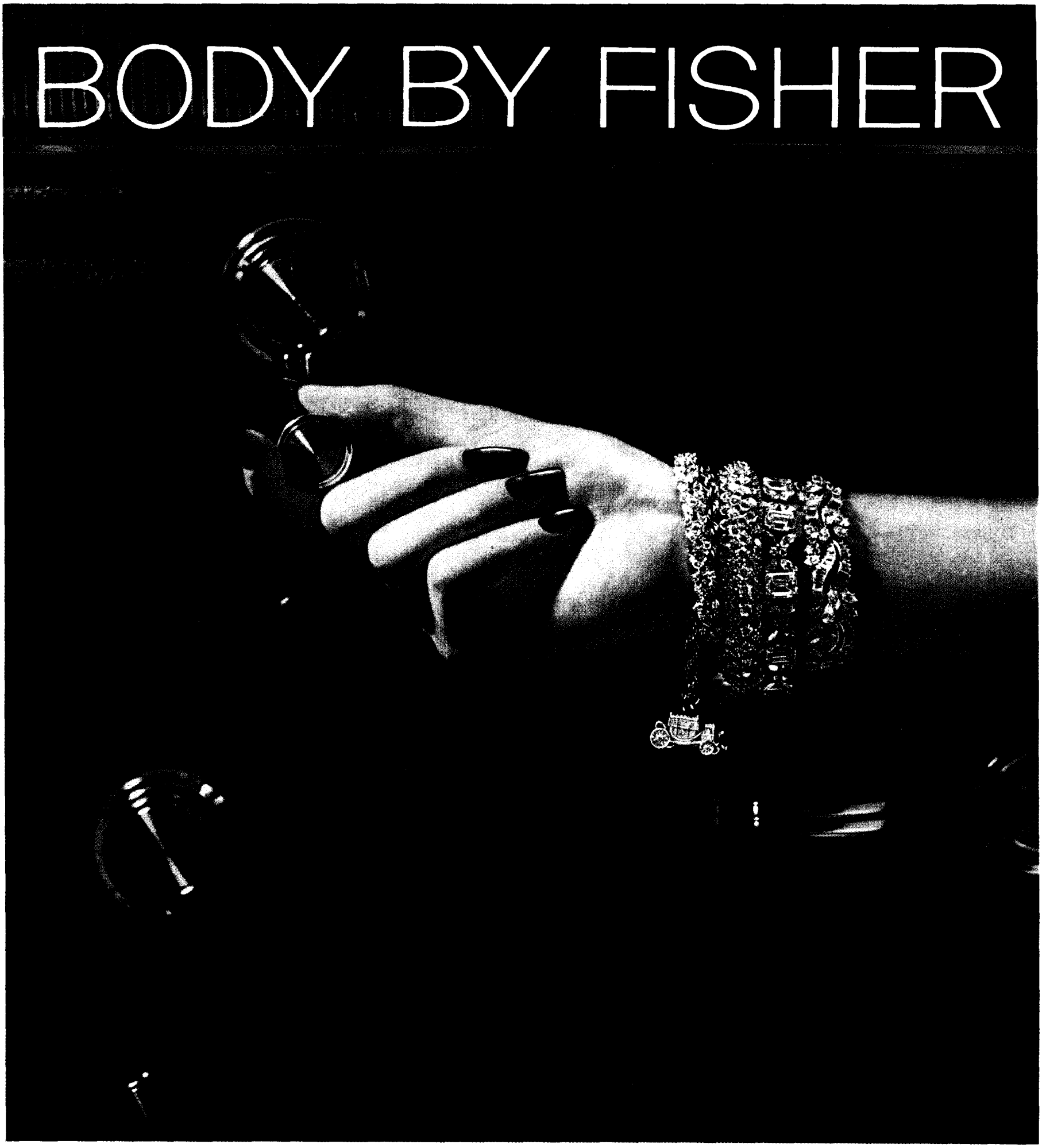
"You're really the most beautiful girl I ever saw," the sailor continued, when Carroll returned to the table. Her face remained blank as she kept time to the music with a swizzle stick. "But, gee, you act strange," he said.

Miss Baker shrugged. Then she and her 20-year-old coach excused themselves and departed from the club, leaving the sailors with the check. "I was very touched by that boy," Carroll said later. "But I thought that once he got started dancing, I didn't know how far he would go. He'll probably see *Sylvia* in a drive-in movie and have the upsetting feeling that he has seen me somewhere before."

Back in Hollywood, Carroll and Paramount officials added some of her recollections—wild dancing, tables with single girls sitting around, sailors scrutinizing the merchandise—to the script. "The actors in that scene are going to be very young," said Carroll. "That made a great impression on me, the fact that those kids were so young. I learned something from the Mexican girl too. I was impressed by her sweetness, almost a naïveté. She had this great

In the film "Sylvia," Carroll works as a hash slinger and as a ticket seller for a Broadway peep show. As part of her on-the-job training program, she dispenses tickets in penny arcade and spends an hour waiting on tables in a New York restaurant. No one recognized her.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Elegance everywhere you turn

Some call it "hardware." In a GM car with Body by Fisher, these fittings are more like jewelry. Shining examples of the skill and workmanship that go into every part of a Body by Fisher—from super-strong structure to satin-smooth finish. If you have a taste for elegance, indulge it—in the most carefully crafted, solidly built, longest-lasting auto body ever. *So much of the buy is in the body. And Body by Fisher makes it a better buy.* Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, Cadillac.

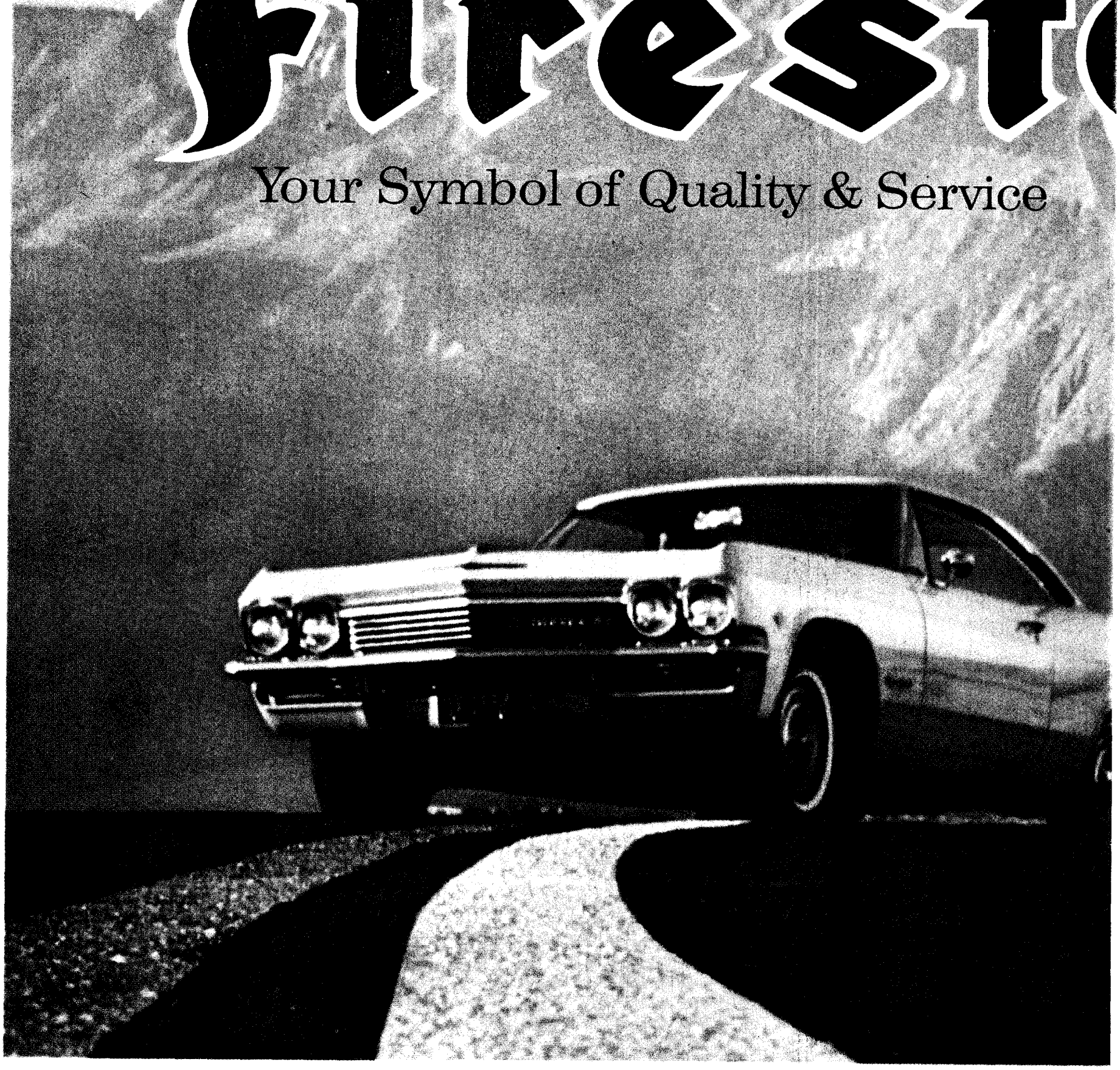
Body by Fisher

GENERAL MOTORS SYMBOL OF QUALITY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

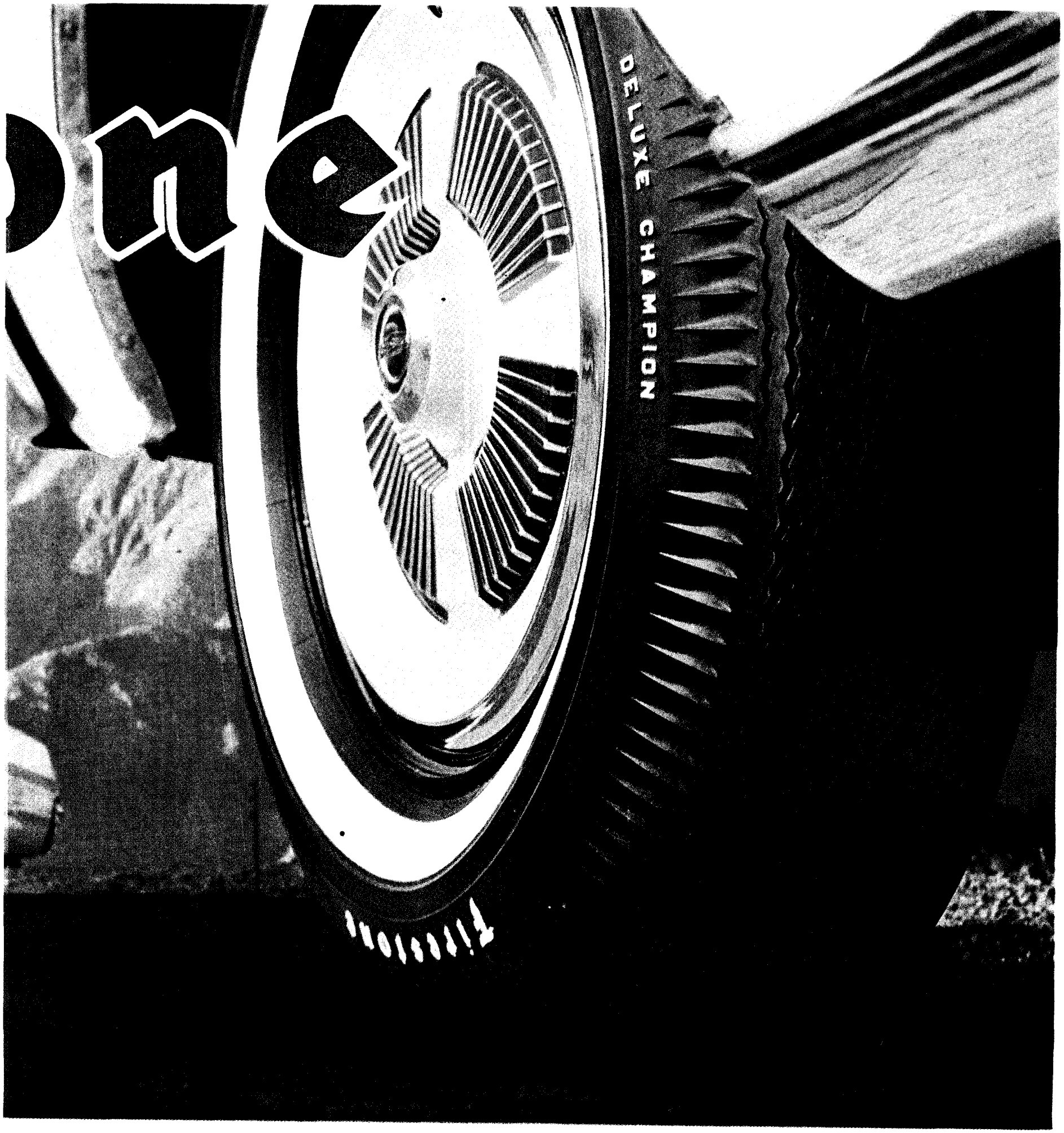
Firesto

Your Symbol of Quality & Service



Detroit's making cars longer, lower, sleeker, hotter
...we're making our tires tougher

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Today's high-performance cars make tougher demands on tires than ever before. That's why, when we test *our* tires, we're tougher on them than you'll ever be.

We crunch them, punch them, tear them up and grind them down. We push them through mountain passes at twenty below. And test them on tracks up to 110° (at speeds faster than you'll ever drive). About 425 million miles, in all. Every year.

That means that when you buy a Firestone tire, you can be sure it's been *proved* to handle all the power your car can deliver. That's the way we build them. And we back them up with a guarantee that covers just about every road hazard you'll ever run into, over, or through.

Next time you need tires, get yourself a set of Firestones. You can charge them, if you like, at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store. Then be hard on them. We are.

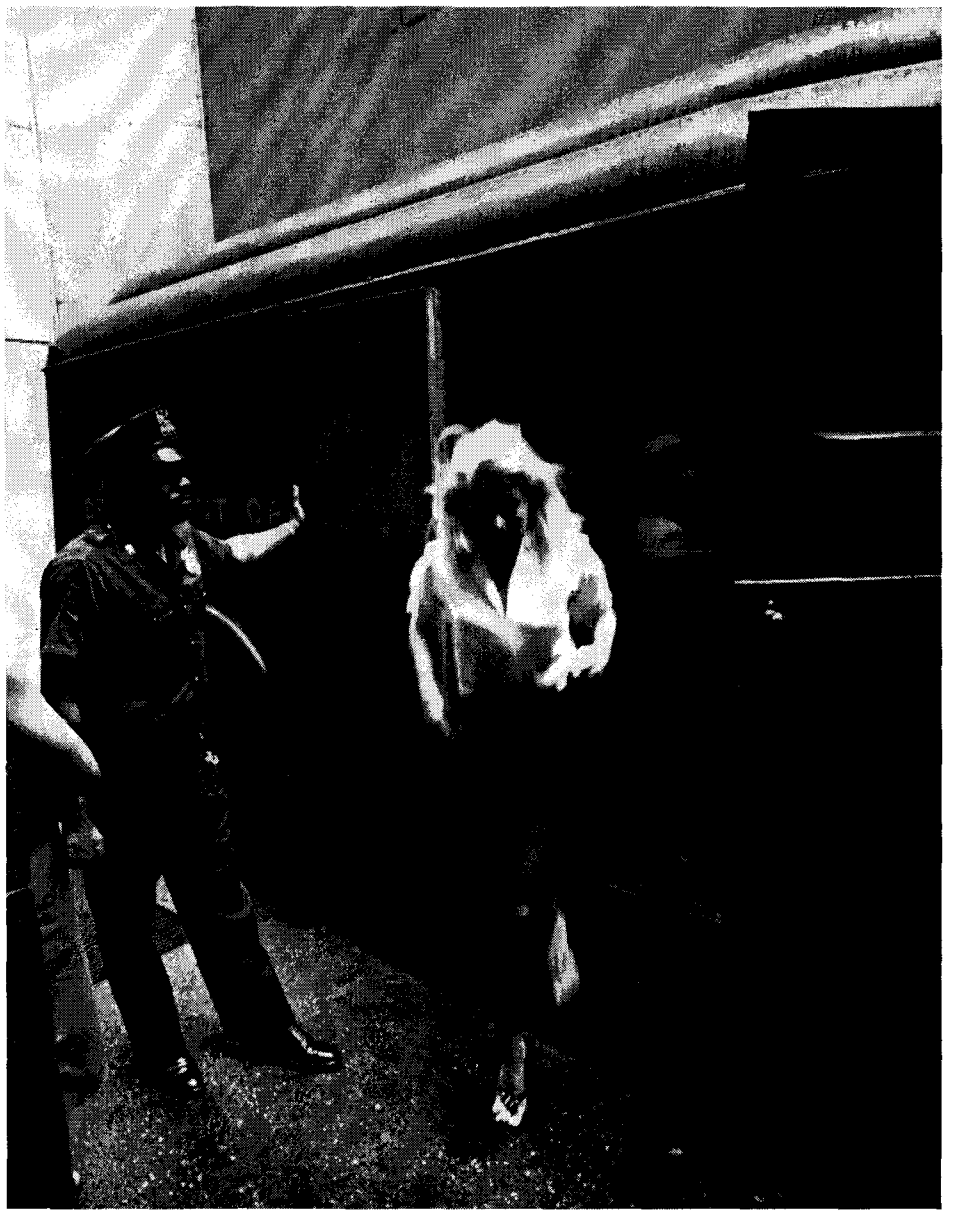
All Firestone Passenger Car Tires carry a full lifetime guarantee against defects in workmanship and materials and all normal road hazard injuries for the life of the original tread. Replacements are prorated on tread wear and based on current Firestone retail price at time of adjustment.

The name that's known is Firestone - all over the world

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In New York prison on trumped-up charge, Carroll is fingerprinted. Shortly afterward she had talk with a teen-age dope addict.

Through a prior arrangement with police, Carroll got a free trip in paddy wagon to friendly neighborhood police station.



CARROLL BAKER

romanticism—that everything's going to be fine tomorrow."

Two weeks later Carroll arrived in New York for the premiere of her movie, *The Carpetbaggers*, and, on a more rarefied plane, the further pursuit of her research for *Sylvia*.

First she worked for an hour as a waitress in the London Grill of a Brass Rail restaurant, seeking insight for a waitress sequence in *Sylvia*. She donned a black-and-white uniform, and served a family of five a full meal. "She's not bad," said *maitre d'* Larry Caringi. "I've had worse waitresses." The customers did not recognize Carroll, even though their table was in sight of her picture on a Broadway marquee.

Next, she put in a brief stint behind the cashier's cage at Hubert's Museum, a Times Square penny arcade. While rifles cracked in the shooting gallery and passersby recorded their voices for 35 cents, Carroll mechanically changed dollar bills. Again she went unnoticed.

That night, to provide elegant contrast to the Tijuana B girl, Paramount Pictures executives introduced Miss Baker to an East Side call girl. The studio had hired her for $250 to talk about her profession.

The girl, a six-foot-two-inch New Zealander who used the name Aileen, was leery at first. But then, for nearly two hours, she and Miss Baker chatted in a luxury suite at a midtown hotel, discussing the motivations, anxieties and procedures of a call girl. Aileen told sad stories of men who had cheated her. A number of times she had been paid by checks which later bounced. Her recitation, most of it unprintable, was recorded on a hidden tape machine.

"I enjoy talking to men," Aileen said, "and finding out their different stories. I know one man who gives me custom-made shoes. I know another man who is in the garment business who gives me new clothes. The other day I met a man from Chicago. He gives me jewelry. He thinks he's falling in love with me. But how can I get married? What would we ever talk about?

"I like to live. I never worry. But I do feel quite lonely at times, because I don't really have anyone. I'm giving them something more than they're giving me. That's for sure."

Aileen glanced at her appointment book and made several phone calls. Later that evening, she reported, a wild party would be held at a midtown hotel. She asked Miss Baker to accompany her. Miss Baker declined.

Instead, the two girls decided to tour some East Side pickup joints. Fearing she would be recognized, Carroll covered her hair with a brunet wig. Her dress was white and low cut. A limousine dropped the girls and two solicitous press agents at an East Side bar. Unattached men and women stood eight deep inside. "If some guy picks me up," Miss Baker whispered facetiously, "I'll just ask him to come out to my chauffeured limousine."

But no man asked her. Those who talked to the girls took an instant fancy to Aileen and ignored Carroll. The same thing happened in half a dozen other bars. Later Aileen turned to Miss Baker and said: "Blondes *do* have more fun, don't you think?"

"I couldn't get arrested tonight," said Carroll.

Two days later, however, with the cooperation of police, she did get arrested. Clad in a black skirt, white blouse, wraparound sun glasses and leopard-skin sandals, Carroll was taken to the Criminal Courts Building where she stolidly answered the roll call as Sylvia West. She walked through the pretrial examination and processing, and was led along with the others into a grim detention cell. Here she talked with a teen-ager who had been arrested for prostitution. "Where do you work?" the girl asked softly.

"Uptown," Carroll replied. "Where do you work?"

"Delancey Street," she said. "This is the seventh time I'm in here."

"Why do you keep doing it?" Carroll asked. The girl said nothing. She merely rolled back the sleeve of her dress and revealed an ugly array of needle marks. "I've been on it since I was fifteen," she murmured.

Subsequently, a police limousine, its siren wailing, hustled Miss Baker to her next stop, the Women's House of Detention in Greenwich Village. The 34-year-old, dirty-orange-brick building has housed such tenants as atom spy Ethel Rosenberg and Communist leader Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, but today the prison is crowded with narcotics addicts who have embraced prostitution.

Carroll exchanged her skirt and blouse for a plain checked dress that smelled of disinfectant. She signed the prison register, and a notation of "887.4a, vagrancy and prostitution" was added after her name. Under the eye of a guard, Carroll was permitted to roam the upper floors of the institution. Members of one cell block noted her V.I.P. treatment and jeered. "Oh, come on," one woman shouted, "you're supposed to look sad." Another chimed in: "Close the door and see how she feels behind bars." Carroll witnessed teen-aged dope addicts withdrawing, sprawled in the corners of their cells on another floor. She wound up in the dispensary, asking for aspirin.

Perspiring noticeably, Carroll left the prison and was driven to her hotel. "The only time I was really scared and wanted to back out was in that jail," she later said. "It's certainly been an experience, all of this. Holy God." She had just enough time to pack her belongings, change into a $400 matching Balmain suit and hat, and resume her personal-appearance tour for *The Carpetbaggers*. Less than 12 hours later she walked off a plane in Pittsburgh, wearing jewels, an ermine wrap and a beaded gown. "It takes an actress to jump from one character like that right into another," she said unblushingly. "It was strange—coming back from the depths of the real world into the cream-puff existence that I lead."

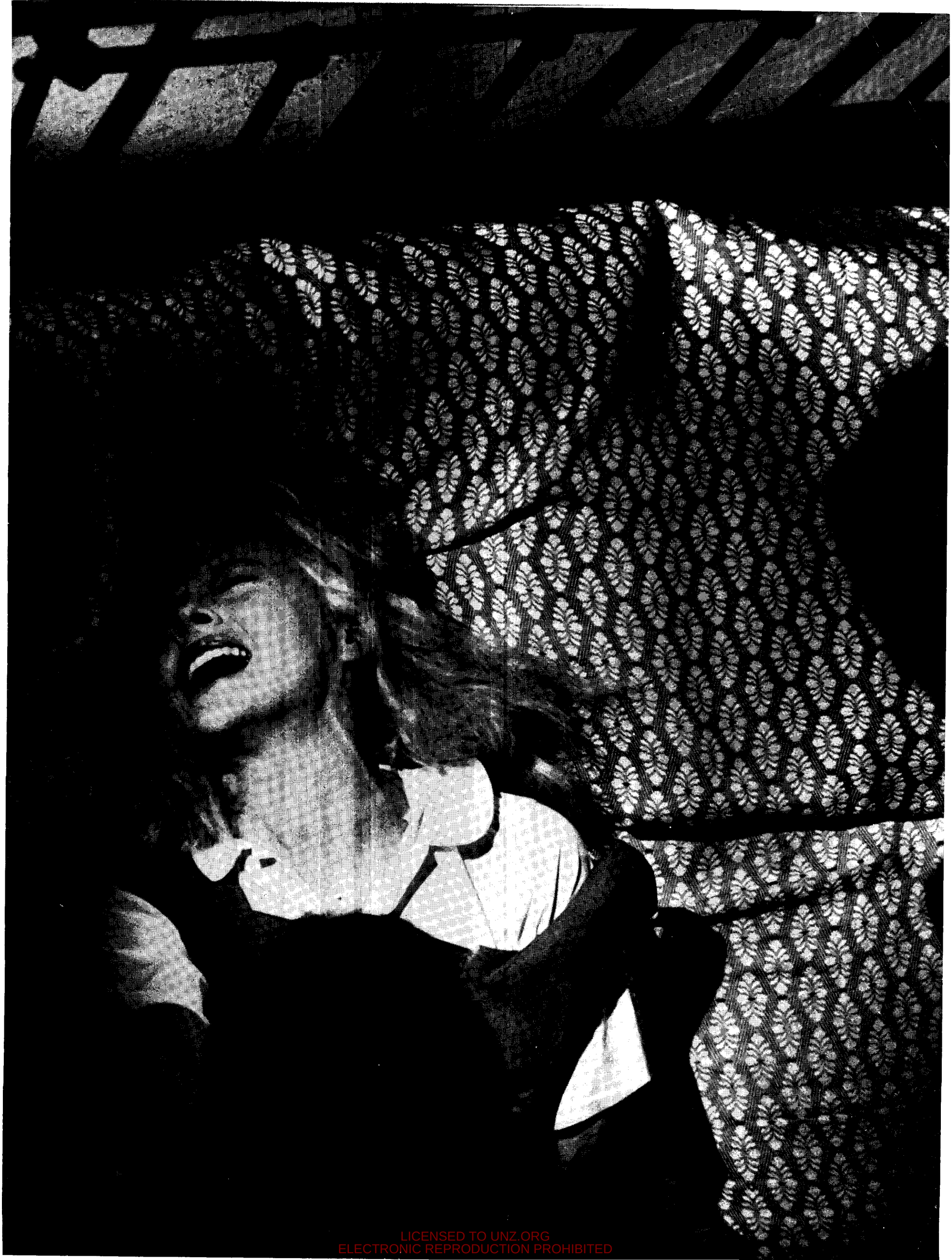
Safely back home, Miss Baker again met with the producer and director of *Sylvia*. The movie's staff studied photographs of Carroll taken with concealed cameras in jail, in the cocktail lounges and in the Mexican cabaret. "The producers liked the unkempt way my hair looked in the photographs," Carroll said, "and I wound up wearing it the same way in the picture. The director liked some of the expressions I had on my face in jail. And we improved the jail sequence in the script, adding women who look more like men than women. They were everywhere." It also was decided to film the picture in stark black and white instead of color, as originally planned.

The day before the *Sylvia* filming began, Carroll sat in her freshly painted studio dressing room, munching on a tossed green salad and bits of matzoh. An attentive press agent poured her coffee. She was on the verge of signing a seven-picture contract with producer Joseph E. Levine which would enrich her by at least five million dollars.

"To invent something on the screen is no good," she said. "People talk about doing something like this trip I made, but not everybody does it. It takes a certain amount of guts, of really wanting to live in this world and understand things. What I want to give the public is something real." □

In key scene from new movie "Sylvia," Carroll Baker is assaulted by her father.

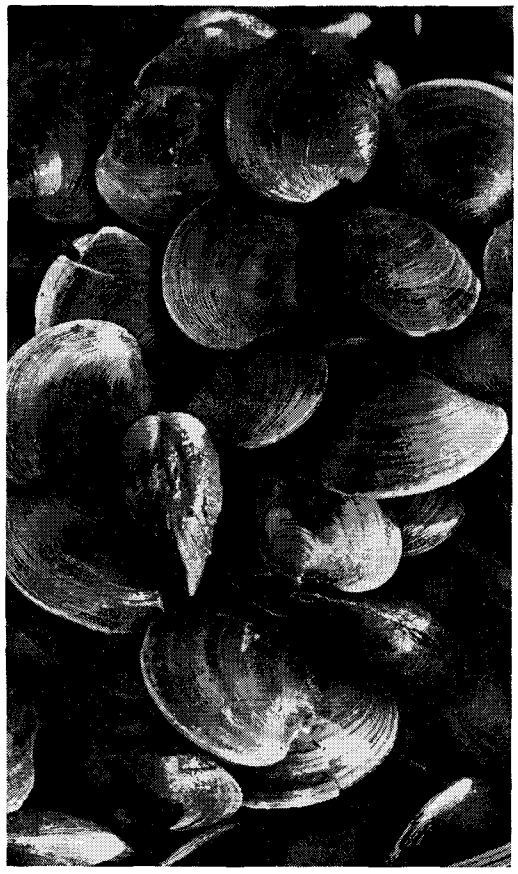
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Legal quahoggers raking Narragansett Bay can earn $30 a day. Illegal night work in polluted waters pays much better.

A living treasure in the sea, quahogs make succulent eating on the half shell. They also transmit a variety of diseases that may be in the water around them.



THE DIRTY-CLAM CAPER

LAWMEN IN FAST BOATS CLOSE IN ON RHODE ISLAND'S DARING, NIGHT-RIDING "QUAHOG PIRATES."

SOME STUDENTS of disorderly conduct prefer Chicago in the '20's. Others say Dodge City, Kans., in the '70's. But for imaginative, year-in, year-out breach of the peace, it is hard to beat the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations.

There was the time in 1924 when the legislative minority released noxious gas in the House of Representatives because that was the only way its leaders could think of to block a piece of legislation they considered unstatesmanly. There was the leisurely barroom shooting of the Federal Hill strongboy Tiger Balletto, before 15 unseeing eyewitnesses, for the crime of betting on horse races which had already taken place. And there was, and is, the Great Narragansett Bay Quahog War.

This small but spirited guerrilla operation has sputtered between the state's quahog pirates (as clam poachers are called in Rhode Island) and its game wardens since the early 1950's. At one time or another it has involved espionage, hand-to-skull combat, secret weapons, an armaments race and midnight sea chases through crowded harbors at 50 knots. Recently it has also involved a serious health issue: The U.S. Public Health Service says that infectious hepatitis, a troublesome and little-understood disease, can be carried by shellfish from polluted water.

But the quahoggers, although they take the precaution of not eating polluted quahogs themselves, feel that there is no excessive danger in selling them to wholesalers for consumption by other people. They do not want to hear any folderol about hepatitis. So the warm little war goes on, and a warden who turns his back on an arrested pirate stands a reasonably good chance of being knocked on the head with a pair of quahog tongs and left on the shore to be revived by the returning tide. No one has been killed; like cowboys and Indians who disturb the peace in John Wayne movies, the combatants all know each other by name, and appear to have a working agreement that stops the skirmishing short of actual slaughter.

By JOHN SKOW

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IMPRESSIVE:
Your Oldsmobile Ninety-Eight arriving on the scene.

IMPRESSED:
Your friends when they see you behind the wheel.

BY OLDSMOBILE
The Rocket Action Car!

Illustrated: Ninety-Eight Holiday Sports Sedan
OLDSMOBILE DIVISION · GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wardens Dick Molloy and Earl Fielder study map to plan anti-quahogger patrol.

QUAHOG PIRATES

The economic basis for this difference of opinion is gluttony. The quahog is a magnificent round clam (Rhode Islanders insist that it is not a clam, but pay no attention) which, depending on its size when apprehended, is eaten as a littleneck (1½–1¾ inches across) or a cherrystone (1¾–2½ inches), or, if it is bigger, boiled up in chowder. It is delicious in any form, but on the half shell, served with lemon, it deprives men of their senses. Restaurants get one dollar to two dollars for a plate of six.

In the heavily fished waters of Narragansett Bay, a law-abiding quahogger can earn from $25 to $30 a day if he can find a spot where there are some quahogs to catch with his long-handled bullrake or tongs. At night, in the shallows close to shore where quahog beds are relatively undisturbed, but where the waters are polluted by sewage and have been closed by the state health department, a man can make $80 to $100 in an hour's fast work. A great many men have, including one serious-minded youth who explained after his arrest that he was pirating his way through the University of Rhode Island.

With this kind of money involved, a degree of irritability was to be expected from the pirates when the wardens began to chase them seriously. At first the wardens did more chasing than catching. Their boat was a big launch, too deep-drafted to follow a quahogging skiff close to shore. The pirates treated their interruptions as jolly interludes in an otherwise monotonous job. A quahogger named Whitey, since decommissioned, used to lie offshore and sing, "Howard Lewis, ain't you coming out tonight?" to one of the wardens. Whitey, who was called that because of the color of his Cadillac, also said yo-ho frequently. He liked to be called a pirate in the newspaper, and he had heard that pirates yo-hoed a lot. When the wardens interrupted his bullraking, he yelled, "Yo-ho-ho, away we go," as he roared off.

But the wardens shifted to smaller boats and got better at stalking, and the jolliness wore off. One winter night during this period a warden named Earl Fielder saw a quahogger at work in the moonlight. Fielder alerted his partner and throttled their small boat toward the skiff. They had nearly reached the pirate, when they heard the blat of outboard motors. Other skiffs appeared from the darkness and began tearing around the wardens' boat in a circle, like CBS Comanches. "They had decoyed us," recalled Fielder. "There were about eight boats. They circled for a while, and then one took aim and rammed us amidships. He hit so hard that our transom popped out and sank, and the motor along with it." The two wardens, who were wearing life jackets, swam 200 soggy yards to shore.

News of their water cure spread quickly among Rhode Island's shore residents, not all of whom were convinced that it had been desirable to let the wardens reach land. Many shore dwellers had pirates in the family. "They didn't love us," says Robert Lowry, a big, capable man who took over the wardens' marine patrol when the quahoggers were still laughing and built it into a tough, respected force.

What changed the rules of the game was an outbreak of hepatitis in Pascagoula, Miss., in 1961. U. S. Public Health Service investigators were able to say that the disease probably had been transmitted to its victims after they had eaten raw Gulf-coast shellfish.

Since clams and oysters usually are eaten raw, they transmit to the eater whatever was in the water where they were caught. Health authorities knew that this could be dysentery or typhoid, rare in the 1960's. Now, apparently, it could also be infectious hepatitis, a fairly common disease (70,000 cases in the U.S. in 1961) which attacks the liver, turns the skin and eyes bright yellow from jaundice, saps the energy, gives the sufferer an active dislike for alcohol, and possibly as a consequence afflicts the brain with melancholy. It is not considered deadly, nor is it likely to be permanently damaging. But sufferers are laid up for six weeks or more. There is no treatment, because the virus which is thought to cause it has not been isolated. For the same reason it is not possible to tell whether a given shellfish carries hepatitis.

Rhode Island quahogs are not more suspect than any other shellfish, but after an outbreak of hepatitis in New Haven in 1963, federal health authorities said the "presumptive" source was Narragansett Bay quahogs. Rhode Island stiffened its already stiff shellfish laws; a second offense of shellfishing in polluted water was made a felony punishable by a year in jail. Quahogging at night was also declared a felony. The presumption is that if you were innocent, you would be drinking beer somewhere like an honest man. But the worst penalty, voted into law last year, may be the forfeiture of equipment.

Any quahogger who can afford it will buy the largest outboard motor currently available, a 100-hp Mercury, selling for about $1,300. This is too much money to donate to the state of Rhode Island, and quahoggers have been experimenting. A light quahogging skiff with a hundred on the stern will do better than 40 mph, but the wardens use a stripped-down plastic speed hull, called a Boston Whaler, with the same engine. This rig jitters across the water at something under 60 mph. The effect is much like going 150 mph in a light car over bad roads, and the wardens do it at night without lights.

Early this year one bandit put two hundreds on his skiff. The wardens watched his trial cruises with interest, speculating on whether the flat-bottomed boat would nose into a wave and flip at the great, shaggy speed it would attain, or merely shake itself apart. They were a little disappointed when the pirate slapped about the bay for a few days at three-quarters speed and gave up, well shaken. His skiff now has only one motor.

This failure led waterfront thinkers to a search for what Pentagon hotword men call exotic weaponry. The wardens recently confiscated a set of scuba gear, and they are worried. They happened to bag the skin-diving pirate as he flapped ashore. But it is hard to catch a man who is lying doggo 20 feet down. "You might use small depth charges," one of the wardens said doubtfully, as if he saw disadvantages to the method.

Had pirates tried using the midget submarines that scuba maniacs can buy? "God, don't print that, they haven't thought of it yet," said the warden. He paused to consider this. "At least I don't think they have."

We were talking on the shore of Greenwich Cove, an anchorage where people with more money than can be conveniently piled on dry land keep yachts with names like *Cindy-Ann II* and *Lorelei*. It is possible that the many quahogs that share the bottom of the cove with status-label-gin empties are worth more than the yachts. But the cove is polluted. The only shellfisher who kept what he caught that day was a fat, four-engined seagull, much in need of dry-cleaning, who carried a quahog up to 40 feet, dropped it on the rocks, and ate it.

There were human quahoggers at work; the state was transplanting shellfish to clean water, where, after a few weeks, they become fit to eat. Robert Lowry, the marine-patrol captain, was watching the transplant operation the way you would watch a squad of purse snatchers hired to shift coins at the mint. A man who could slip a bag of quahogs overboard to be retrieved later would be ahead a good day's pay. A fish-and-game-division launch was anchored out where the transplanting was going on, and a warden in a speed hull was weaving among the bullrakers. A warden with a walkie-talkie was hidden in the brush on the opposite shore, and another was in a radio truck parked near the yacht moorings.

This was Dick Molloy, a tall, narrow man of 42 whom the local teen-agers call Wyatt Earp, because he looks like a movie marshal and because he has caught so many of them puddling (small-time pirating in which the evildoer walks barefoot at low tide, feeling for quahogs with his toes). Which of the quahoggers working that day were pirates? he was asked. "Here's a guy," said Molloy, nodding toward a skiff about 500 yards away, whose owner had just dumped his shellfish and was hot-dogging at top speed past the anchored yachts on his way to the quahog beds. Molloy gave his name and address and went on, reading it off inside his head the way a good cop is able to do: "Twenty-eight years old, sixty-horsepower Merc, pretty wife, three little girls, he has a blue station wagon." (Molloy gave the license number.)

"You have to know them," Molloy said. "Not just names and faces and boats but their style of quahogging. These guys will hop in each other's boats to foul up your identification, and right after the Brinks robbery they began using masks. Hoods with eyeholes. They still use them; it looks like Alabama politics." Molloy said hello to a pirate who walked by. The wardens will chat sociably at dockside with a quahogger who is modifying his getaway bomb, knowing that they will be chasing him that night.

The pirates also use shortwave radios and an informal espionage network to keep track of the wardens. And a while back Molloy arrested one of the pirates' wives. She was headed for a seafood wholesaler's dock, pushing a baby carriage containing a large, healthy baby and two sacks of littlenecks.

But the quahoggers, according to Lowry, are losing their fight. "You get a shellfisher on a five-year deferred sentence and it quiets him down." The wardens' boats are fast enough to run down anything that is likely to have quahogs in it, and they are amazingly durable. "Fielder rode one guy into the beach at just under full speed," Lowry said. "Our boat landed thirty-seven feet from the water. No damage, and Fielder got his man."

There are still many people who prefer things the way they used to be. "It was a good, healthy life. I never had a cold," said one ex-pirate, whom I shall call Captain Kidd. He has not touched a quahog in anger for several years. But

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for five years before that, evading the wardens for profit was his only income. It was the only one he needed. He made, he said wistfully, $150 to $200 a week for perhaps three nights' work. Money is tight in Rhode Island, and it is hard to do this well unless you hold up loan companies.

Kidd was never caught. "If there was maybe eight skiffs working, they'd go after one of the others. I was always lucky." Kidd said he disapproved of hitting wardens on the head with quahog tongs as an arrest preventive. "I didn't go for the rough stuff. A bunch of drunks messed up a good thing. They got the wardens down on us."

Did Kidd's neighbors know how he made his living? He looked up, surprised. "Yeah, sure. There's no disgrace in digging nights."

One night I went out on patrol with Molloy and his partner Ken Dyer. This is what is called intrepid reporting; a few nights before, Molloy and Dyer had arrested a pirate by slamming into his skiff broadside at 30 mph.

As things turned out, we cruised in a radio truck all night and never got the boat wet. The wardens had heard that a quahogger we will call Casey had been taking his skiff out every night at dusk from a dock in Bristol. Dyer thought he was quahogging. Molloy said no, he was junking. A salvage company had bought an old naval installation on one of the bay islands, and during the day its men worked at ripping out copper and lead for resale. At night the men went away, and other men not formally associated with the salvage company showed up and ripped out the copper and lead. An unintended result of the crackdown on quahoggers has been a rise in junking, and in the midnight instant-parts profession. In this occupation, a boatyard operator will tell you he needs, say, a set of controls for a 32-foot 1963 Chris-Craft, and a good ship-to-shore radiophone. You find a Chris-Craft with a ship-to-shore, steal it, remove the parts, and sink the rest.

The wardens did not catch Casey that night. We reached Bristol in time to see the skiff, with three men in it, slip its mooring and head out. The bay shaded toward night; the skiff moved quietly and very fast. It was gone, and we stood there for a moment. I have seen hunters stand that way as a V of Canada geese beats out of range across the sky.

A few minutes later we blocked traffic on the big Mt. Hope suspension bridge as Dyer and Molloy scanned 20 miles of bay with glasses. Once they thought they saw the skiff. But the hunt was over; the rest of the night was sour and edgy. Close to two we had coffee and Dyer cheered up. "You come out again," he said. "We'll take a boat and lie offshore. ." "Two boats," Molloy said. "One at Bristol, one at Rose Island. We'll get him."

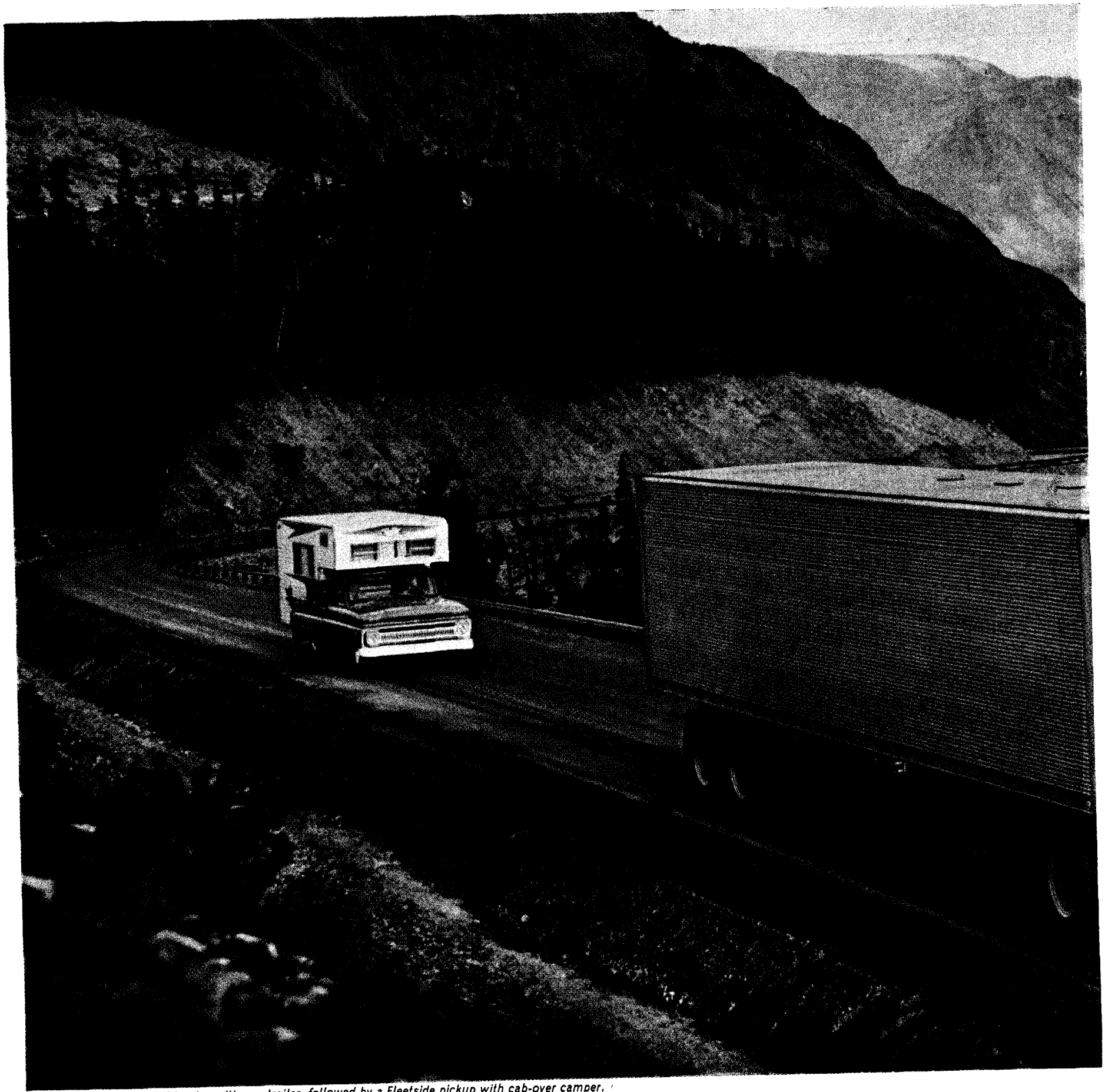
They will, sooner or later. And when Casey and a few others have been put away, there won't be any more pirates Rhode Island will be duller and more sanitary, and the wardens will spend their time checking fishing licenses. In a few years, perhaps, businessmen in Dodge City and Cheyenne will sit before their TV sets, watching how it was in the Wild East, in the days when the pirates ambushed Fielder. □

The tough speedy Boston Whaler may be the law's ultimate weapon—unless the pirates switch to midget submarines.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHEVROLET

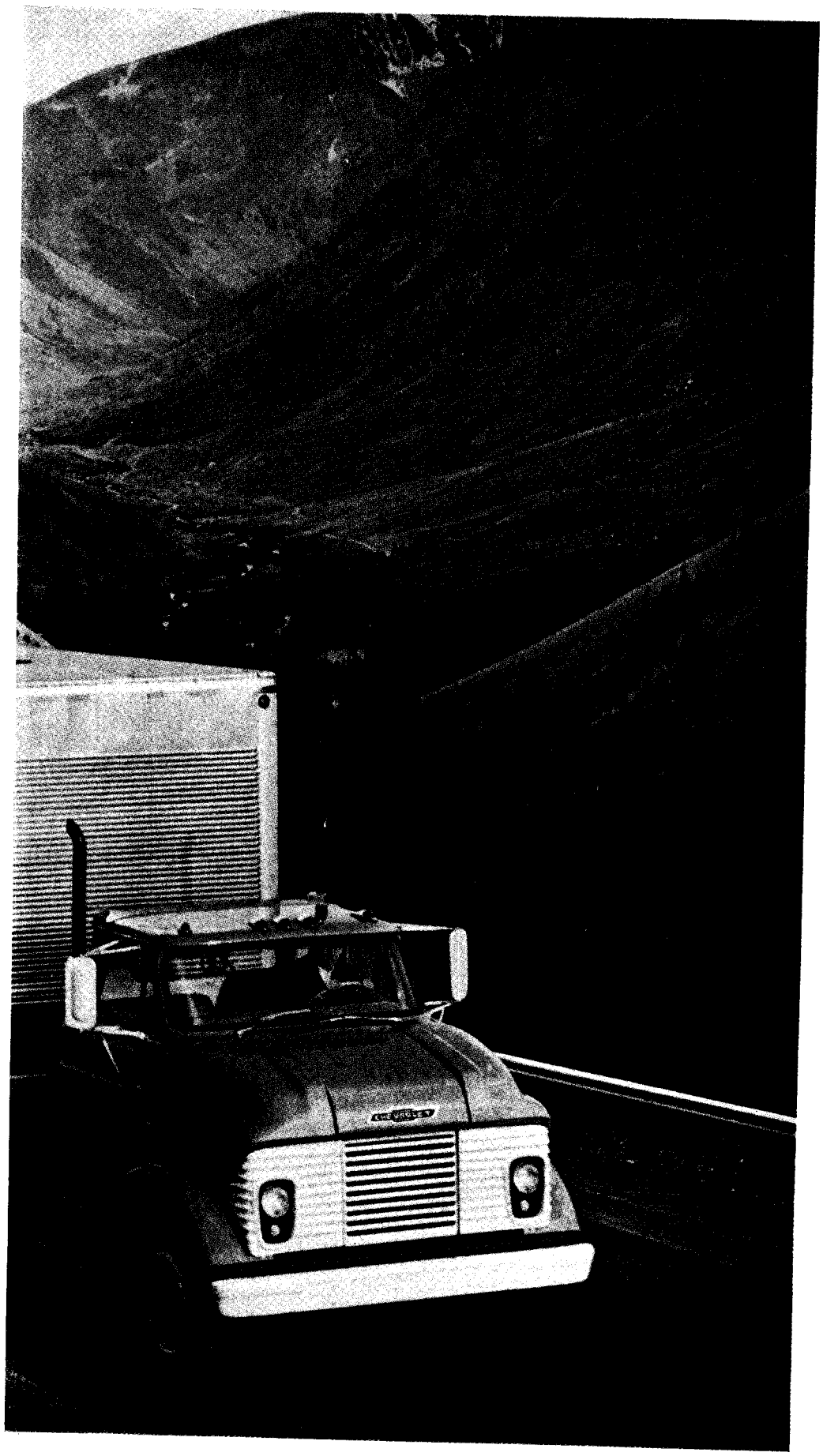
work



1965 Chevrolet E80 diesel tractor with van trailer, followed by a Fleetside pickup with cab-over camper.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

power



stays strong for long stretches

Chevrolet trucks have good stuff in them.

Take a typical Chevy heavyweight like the one in the picture at left. It's built with the finest truck components money can buy.

It has a cab, for instance, that's reinforced for extra strength in areas of stress with double walls of sheet metal. And a massive frame designed for heavy work. And sturdy springs of ride-smoothing variable-rate design.

Also, a big Chevy can be equipped with components made by the industry's top truck-equipment manufacturers. People like Eaton (axles), Spicer and Fuller (transmissions), Rockwell-Standard (axles, brakes), Bostrom (seats), Chevy-GM-Detroit (diesel engines).

When a truck's built like that, you can count on it to keep going when the chips are down.

Long-lasting workpower is what we're talking about. You get it in light-duty Chevies, too.

In pickups or panels with a work-proved suspension system that provides the smoothest of truck rides with independently suspended front wheels plus coil springs, front and rear.

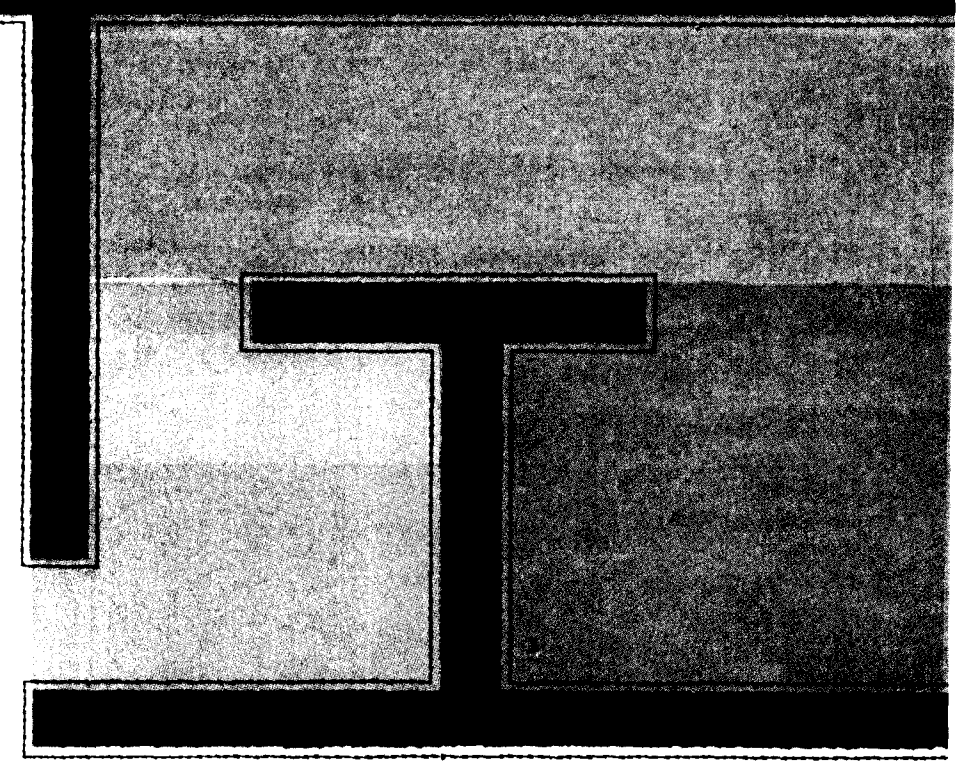
And in Chevy-Van, the new low-cost front-engine delivery truck with construction that includes extra corrosion resistance and heavy gauge steel to save you trouble and money.

Good stuff, all of it—and it's all at your Chevrolet dealer's. See him about any type of truck you need. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

CHEVROLET

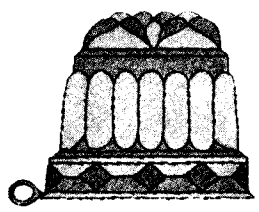
THE LONG STRONG LINE FOR '65

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Some of the Time, All of the Time

By S. Dorman



Marie knew that Ernie was the kind of guy who liked to smell supper cooking when he came home to the apartment, even though Marie got home from work only a little time before he did. Sometimes she wondered how women with children even managed to get a meal on the table; at other times she wished she had a chance to find out, but in six years it hadn't happened.

"Hi?" Ernie said this evening, as always, when he came into the foyer and clanged his lunch box down by the telephone. Marie heard it where she sat in one of the fat armchairs in front of the red living-room drapes. There was a magazine in her lap, which she closed when Ernie came in.

"Baby?" Ernie said. "Don't you feel good?" There was no smell of supper cooking.

Marie raised her head. She had a thin, sweet face and her brow was surrounded by brown curls. "Hi," she said softly. "I was reading." She held out to him the magazine with a blue cover. Across the top it said: *Descant: A Magazine of Poetry.*

"What's that?" Ernie asked. "What the hell is that?"

"It was on the subway this morning when I went to work. It was just lying there, so I picked it up for something to read." She added, "I've been sort of reading it all day."

"Poetry?" Ernie said, in that voice which she could recognize. It was the same voice in which he had said, "Your father?" when he first met Mr. Walters, who wore vests and twinkled at the ladies and got drunk at the wedding.

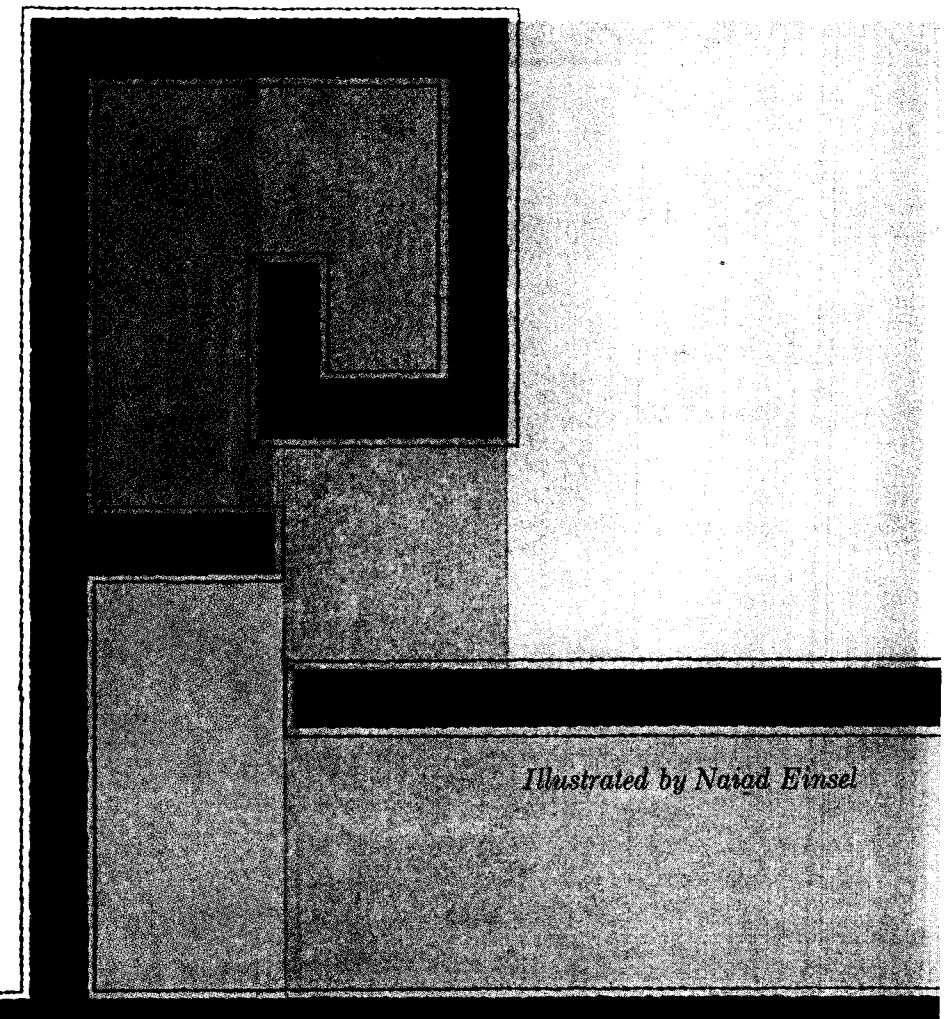
Marie smiled tentatively at her husband. "I didn't have anything else to read. Do you want supper?"

"Of course I want supper," Ernie said, but he sat down in the other fat armchair under the velvet drapery of the valance. His motion stirred nothing in the small, warm living room. "I knew you always read funny stuff, like essays, like that, but are you sure you feel OK? I mean, who reads poetry?"

Marie threw the magazine down to the white-velvet footstool on which no one ever put his feet. She said in a quiet voice, "I feel fine," and stood up. She went toward the kitchen, saying, "Down, down into the brine. Sleep of sharks."

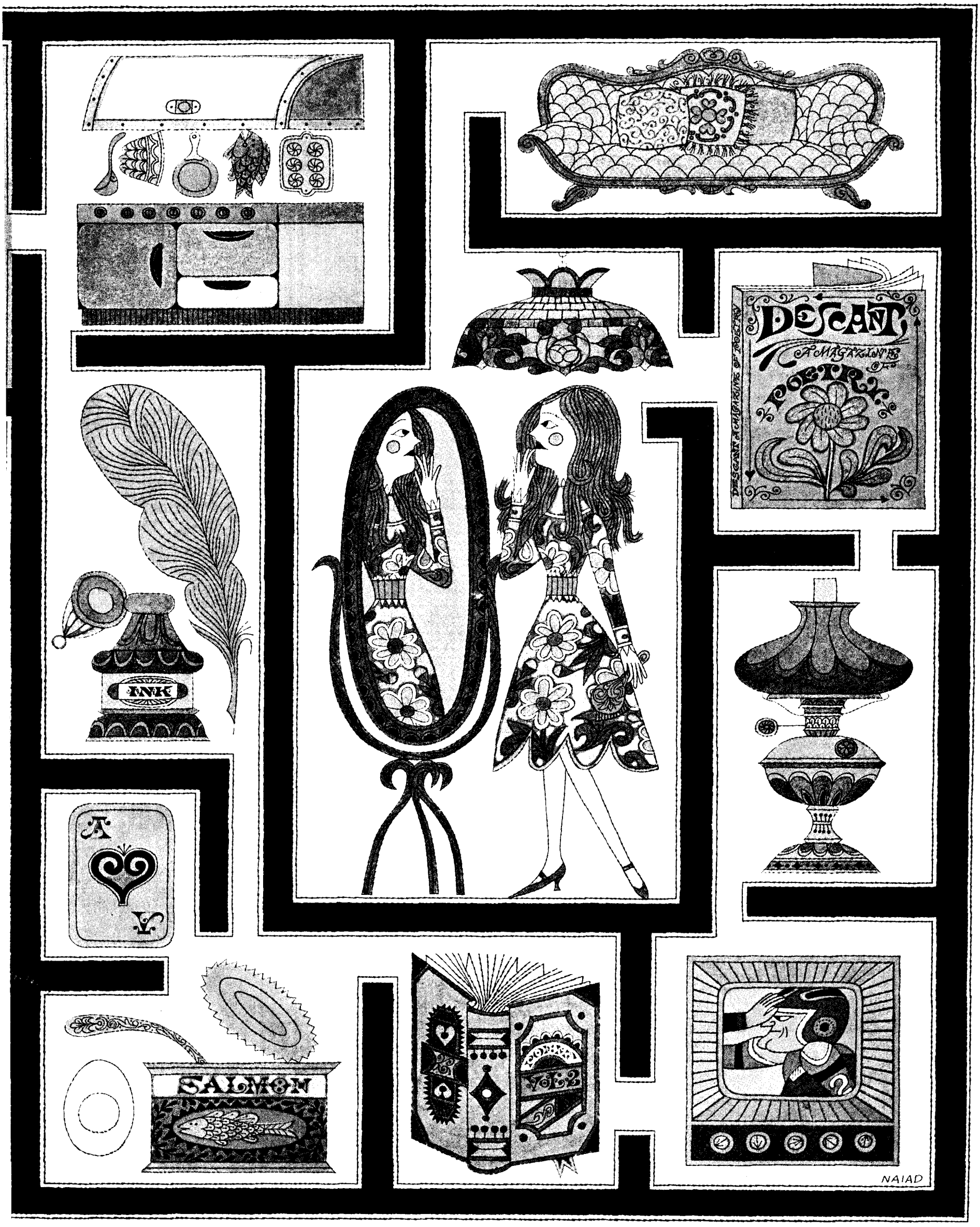
"Zot!" Ernie muttered, pretending to shoot himself in the head. He got up and went after her to the kitchen where the organdy frills of the curtains blew in and out in the breeze from the air shaft. There was a comforting hum of radios, voices, and dinnerware from the other apartments. Ernie sometimes stuck his head out that window into the air shaft, and cocked one ear to listen. "Listen," he would say, "isn't that something? All those people living? All those guys come home to supper and their wives, just like me?"

"I'm sorry," Marie said, flustering around. "There's just salad." She put two plates of salmon salad and some warm, hard-boiled eggs on the table. Ernie sat down, and picked up a sports magazine from the windowsill, but



Illustrated by Naiad Einsel

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

instead of reading, he eyed his wife. Once or twice he reached up and rubbed the bald area on the top of his head.

Marie said, "You aren't eating. I'm sorry about the salad."

"It's OK, long as you don't do it too often. You know you cook like an angel, when you try."

"I don't do anything like an angel," Marie said resentfully.

"That magazine must have shook you up," Ernie said. "I was going bowling tonight, but you want me to stay home? You feel like you're coming down with something?"

Marie answered, "You go bowling. I don't know if I'm getting something or not."

"You want to go to a movie? What's wrong with you?" He pushed the remains of a hard-boiled egg under a piece of lettuce.

"I'm all right. I'm going to read, anyway."

"That magazine?"

"Probably."

They were silent again while they ate their melon. Occasionally Marie looked up with guilty reserve and saw him watching her. She was uncertain about what had happened, but whenever she met Ernie's eyes something sharp touched her; some awkwardness she had never felt before; some deepness she had refused to recognize. Was it hers? Was it anything they could share?

"Well, don't go getting eyestrain," Ernie said. "I'll be back early."

Marie went to the door with him, and when he had gone down the hall to the elevator she went back to her chair in the living room and picked up the magazine. There was a smudge of office carbon on one page, and she blurred it with her fingers. After a while she took up a pencil and began writing along the margin of a page:

I am sinking in a deep
Where dreams swim green
Where I can't find sleep
And the doors are gone

Marie put the pencil down. For years she seemed to have been sinking into something deep, which she pretended not to know about, and now she went on pretending and couldn't finish writing the poem. She had missed a good movie on television. Marie threw the magazine away. It fluttered, and landed under the couch with one wing bent back. It isn't going to fly anymore, Marie thought.

It was very hot in the living room, and terribly full of furniture, each and every piece dear to her heart and polished to a high shine on Saturday mornings while she ran in and out of the rooms with her hair in curlers, planning the evening out.

For over six years she had been polishing, putting up new drapes and heavier valances; she had made room for just one more bench, table, chair, knickknack shelf, lining the nest for herself and Ernie. Things, things, Marie said to herself, and the doors are gone. Marie went into the bedroom and looked at herself in the blued mirror. Thin, large-nosed, her face appeared to her like a donkey's, or a rabbit's. She glared at it. She took her brush and swept all her curls back, but it was still her own face.

While she was posturing there, hoping to turn into someone new, Ernie's key sounded in the door. "Baby?" Ernie called.

"Here," she said, listening to him come heavily toward the room.

"I came home early, I figured you didn't want to be alone," he said.

Marie was touched that he had thought of it, and angry, because she did need to be alone, and ashamed, because she had never needed to be alone before. The deep pang struck her again.

"You ought to go to bed and get a good night's sleep," Ernie said. "Maybe if you rest up, you'll be all right tomorrow."

"Maybe," she said sadly.

"I'll hit the sack, too. Snore you to sleep, OK?" he asked. He was trying to be gentle, Marie saw, but she was too busy hugging her strange new needs to herself, to let him reach her. Yet in another moment she felt she needed him terribly. He was sitting on the edge of the bed, and he threw his shoes off, one-two, letting them thump.

"... the apartment below ..." Marie said, using their usual domestic shorthand.

Ernie didn't answer. He began to unbutton his shirt with one hand, and switched off the lamp with the other. "Don't put your pajamas on," Marie said, before she could think what she was asking.

"What?" he demanded.

She whispered, "Don't put your pajamas on."

"What's the matter with you? You want me to catch cold?"

Marie said, "No."

"But you want me to sleep raw?"

"Yes," Marie said, and sat down in the farthest corner of the room on a green-satin stool, with her hands in her lap and her cheek resting against the cool plaster of the wall. She was going to cry.

After what seemed an infinite silence, Ernie asked, "Are you planning to sleep raw, too?"

"If you want." No, she wasn't going to cry. If there was no way he could reach her, to understand what was happening to her, then he would just have to hold her until she understood it herself.

She could see his square outline in the half dark. He asked, "Why are you suddenly acting like this?"

"I thought it would be a change."

Ernie shot out of bed and landed thump, one-two, like his shoes. "You got an urge for change? You want me to find a change, too?"

"Oh, don't get angry," Marie begged.

"I'm not angry," he said. "I'm just upset. You say you want a change, what am I to think?"

"I meant a change for us. You know I don't want anybody else."

He sat down on the bed. After a while he slowly unbuttoned the top of his pajamas, and dropped it on the floor. After another while, he shucked off the pajama pants. He sat scrunched up on the edge of the bed, and Marie didn't move. Ernie said, "All right. I took them off. I suppose you want me to put the light on?"

Marie said quickly, "Oh, no."

"Ha," Ernie said. "I'm ahead of you for once, anyway. Go on, then. Take off your nightie."

Marie slid it over her head and sat down again on the stool.

"Is that where you're going to spend the night?" Ernie asked.

Marie got up. She was halfway across the room when Ernie snapped the lamp on, totally blinding her. The light felt icy on her skin; she had never felt such nakedness, and the tears swelled in her eyes. She put her hands over her face.

"So there," Ernie said, and shut the lamp off. "You women. You thought all of a sudden you were going to act wild. But that's not for you, you're not that kind. I wouldn't have married you if you'd been like that."

While his voice went on, Marie stood, still stripped and blind, with her hands over her face. Each word of Ernie's entered her heart and nailed her more securely to her failure.

"The reason I married you," Ernie was saying, "is the way you trembled and shook that first night we went out. I never forgot it. I tried to kiss you on our first date and you shook and shivered, and I said to myself, boy, that's for me, I know she's never been touched by anybody. What are you doing standing there?"

Marie crossed the floor as though she were wading, and he moved over in the bed to give her room. They lay not touching their bare bodies, Marie curled up with her cold hands clasped around her knees.

"Marie?" he asked, troubled. "What was the idea?"

"I don't know," she said miserably. "I wanted us to be different, I wanted us to be closer, maybe. I don't know why. I wanted to change me, anyhow."

"Now don't you change," Ernie said, rolling over and holding her. "I like you fine. You're sweet and you're nice and that's how I like you. You want me to put the pajama top back on?"

"I don't care," Marie said.

Sunday afternoon Marie's father

There's a WORLD of difference in Webster dictionaries!

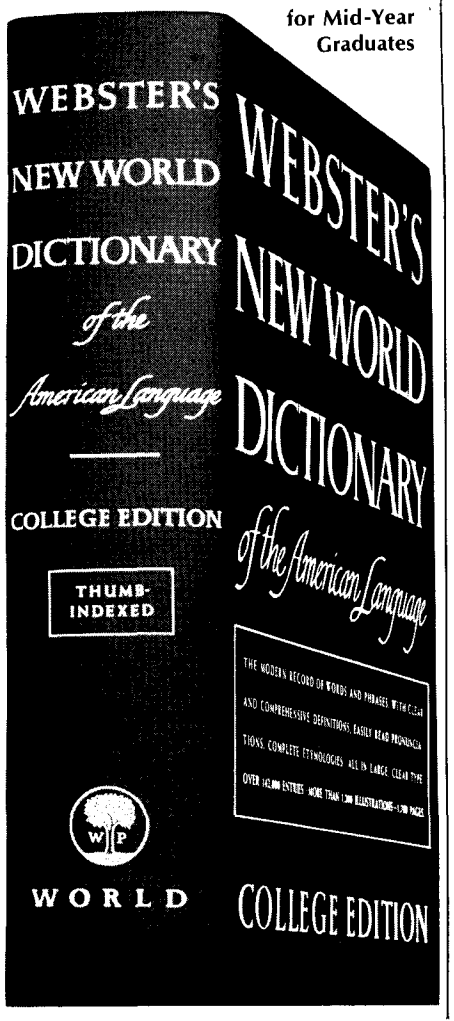
***This* one gives you more information about words than any other desk dictionary.**

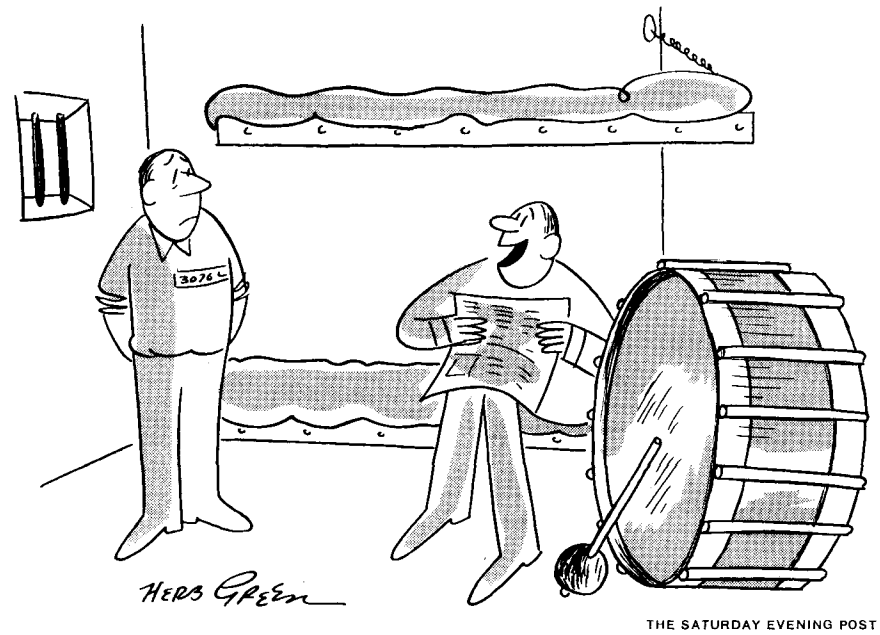
• Clear, full, up-to-date definitions • Clear, large type • Clear pronunciations • Clear guides to accepted usage • One easy-to-use listing for all entries • Recommended and used in colleges and universities throughout United States and Canada.

$5.95 plain, $6.95 thumb-indexed, at bookstores everywhere.

THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio 44102

Ideal Gift for Mid-Year Graduates





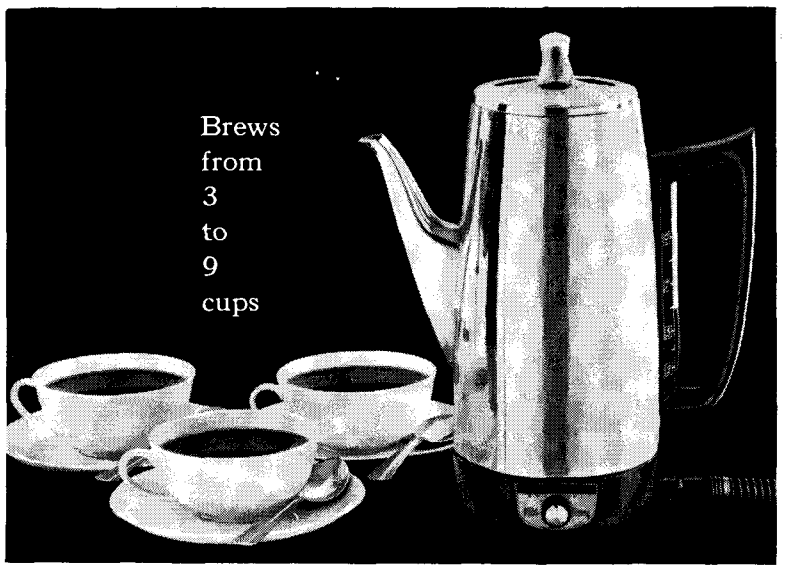
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Oh, you won't mind it here so much once you get a hobby."

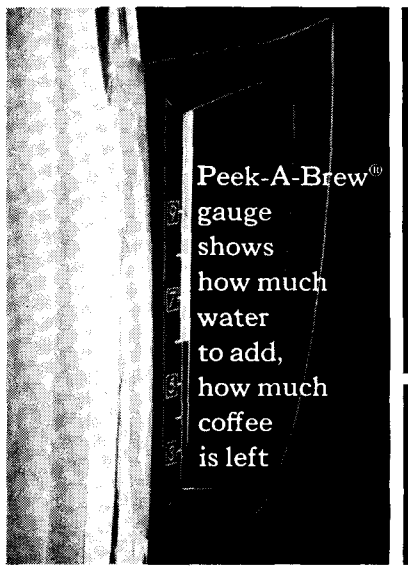
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When you get the coffee maker cleaner, the coffee's more delicious. That's the idea behind General Electric's new immersible coffee maker.

Completely immersible
...thorough cleaning
means tastier coffee



Brews
from
3
to
9
cups



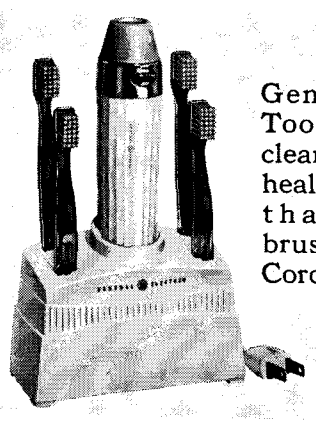
Peek-A-Brew® gauge shows how much water to add, how much coffee is left

Completely automatic. Handy brew selector lets you dial coffee to your taste—mild, medium, strong. Coffee stays hot until you're ready to serve.

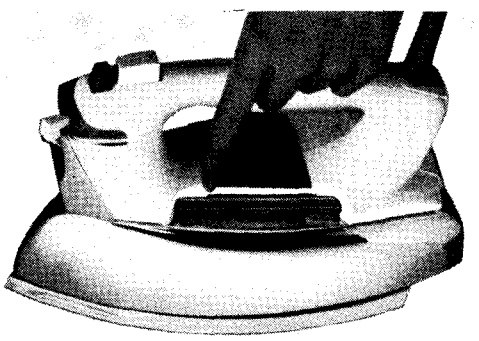
General Electric Company
Housewares Division, Bridgeport, Connecticut

GENERAL ELECTRIC

3 more General Electric appliances which do more for you:

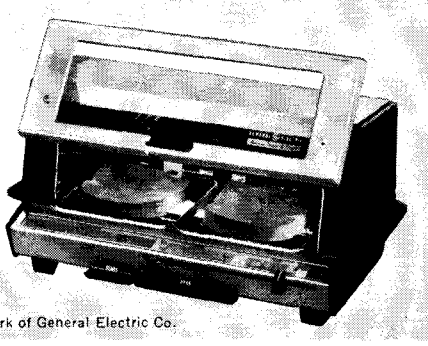


General Electric Toothbrush gives cleaner teeth, more healthful gum care than ordinary brushing by hand. Cordless, automatic.



General Electric Spray, Steam and Dry Iron with **the famous Water Window**

General Electric Toast-R-Oven* Makes any size toast. Also bakes.



*Trademark of General Electric Co.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

came in for a visit. He was a slim man, with a creased face and deeply set small gray eyes. Ernie was watching a ball game. Mr. Walters didn't care for sports, so he went to the kitchen with his daughter for a cup of coffee and a chat. "Everything okey-dokey with my baby?" Mr. Walters asked her.

"Everything's fine," Marie said.

There were two new books on the kitchen windowsill, and now Marie casually draped the Sunday comics over them.

Mr. Walters was sharp enough to catch her at it. "What's that?" he asked, lifting the comics aside. "Books?" he asked, the creases of his face folding tighter as he spoke.

Ernie came in for another can of beer. "Yeah," he said to his father-in-law. "She's reading again. Guess what?"

Mr. Walters examined one of the books. "Poetry!"

Marie drank her coffee and said nothing.

"Why, what are you doing with a book like that?" Mr. Walters asked. He put the book down with a flip that made it land hard on the table.

"She's beating her brains out," Ernie said, puncturing the beer can twice, one-two, and taking it back to the living room.

"Well, I'll be," Mr. Walters said, and twinkled at her with all his surfaces. "You weren't a romantic child, that I remember. You didn't even like nursery rhymes."

"I still don't," Marie said sharply, pained by the false cover of her father's twinkle and grin.

"Now that's no way to speak, Marie. I don't come over often enough to be in your way, just once in a blue moon, that's all. That's the world, though, isn't it?" he asked, giving her a sad smile. "When you're young, the world's your oyster, and when you're old, nobody wants you anymore. I hope you never find out how it is, to be old and lonesome."

"Papa, you know you're welcome here anytime. There's no reason for you to be so lonesome."

Her father stood up and looked down with an expression that was absorbed and private. "Well, Marie, I suppose it's nice that you don't understand. But I wish you did. It's a shame for you not to understand what I'm talking about."

Oh, you damned old fool, Marie said to herself, and put her hand over her mouth, although she hadn't spoken aloud. Perhaps she would never be able to speak aloud, and would have to spend the rest of her life hiding behind shaky hands. "I'm sorry," she said. "I have a headache from the movies last night. I woke up with a headache and it made me cross. You know I don't want to hurt you."

Marie's mother used to say that, "Paul, I don't want to hurt you." Marie couldn't remember her mother's face anymore, but could hear her voice. Her mother used to dream of strange and wonderful landscapes, and tell her dreams to Marie at breakfast after her father had left for work.

Marie's father adjusted his pearly felt hat and said, "It's all right. You have a good time while you're young, baby. Nothing lasts forever." He was moving out through the foyer toward the door as he spoke, and she tagged behind him. "Good-bye, Ernie," Mr. Walters called over the shouts of a final inning. "Take good care of my little Marie."

"Yessir," Ernie said, switching the television to another channel where a game had not yet ended. "Good-bye, come for dinner soon, oh brother! look at that jerk, he can't catch a thing."

Marie closed the door softly, softly, on her father, and went back to the kitchen. She picked up the memo pad and chewed pencil, and began to write.

First they cut off my wings
then wanted to remove the webs
but afraid of further surgery
tied my feet into shoes.

Baby darling baby say the words
mama daddy I prove my love.

They told me where I come from
but not where I am going
they put my brain under
to hide its busy head.

Baby darling baby sing the song
mama daddy now I belong.

They left me then for safe
in a corner where my breath
is forming shapely shadows
and I'm naming wings and webs.

Baby darling baby dirty paper
mama daddy hide your eyes in water.

After this, she stared at what she had written. She was beginning to understand, and it frightened her. All the words she had been taught not to say, the thoughts she mustn't think, were being put down on paper.

Ernie leaned over her shoulder and began reading aloud, his voice gradually rising into a querulous upper pitch:

"Baby darling baby . . ."

he chanted at the top of his vocal range.

". . . hide your eyes in water."

His eyebrows strained upward with his voice. "Now what does that mean?" he asked, out of breath.

"It means cry. It also means go soak your head."

"I'll smack you if you talk to me like that," he said in outrage. "I don't know what's wrong with you, but for three days you haven't been fit to live with."

Marie turned and put her arms around him. "I didn't say it to you, Ernie. I said it to all the other people."

"Come on," Ernie said, patting her head. "What's the matter?"

He backed off from her. "I don't believe it's all on account of reading some poetry. How could that change you?"

"I guess whatever it is was here all the time, only I didn't know it."

Ernie said, "Can't you stop writing this stuff? It's making us both miserable."

Marie looked at him without expecting any help, and he looked past her to the poem she had written. He looks scared too, Marie thought. Then who's going to help me?

"What can I do?" Ernie asked.

"Maybe if you leave me alone, it'll go away," Marie said, but that wasn't what she wanted anymore. If it went away, before she even got a good grip on it, she would never rest again. She'd go running up and down looking for it. Whatever it was, and no matter how it hurt, she must know it better.

"What a character," he tried to kid her. "Some character you turned out to be. Writing poems."

"Would it be so awful if I did?" she asked.

"You aren't the type. How would you explain it to friends like Irene and Bill?"

Marie said, "You could tell them it's a hobby."

"Like collecting matchbooks or bottle caps, maybe?"

"Why not?"

Ernie backed off another step. He reached up and patted his bald spot gently, as though subduing it. He practiced: "Marie writes poetry for a hobby. It just doesn't sound right. They'll think you're cracked."

"I don't care, let them think it. You tell them it's a hobby and after a while they'll get used to it, won't they?"

"I guess so, but it sounds funny to me. What's for supper?"

"Honey! How'd the kids' birthday party turn out?"

Marie looked at the books, at the anthology of modern poems, and the textbook that held the secrets. "I dunno, but I'll fix us something."

"What's all that paper? It's not income-tax time," Irene said, putting her hand out toward the stack of lined paper. A magazine had been placed over the papers so no one could see what they were.

"Just stuff," Marie said, pushing the pile out of reach. Ernie was trying to catch her eye over the card table, but Marie wouldn't look at him.

"Stuff!" Bill said, smiling, showing his wonderful white teeth. "Cripes, Ernie, don't you know women always have piles of stuff around?"

"Not paper," Irene said. She had recently decided to let her pale hair grow longer, and she kept reaching up to pull it out of the collar of her dress. She was not easily distracted, so after she'd adjusted her hair, she asked, "What is all that paper, Marie?"

Ernie put down the cards he'd been shuffling, and said, "Marie's got a hobby."

"Good for her," Bill said, smiling all around.

"She's got kind of a different hobby," Ernie went on. "Something new. She writes poems."

Irene took the cards from Ernie, pulled her hair up from her collar, and began shuffling. Marie pushed the papers and magazine even farther away. Irene said, "I guess it's nice to have a hobby, if you have the time. Personally, when I get home, I don't have time for anything but cleaning and cooking. Did you say she writes poems?" Irene looked angry and cynical.

"Hey, are we having a game, or aren't we?" Bill asked.

"What kind of poems?" Irene continued.

"Just poems," Marie said. "How about dealing?"

"Yeah, how about it?" Bill said.

Irene said, "Wait," and her body elongated and slithered across the card table until she could get her hands on the papers. She drew a fistful back across the table with her. Selecting a thickly covered page, she began to read aloud.

"It's no more useful to marry than to burn.
Since when did ashes put out a fire?
Banked on a domestic hearth the coals
Wait for any breeze to heat them higher."

Ernie reached over and snatched the page from Irene before she could go on. "It's a private hobby," he said.

Marie was sitting with her hands limp in her lap, thinking that if she could live through this, she could live through anything. Maybe Ernie would leave her, and she really would be alone. Maybe she deserved that; because if she didn't have the guts to speak up, she didn't have the right to put her thoughts on paper.

Irene flicked through the rest of the pages, saying, "If it's a hobby, it can't be private."

Marie murmured, "That's one of my worst poems, anyway."

"Then read us a good one," Bill said.

Irene looked up, and waited. Ernie was folding and folding the one poem between his fingers. Marie tried to guess what the expression on his face meant. She said, "I haven't written any good poems yet."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Come on, let's get on the ball," Bill said, picking up the cards and beginning to deal. Ernie put the tightly folded page in his shirt pocket, over his heart, and Marie wondered if she could make him some explanation.

"You haven't got a chance," Bill said, frightening her with his insight, but he was only speaking of the cards.

"You going to publish those poems?" Irene asked.

"I haven't thought about it. How would I publish them?"

"Send them to the paper, why don't you? You might as well get paid for it. What a ball! Scribble a few lines a day and make pocket money," Irene said.

It isn't like that, Marie thought. "I don't think those newspaper poems are very good," Marie said.

"Don't be a snob," Irene said sincerely. "If they want to pay you for a poem, what do you care what they publish?"

They can't pay me for this hurt, Marie thought; and she rebelled completely: I don't want to write them, I don't want to know the truth about any of us, I want to go back and be myself again.

The evening seemed to continue indefinitely. Bill slid lower and lower in his chair, the ashtrays began to overflow, and the smell of cigarette smoke would hang for days in the red-velvet drapes which Marie now hated with all her heart. Irene and Bill stayed so late that Ernie had to mix more highballs.

While they were drinking, and eating peanuts, Irene pulled her hair away from her neck and asked, "You really serious about poems? It's going to be a serious hobby?"

Marie thought it was time, at last, to speak up, or she would never be able to, so she answered Irene with, "It isn't really a hobby. I take it too seriously for that."

"You're not the type, kid."

Ernie broke in bitterly. "That's what I told her. Only like she pointed out to me, I never met any poetesses, so how would I know what the type is?"

"Everybody knows," Irene said.

Bill said, "Aw, come on, live and let live I always say. If she wants to write them, so what? It's better than running up bills, or hitting the bottle, or getting some nervous disease like Andy's wife."

"But not much better, huh?" Marie asked. "You listen. I like writing poems. I don't like having you describe it as some kind of sickness, so lay off me."

"You never could take it," Irene said, getting up. "I can see it's time to go home. Ernie, when she comes to her senses, let us know, and maybe we can take in a movie like old times."

At the door Irene said, "Good night now. Marie, don't carry it too far."

Marie closed the door and went back to the living room where Ernie was still sitting at the card table. Ridged with folds, the poem was lying in front of him, and he was reading it in a whisper.

"It's pretty bad, isn't it?" Marie asked, gathering up the empty glasses.

"I don't know," Ernie replied without looking up. His fists lay on the table with the poem between them. "I don't know anything about poems, or about the people who write them, either. I don't know why you suddenly had to come out with this. If you aren't happy with me, you ought to tell me so to my face, and not when there's people here, either."

"It wasn't my fault Irene read it."

Ernie continued sitting there, and Marie found she was trembling so much that she put the glasses back on the table for fear of breaking them. It wasn't worth it. No poem was worth seeing Ernie sit there like that.

"Ernie," she said hopefully.

No answer.

"Ernie, please. Let me explain it to you."

"Explain what? Explain you aren't happy with me? Explain why you spring it on me in public?"

"You won't even listen to me."

"No, I won't," he said angrily. "And you're done with writing poems. You got something to say, you say it right to my face, and don't be sneaky putting it down in rhyme like it wasn't meant for anything." He lifted both fists and banged them on the table, which collapsed and sent the cards flying in the air.

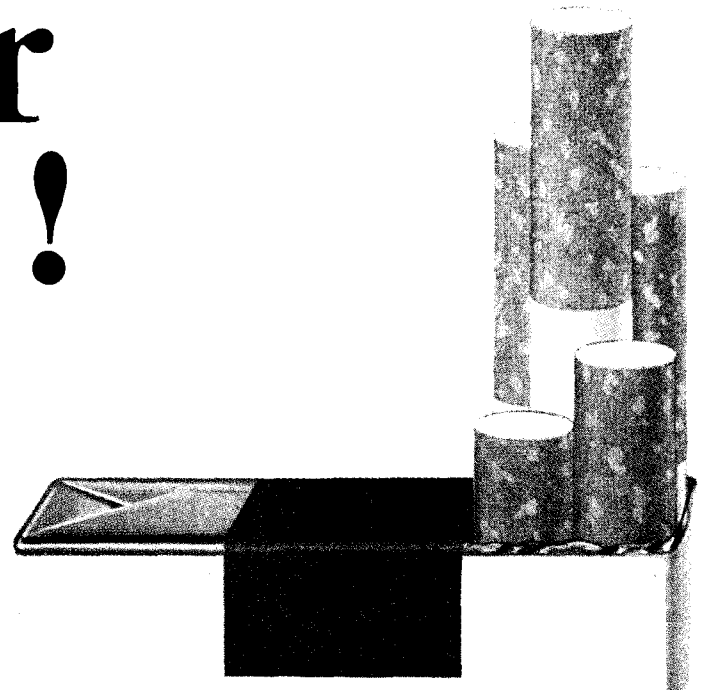
The glasses cracked together, splinters drove into the carpet, and ice cubes lay about like diamonds. Ernie picked the poem out of the air and began tearing it to small shreds.

"That's what I think of your poem," he said.

"It was a bad poem. I would have torn it up myself," Marie said. "And it's true I have to learn to say what I mean, and speak up. Maybe if I learn to do that, I can learn to write a good poem."

"I wish I knew what you meant by a bad poem," Ernie said. He leaned down, tried to pick bits of glass from the rug.

Great new taste: pipe tobacco in a filter cigarette!



PIPE TOBACCO IN A FILTER CIGARETTE

FULL FLAVOR AND AROMA
PIPE TOBACCO DOES IT

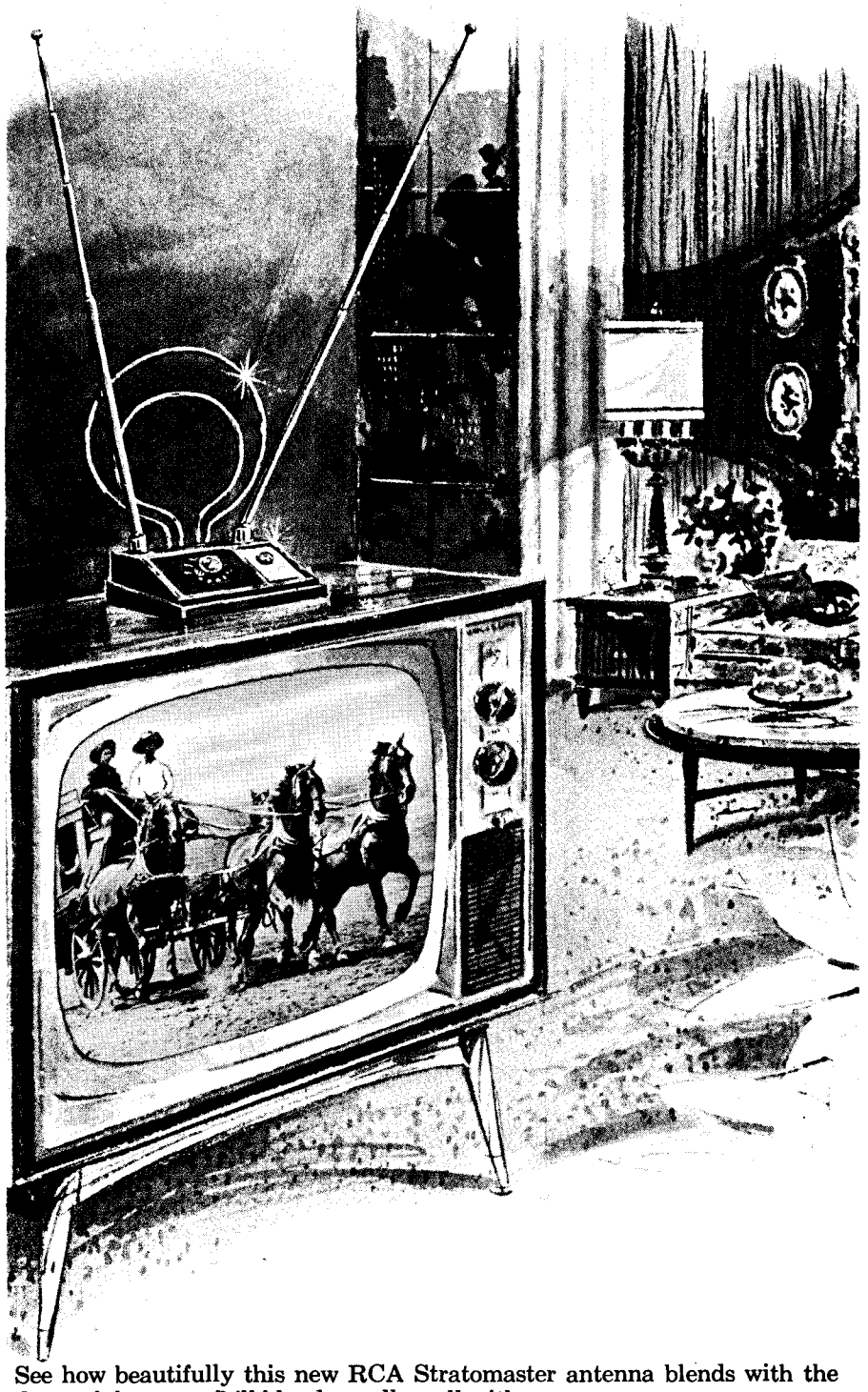
HALF AND HALF

You get pleasing aroma—and a great new taste! The secret? This filter cigarette is packed with America's best-tasting pipe tobacco—famous Half and Half! Smoke new Half and Half Filter Cigarettes. You'll enjoy a cargo of full flavor and aroma.

Product of The American Tobacco Company © A.T. Co.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IT TOOK RCA ELECTRONICS TO MAKE AN INDOOR TV ANTENNA THAT LOOKS BETTER... AND WORKS BETTER



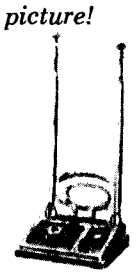
See how beautifully this new RCA Stratomaster antenna blends with the decor of the room. It'll blend equally well with yours.

And there's much more to it than good looks. It pulls in the sharpest picture you can get with an indoor antenna.

RCA indoor TV antennas incorporate the electronic know-how of the same RCA engineers who design antennas for space. Each has an automatic signal-phasing device to pull in the strongest possible signal on each channel... a channel-selector switch to block out ghosts and interference... super-fine tuning...telescoping 45-inch arms turnable in any direction without moving the base. *Get one! It'll enhance your TV room and your TV picture!*

RCA Stratomaster (shown above). For all VHF and UHF channels (2 through 83).

RCA Stratoscope (shown at right). For all VHF channels (2 through 13).



ASK TO SEE THEM WHEREVER RCA RADIOS OR TV SETS ARE SOLD...OR AT YOUR TV SERVICEMAN'S SHOP

RCA PARTS AND ACCESSORIES, DEPTFORD, N.J.

RCA®

The Most Trusted Name in Electronics

"Don't. I'll get the vacuum cleaner," Marie said.

"At this hour? They'll bang on the wall. What did you mean by a bad poem?"

"It doesn't say what I mean. It was just words, and I'm sorry Irene picked that one. It doesn't matter, does it?"

"I can't understand why you'd write it if you didn't mean it."

He's more truthful than I am, Marie thought, pressing both hands against her heart where the poem hurt. He knows me, he knows I write what I can't say, he's gone and switched the light on when I'm undressed, again, and now he's going to hate me for being naked.

Ernie said, "How about that last line? You want to burn up in a fire for that blond salesman in your office?"

"It hasn't got anything to do with anybody I know, or with us. It was on account of getting the rhyme. I'm not very good at rhyme, yet."

"I don't think much of a poem if it hasn't got anything to do with anybody."

"You're right," Marie said, humbly. You're so right, and I can't take it. She began to cry, hoping Ernie would come and comfort her. He would tell her it was all right, it didn't matter, they could finish eating the peanuts and laugh together. But it did matter, and Ernie turned around and went to the bedroom, and went to bed.

While Marie undressed in the dark, Ernie lay silent. She couldn't hear him breathing, so that meant he wasn't asleep. She wanted him to speak, even if it was only to be angry with her. "Don't you believe me about the poem?" she asked.

"I don't know what to believe anymore. You never before lied to me, that I know of. You always were honest and nice."

"I'd like to know what you mean by nice," Marie challenged him. "I think you're like Papa. You mean I never did anything that didn't please you. I never showed a mind of my own before."

"Why should you have a mind of your own like that?" Ernie demanded. "Don't I do for both of us? You act like you're through with me, you don't need me anymore."

"I'm sorry you're hurt, Ernie. But I'm hurt, too."

Ernie said, "I been a good husband. I never asked questions when you spent money, I never been with another woman. I come home to dinner almost every night. And now you act like you could throw me away."

"I need you very much, but I need you for something different, something more, I guess. And you have to need me for something more, too." She sat on the edge of the bed and slid her slippers off.

After a long time, Ernie touched her back with his fingers. "I don't know what kind of more you want."

"I don't, either. Only we never did really talk to each other, and now it doesn't seem real. It seems we've been pretending for six years, and we can't even talk to each other."

Ernie said, "If I could just understand. I been trying to understand."

Marie got under the covers and felt her muscles ache, as though she'd worked hard all evening to hold herself together. "Well," she said, "I can't help you and you can't help me."

"That leaves us exactly nowhere."

Marie sighed. "That's right. Nowhere. It's an awful place to be."

In the morning when they got up, Ernie didn't seem to notice that she walked hunched up, as if she had a cramp in her stomach. He slammed out to work with hardly a word, and Marie sat cramped, uncombed, and grieving at the kitchen table. The two books she had bought lay on the windowsill uselessly. They couldn't help her, and there were no secrets in them.

She walked from bedroom to living room to kitchen, and back again. The fat, hot furniture gave her no room to move. All this time she'd spent collecting it, filling the cabinets with dishes, the closets with clothes, and she hated them all.

Ernie came home at the end of the day and found her lying on the bed in her bathrobe. "You're sick," he accused.

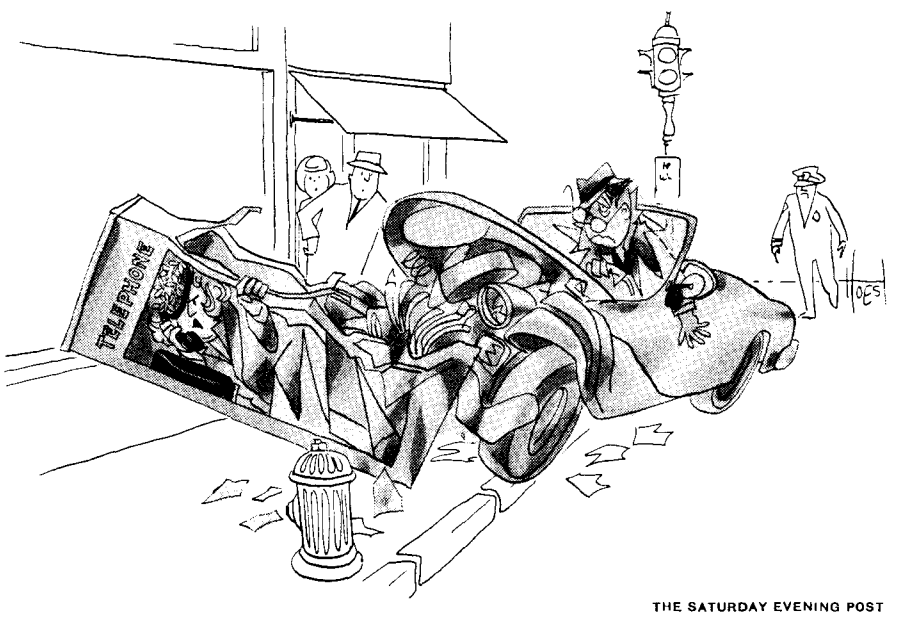
"Am I?"

"You didn't go to work."

"I wish I never had to go to work again."

"Going to stay home and write poems?"

"I'd like to," she said. "I'll send some to a magazine."

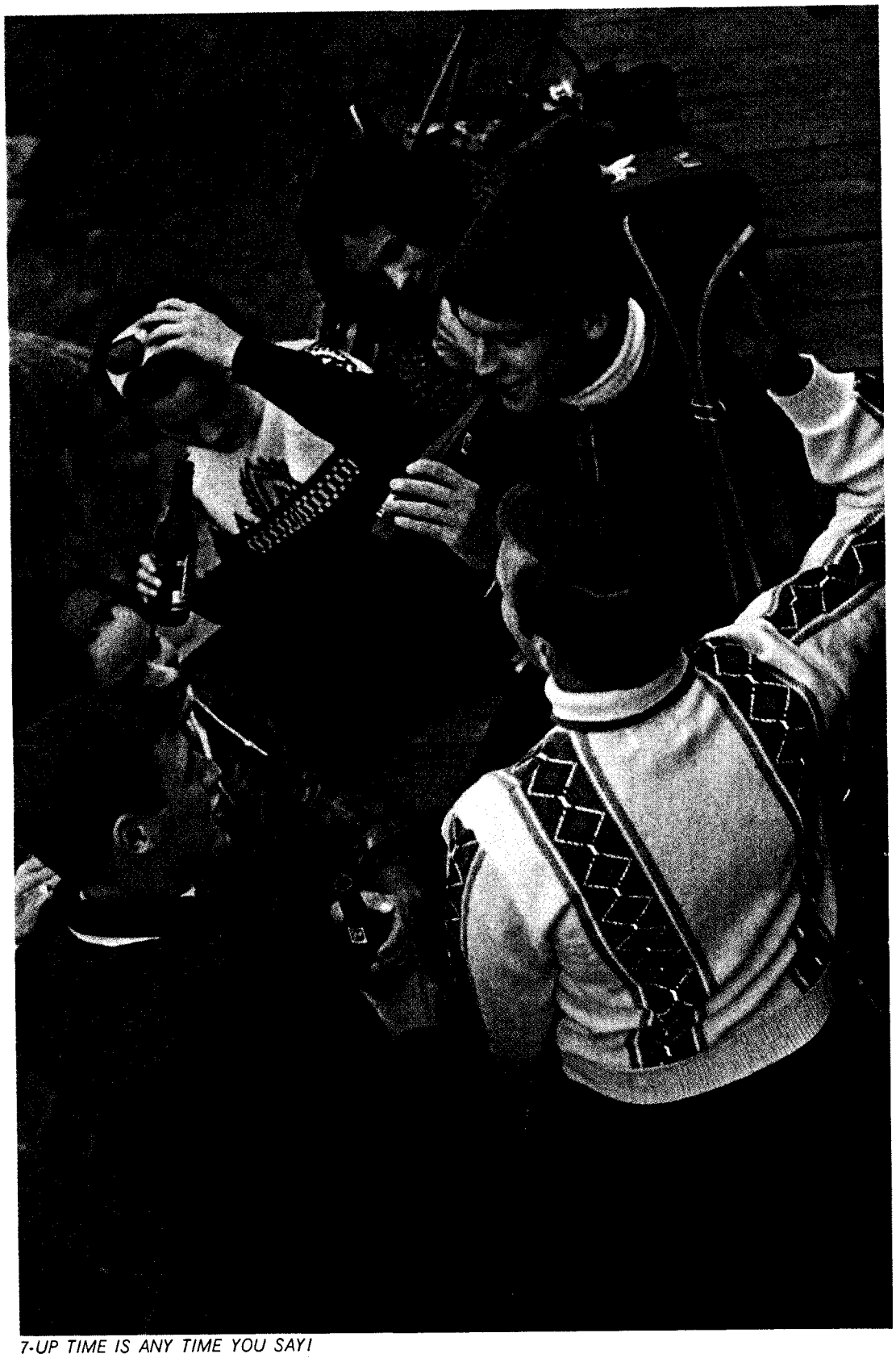


THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I've got to hang up now, Mary. Some fool is trying to break down the door."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Copyright 1965 by The Seven-Up Company



7-UP TIME IS ANY TIME YOU SAY!

7-Up...where there's action!

Where things are jumping . . . whenever something's going on—expect to find 7-Up! It's a natural for the action crowd! It's got the sparkle that swings . . . the taste that's fresh and frisky . . . and the quick-quenching power you need to make thirst quit. Look for it. 7-Up . . . where there's action!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"You mean they might pay you money for them?" he exclaimed.

"Who knows?" Marie sat up and pulled the robe tight around her for protection. "What difference does it make? I've got what you think is a sickness, and I don't even think I want to be cured."

"Oh, don't talk like that. I didn't mean you were sick like that."

"You damn well did mean it."

"Don't talk like that, it doesn't sound nice. You're a nice girl."

"I don't want to be nice," she screamed. "I'm tired of being sweet and domestic. I'm so tired of hearing about how nice I am, as long as I keep quiet and do what you tell me."

Ernie grunted. Then he said, "Look, if you want to quit work for a while, that's OK. I don't mind."

Marie took his hands and pulled at him until he sat down on the bed. She touched his hair, and held onto his arms, trying to get the feel of him, to see who he was, and hoping he would reflect her strongly enough so that she could tell what she was, too.

Ernie bore her investigation quietly, and then asked, "Do you want to get divorced? Is that what you want?"

"Where would I go!"

Appalled, he drew back from her. "Is that all I am? Somebody to keep you in an apartment?"

This was so close to the truth of what they had lived on for six years that she was silent with shame.

Ernie asked, "You know what that makes you?"

"Yes," Marie answered. "I know what it makes us both. Maybe that's why I'm sick."

"That doesn't explain the poems, does it? How come you picked up a magazine one morning, and discovered all this?"

Marie said, "I started to think. I mean, I began thinking before I could stop myself, like I usually do. And then," she went on, in a rush, "I thought that if something like one poem could speak to me like that, I wanted to speak, too."

"I wish to God you'd never thought," he said, getting up. "You want me to get a divorce? Because if that's all I am, somebody to keep you in food and clothes, I don't like it very much."

"But you're the one who said it. You said you were a good husband, because of just that. Because you let me buy clothes, and came home to dinner."

"But! I mean, it isn't just that, for God's sake, Marie, no guy marries a woman just to keep her in clothes."

"You married me like I was a new chair, because nobody else had had me."

Ernie walked out of the room, and Marie sat bent over, wondering where she would go. She heard the doorbell ring, and then her father's voice. Don't let him in, she silently asked, please, I can't stand his sad old smiles and silly talk like I was still in pigtails.

She heard Ernie say to her father, "She wants a divorce," and her father's voice, incredulous and angry.

"Marie! Baby!" he said, coming in to the bedroom.

"I'm not a baby. I'm a grown woman," Marie said. She was so hardened at last by all that had happened that she could look him right in the eye and say anything she felt. She did look at him so, and saw his loneliness and fear, his rage at being tricked by life into the loneliness, his despair at not being able to make anyone understand. Marie saw in his eyes everything that she had been feeling.

"I suppose you're grown up," her father said, coming across the room to her. "I hope you are. But you're still my baby. What's this nonsense about a divorce? What's the trouble with you two? You can't get a divorce just because you've quarreled."

"We haven't quarreled. We just don't want to be married anymore."

He bent over, looking into her face, and she drew back from him. "Is that all your marriage means to you?" he asked.

"Evidently."

"Now that's not my Marie talking ——"

"Oh yes it is," she said, rising up to her knees on the bed. "Oh yes, it's your Marie talking. It's your Marie who's going to get out of the trap before it's too late, before she turns into the owner of a red-velvet museum full of walking corpses."

Mr. Walters reached out and gave her a shove which made her sit down hard on the bed. "You don't know what you're talking about," he shouted at her. "You wait until you live alone in a furnished room. You wait until you spend Sundays reading in the park before you talk about walking corpses. You wait until you sleep alone every night, and eat your breakfast in a drugstore every morning, before you talk about being in a trap. I'm an old fool, but at least I know it. You ask your father about being alone in solitude and he can tell you. Ernie?"

Ernie came in, and Marie wondered if he had seen that her father wasn't being phony anymore. I should have known him better, she thought. I guess I never dared to find him out, before.

Mr. Walters asked, "Ernie, what's the complaint? I mean, what brought this on?"

"She started writing poems, and got her head full of ideas, and then she told me all I was, was somebody to keep her."

"I never ——" Marie started, but her father said, "Be quiet. You let him finish."

"That's all. That's enough, isn't it?" Ernie asked.

"No," Mr. Walters said. "You are supposed to keep her, aren't you? Just like she's supposed to keep you, too? Cook for you? Wash your socks? You want something more than that?"

"Sure I do," Ernie said angrily.

"What about you, Marie? You want something more, too?"

She said, "I did. Now I just want to be left alone."

Her father said quietly, "That's the rottenest thing that can happen to anybody, to be left alone."

Marie shook her head at both the men, and said, "The reason he married me is because I was a virgin. He said so. That's ridiculous. It's like wanting to own a brand-new car, or something. How can you make a marriage out of that?"

"You're both ridiculous," Mr. Walters said. "You aren't either of you grown up. I don't know what you expect out of marriage, but you've both got the most glorified damned ideas I ever heard. Ernie wants his sweet little woman to stay that way forever, and Marie wants her big strong husband to talk to her by moonlight, and you better fight it out your own way, because I haven't got another thing to say to either of you kids."

"I won't stop writing poetry," Marie said.

"You don't have to, do you?" her father asked. "Personally, I think it's silly, but I don't care."

"Why shouldn't she stay sweet and nice?" Ernie asked.

"She isn't a doll, Ernie, she's a woman. Only a doll smiles all the time."

Marie asked, "Why should we stay married, just because neither of us wants to live alone?"

Mr. Walters crushed his hat down on his head and went to the door. "You both seem to want more than that." He looked at his daughter. "I was wrong to always treat you like a baby. But you're old enough by now to know that I was wrong." He went out through the living room, and they heard him close the apartment door.

Marie went to the dresser, where she began to brush her hair with hard strokes. In the mirror she saw Ernie watching her, and she spoke to his reflection. "Are we going to try, some more?"

"I don't want a divorce. You did. Only I don't want it."

"What do you want, then?"

They looked at each other in the mirror. Ernie shook his head. "If I'm just somebody to keep you, and you're the same, is that enough?"

"I guess it depends on how well we keep each other, doesn't it? Or would you rather live alone?"

"Not me," Ernie said.

"Me neither," Marie said. "It's awfully late. If you open a can of soup, I'll make some sandwiches."

Ernie went to the kitchen, and Marie put on some lipstick and went out there, too. They sat down and ate without conversation. When Marie had cleared the table, and they were drinking coffee, Ernie asked, "Honest, is that all? I've never been any better than that to you?"

"Yes," Marie said, lowering her eyes. "Much more, sometimes. Some of the time it's been fine."

He half rose from his chair and leaned until his face was close to hers. "I don't want anybody else, only you," he said. After a moment of balancing there, his face sad and disappointed, he went into the living room and Marie heard him sit down heavily. She pushed her cup away and picked up pencil and paper. She wrote, and crossed out words, and wrote some more, all the time listening to the blood circulating in her veins, keeping her painfully alive. The pencil rolled from her fingers, and she put her head down on her arms. I want to be alive, she cried to herself. I want to love, I want to try.

She was still crumpled there when Ernie came back to the kitchen, and said, "Hey. You want to look at this?"

A piece of paper drifted down by her arm. Sitting up, she rubbed her face with her hands. Ernie had already gone back to the other room, and turned the television on. She picked up the sheet of lined paper on which Ernie had written:

> I am married to a girl
> who writes poems in the kitchen
> and keeps me thin on egg salad
> but she used to cook steaks.

"Oh, Ernie," Marie said, edging through the living room to approach him. "Ernie, what a poem! But I love you."

Ernie was nestled in the arms of one of the fat red chairs. When Marie spoke, he drew his chin in. "I couldn't find any rhyme for kitchen," he said. "I didn't know it was so hard to write one."

"It doesn't have to rhyme, anyway," Marie said. She closed her eyes and began wading toward him through the darkness. When she bumped into the chair, Ernie took her hand. Finally she opened her eyes, and leaning down, she put her lips against his cheek.

Ernie said, "If it's been right with us some of the time, maybe we can make it all of the time." He twisted away to look at her. "If you can write a poem, you can try something real hard, like being married to me, can't you?"

"Yes," Marie said, "I'm not a baby, you know. I wanted to marry you."

"I know you did," Ernie said.

"That's why I shook, that first date of ours. I wanted you to kiss me."

"That's why I kissed you," Ernie said. □

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Now the first little pig was a fuzzy-thinking liberal and built his house of straw supplied by the Federal Government. . . ."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOW, from our Accident Division you get:

$1,000 cash a month

even for the rest of your life while hospitalized from any accident.

No, this is not a misprint. If you qualify, you get an iron-clad guarantee which pays you at the rate of $1,000.00 CASH a month beginning the first day you are in a hospital (other than a sanitarium, rest home or government hospital) from any accident. Even if you're so confined only one day, you still get $33.33.

There are no gimmicks. Your policy will have No Exceptions, No Exclusions, No Limitations, no waiting periods, no ifs, ands or buts.

And what's more - - -
This plan is NON-CANCELLABLE and GUARANTEED RENEWABLE for Life.

1. Use your policy as often as you need to—you own it, it can never be taken away as long as you pay your premium on time. Your premium can never be raised; your benefits can never be reduced.

2. You are paid the full amount even though you have other insurance or compensation. You get CASH . . . use it for any purpose: pay bills, buy groceries, pay rent, etc. When you are hospitalized your everyday living expenses still go on. Help meet them with the TAX FREE cash this policy provides.

3. THIS PLAN PAYS CASH WHILE YOU ARE HOSPITALIZED FOR ANY ACCIDENT, ANYWHERE, ANYTIME. You DON'T have to be hurt in any particular kind of accident such as: Auto, Pedestrian, Bus, Traffic, Train, etc. ALL Accidents are covered—at home, at work, at play—24 hours a day.

You get a full month's coverage for 25¢. This doesn't even cover our cost, but we'll gamble that you will continue at the regular rate of only $5.00 a month - - - just as thousands of others have done. Send no money. When you receive your policy, read it carefully. Only after you agree it does everything we claim, send in your quarter. Remember for each day you are in the hospital, you get $33.33.

How can this policy be offered at such a low cost? The answer is simple. You are buying directly from the company through the mail and the savings are passed on to you. No agent or salesman will call or bother you.

Compare this with others. We welcome comparison because this policy pays from the first day, we can't pay any sooner; it pays forever, we can't pay any longer. Remember, the cost is only $5.00 each month, or, if paid in advance, $55.00 a year and the benefits are $1,000.00 a month. Policy issued ages 1 through 80 if you qualify.

Don't wait until it's too late. Fill out the application and mail it today. There are no strings attached; you are under no obligation.

SEND NO MONEY--NO AGENT WILL CALL--Just mail the attached postage paid card. Your policy will be sent immediately. Special payment envelope for sending in 25¢ for the 1st month coverage will accompany the policy. No agent or salesman will call.

Sincerely yours,

J. W. Gallagher

NATIONAL HEALTH & LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
411 North Tenth Street
St. Louis, Missouri 63101

© NATIONAL HEALTH & LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, 1962

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Maggie was his friend, not his enemy. He knew that well, and yet he stepped outside into the late-summer afternoon with insults ringing in his small head—insults, admonitions, and recriminations. And whether he deserved them or not, he was hurt, and he was alone.

He had been clumsy and destructive. He had not meant to be destructive. As for the clumsiness, he was too young to plead his own case, even to himself. Standing before a table, even with his chin lifted and his neck stretched, he did not have much of a view of what was on it. The same with Maggie's dresser.

"Put this on my dresser," she had said in her sweetest voice, indicating with her bare elbow the satin-padded box, holding her flour-dusted hands before her, wanting to get on with her baking, not wanting to pause to wash and dry her hands before touching her treasure. The box was covered with blue satin, hand-painted with forget-me-nots and violets and small roses. He admired it, too. He did not stop to reason that Maggie, hasty as usual, had not thought to put the box away herself before coming with the mixing bowl to the kitchen table.

"Are your own hands clean now?" she had thought to inquire, and, since they were, he took the precious box, and, in Maggie's bedroom, which was entered from the kitchen, he placed the box on the dresser top, gave it a gentle but determined push away from the edge, and heard a glass topple upon the marble with a swish of falling leaves and flowers. And then he knew that he had knocked over the vase of posies that Maggie kept before the photograph of her young man.

A trickle of water reached the edge of the marble. He could not see whether it reached the box. Maggie was in the doorway before he could either report the disaster or escape. She lifted her apron and wrapped it about the box, and then, with the water still dripping audibly behind her and the box clasped to her middle, her face flushed, her eyes wide with indignation, she had delivered her insults. Like all grown people she had everything on her side—reason, power and great resources of language. He had only his sense of good intention and his small, derided dignity.

A middle western summer surrounded the town. Even though he was only five, he was well aware of the town as a town, with a center and with defined edges. It was surrounded by fields, terminated at one side by the St. Charles River. Beyond the river, where backyards sloped down to docks and boathouses, there were fields, patches of oak woods, dirt roads lined by burdock and goldenrod. He had often walked with Maggie to the edge of the town and across the bridge, to get buttermilk. The town had always been there. The houses were settled into the earth, with cool cellars and with sloping cellar doors over flights of cool steps leading down into the earth. The prairie grass grew close up against the foundations. The oak trees overhung the roofs, the elms swung their branches close to the second-story windows, all as if the trees and the houses had been there together forever. And yet he knew that at one time Indians had lived here. There had been bark lodges on the banks of the river, and he himself had in his possession a flint arrowhead which a grown-up had one day placed in his hand. There were also the trail-marking trees, thick trees bent double to the ground, which had been bent when they were young by Indians. As far as he was concerned, they had always been stout trees, bent to the ground. He would have liked to meet an Indian. He did not know that he had already passed a good many Indians on the main street of the town. They had not carried bows and arrows.

He stood, now, just outside the back door, framed in its beds of golden glow, chiefly aware of his solitude and the assault on his dignity. But the afternoon itself was not to be ignored, the haze, the brooding warmth. The kitchen garden lay before him beyond a short stretch of untended lawn. Rhubarb, its leaves higher than his knees, rose from the crumbling sun-faded earth. The thick, juicy stems would be warm to touch and sour to taste. He went on, avoiding the harsh and hairy leaves of the squash plants. By the tomatoes he stopped and crouched. He had given himself an occupation: He was looking for caterpillars. But his problem with Maggie remained uppermost in his mind. She was not his enemy. She was his friend, and for that reason his disgrace rankled the more.

He had seen the photograph of the young man before whom she had set the flowers. She had lifted it down for him to consider. She was going to be married to him someday; she would go back to Ireland then.

"Sure we could be married the day his old mother would die," she had said. "He has to stay and care for her. She's an old, old woman. Sure she has the right to die. She keeps the young from having any life of their own."

She talked like that, did Maggie, and her voice and words were different from the talk of other people. Her room was different from the other rooms in the house. It had a different smell and different treasures. There was a crucifix hung on the wall by her bed. She talked to him about leprechauns. She had said, even, that she knew an old man who had seen a leprechaun.

He knew that his mother paid her five dollars a week and was training her. At the end of a year she would leave them for a place with more money. But a year was forever, and meanwhile she had grown into his life. By and by on this same afternoon she would come in search of him. She would give him a hug, and she would doubtless have baked something good to eat. Gingerbread perhaps. He was clumsy; he admitted it. He dropped things. Cups and glasses had a way of tipping over when he was near them.

His eyes searched the vines, the tangled green stems with their faint fur of white, their ragged leaves. He was aware of the strong odor of the plants and of the small green fruit, the larger green fruit turning red, and the amazing round red forms that shone so splendidly in all this dull tangle and confusion, but his profounder attention was struggling with the question of why Maggie, who was so nice, was wishing for an old woman to die. Maggie was not old, of course. She was grown-up. His mother, who was more grown-up than Maggie, was not old either. There was no old person living in his home. He had seen old women in the distance, in other gardens, walking slowly toward back doors, bent and uncertain of their movements, dressed in dark colors. They were to be avoided. And in the post office with his mother, waiting for the mail to be sorted, he had seen an old man with a cane who sat behind the stove with his head on his hands on the crook of the cane. The face was yellowish, the chin and the cheeks covered with grayish stubble. There was moisture on the wrinkled skin about the corners of the eyes, and sometimes the old man wiped his nose with the back of his hand. He was rather afraid of the old man. Perhaps he merely disliked him. In any case, he wished the old man was not there. Sure he has the right to die, he thought. Why does he sit around in the post office, being unpleasant?

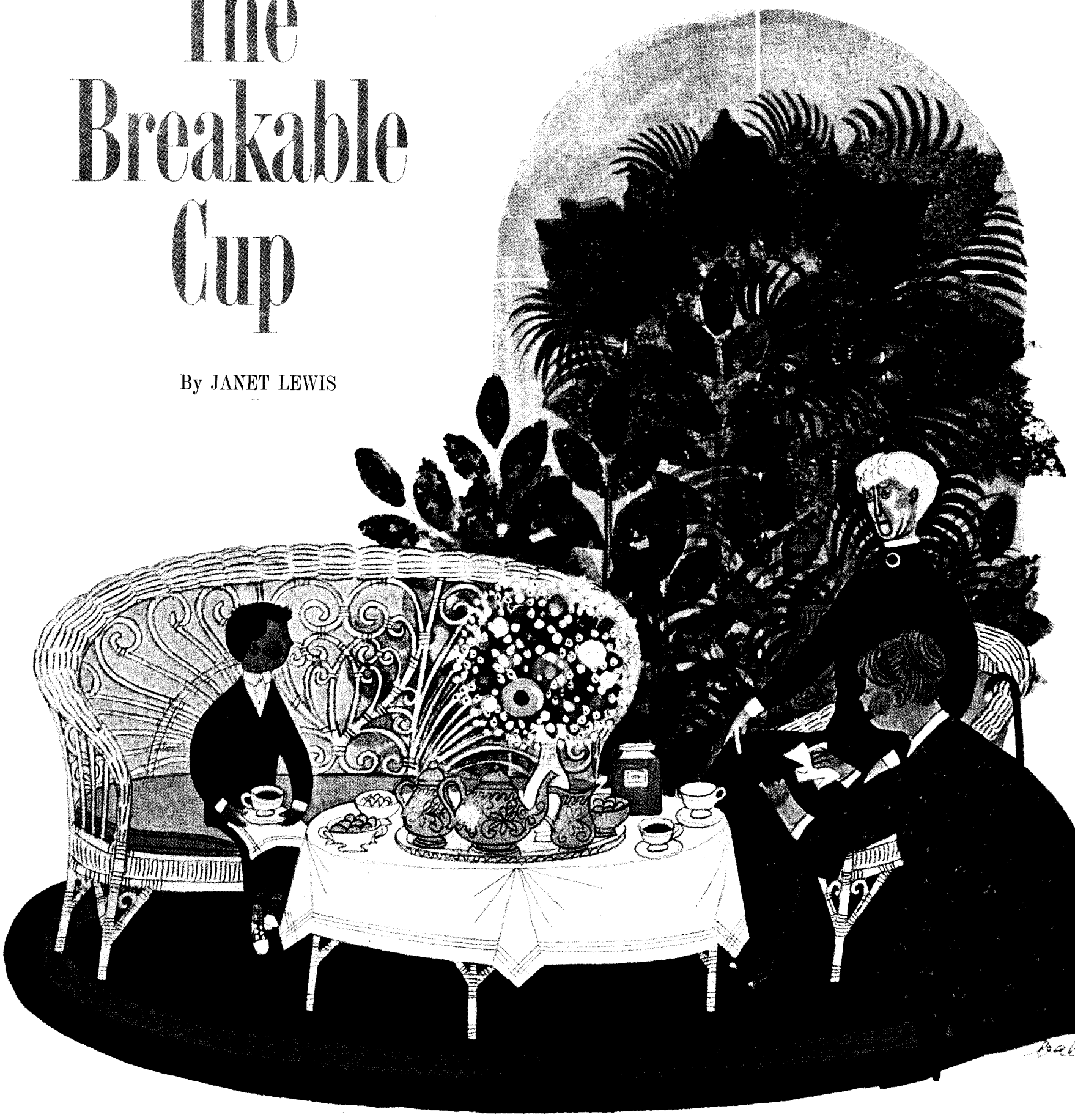
His mother had gone off hours ago to the other end of town to have lunch with friends. She ought to come home soon. She would, perhaps, bring him a flat pink peppermint or some other trifle to show that she had not forgotten him. Well, after Labor Day he would go to school, and then he would be

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The most delicate china is not
so fragile nor so precious as is a sense of dignity
to the young and to the old.

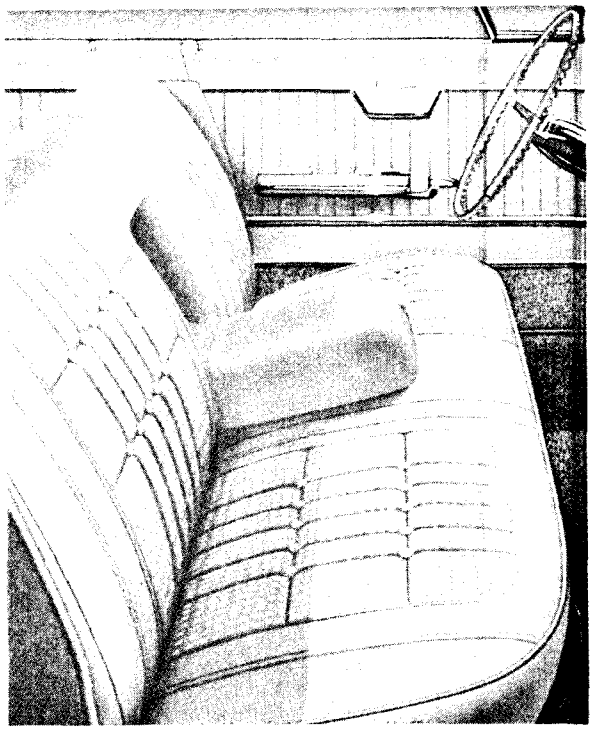
The Breakable Cup

By JANET LEWIS



ILLUSTRATED BY JAN BALET

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



For a car to look like this and have Pontiac's kind of performance is almost sinful.

When Pontiac ladles out luxury, it overflows. Take the 4-Door Bonneville Brougham. Inside: center fold-down armrests, front and rear, rich Pontchartrain cloth upholstery and soft, soft carpeting. Outside: sleek, flowing body lines topped by a smart padded Cordova vinyl roof cover, a touch of elegance that's well worth the little extra it costs. Performance? Pow! There's a 325-hp V-8 you can team with new Turbo Hydra-Matic. Does it all seem wickedly extravagant? Check the price at your Pontiac dealer's and get a surprise.

General Motors Corporation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

independent of them all and have friends of his own. Meanwhile he searched the tomato vines, lifting a leaf now and then, cautiously, and presently he found what he was looking for. He did not disturb it; he merely looked at it.

It was enormously fat, bulging in regular segments, smooth, pale green, decorated with yellow dots, and with little diagonal white lines. At its rear end it had a horn something like a rose-thorn, curved and reddish, extremely elegant. At the other end it had a mouth, no doubt about that, but he could not see it had any teeth. It was great. It was both terrifying and beautiful, but more beautiful than fearsome. He gloated over it, and his delight was so great that he did not hear Maggie's approach until she was practically upon him.

"You couldn't answer now could you, you leprechaun," she said, "down on your hunkers hiding from Maggie behind a tomato bush. I called you three times. Your mother telephoned. She's not to be home until late. Dust the clods off your knees. Come into the house now." They proceeded toward the house, Maggie behind him as if he might try to run away. "Your mother, she was to take tea this afternoon with the old woman in the big house with the iron railing. So now she can't do that. But she left a jar of jelly on the hall table, and you're to take that, and you're to explain to the old woman that your mother is very sorry but she is unable to keep the engagement. Though why your mother'd trust you with a thing like that is more than I can understand. But one thing I know, you'll have to be cleaner than you are the now."

When he was cleaner, and Maggie had brushed his hair, which had a way of falling almost into his eyes when it was not slicked back with water, he walked down the street toward the house with the iron railings. It was not far, though it seemed so to him. He walked slowly, carrying the jar in both hands, because neither hand alone could have encompassed it, and he walked slowly, because the sidewalk was uneven, and it would have been the easiest thing in the world to stub a toe and be thrown off balance. Then he would need both hands to save his neck, and what would become of the jelly! His mother had wrapped it in white tissue paper and tied a pink ribbon about it. It looked for all the world like a birthday present. A conviction grew on him that it *was* a birthday present.

The street was nearly empty. Once an automobile passed him, holding to the middle of the road where the dirt had been oiled, and once the bright green delivery wagon of Nisson's the Grocer rolled briskly by, the horse stepping along at a lively rate, very different from the horses that pulled the ice wagon or the milk wagon. There were no children. Children with whom he sometimes played had a way of disappearing from his world without warning or explanation. Sometimes they came back and said they had been on a visit. Their mothers had taken them to see an aunt or a grandmother or even just to look at some scenery. Like himself, they moved without individual volition in the wake of their elders, making what observations and friendships they could, hailing each other in a sand pile one afternoon, then never meeting again; visiting with people who had time for them—like Maggie, in her good moments. Like a youngish woman who had been sitting on the steps of her side porch a few houses away, drying her hair one morning. He had had quite a good talk with this woman. He had been picking dandelions up and down the street, and she had been there, shaking her hair in the June sunlight. He had walked by the house, dawdling hopefully, a number of times since. He had not seen her again.

Presently, to one side of the walk, appeared the stone foundation for the iron fence. The gate, fortunately, was easy to unlatch. He did it with his right hand, holding the jar firmly against his stomach with the other, and he went up one stone step and then another to the smooth stone walk to the house, feeling elated. In spite of Maggie's gibes about the probable fate of the jelly, he was doing very well. He was entrusted with a mission, after all. His mother knew he was dependable. And it was an adventure to pass beyond the iron railing into a yard which he had entered only once before and about which he had many speculations. He had never been inside the house. He had stood on the doorstep once with his mother while she had delivered a bunch of flowers and made some inquiries. Someone must have been sick. Yes, that was it. Someone had been sick, and you did not enter a house where someone was sick unless you were a doctor or a nurse.

The steps to the porch were a shade less high than he had remembered. But the bell was not easy to reach. It was set in the middle of the door, and you turned it, as if you were winding up a toy. He heard it ring in a remote distance.

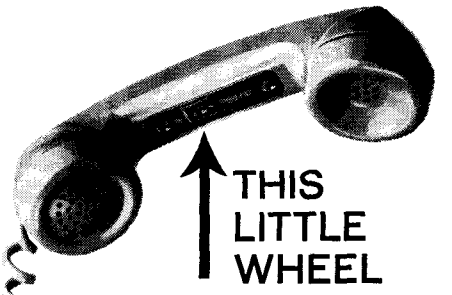
While he waited for the footsteps that followed on the ring, he looked back down the stone walk and across the smooth lawn to the street. There were enormous bushes on either side of the doorstep. They were extraordinarily alike, with little fine dark-green leaves presenting a surface like plush. The lawn looked as if someone had brushed it. It swept around the house, sloping slightly, and away under the trees and past masses of shrubbery, as if it were not in town at all, but in the park and might end only at the river. It would be great if, his errand accomplished, he need not return to the street, but could follow the dip of the land into all that space and mystery. He held the jelly firmly in both hands and waited.

"My mother will be disappointed," said the woman to whom he handed the jelly and gave his message, when the door was opened.

He nodded gravely, as if he understood everything, which was far from the truth, and he turned to step down. The thought that he might ask permission to explore the yard occurred to him and was dismissed, very rapidly, as he stood poised. He would prefer to explore, if at all, without permission. To ask permission would be too much like exposing a secret. But as he stood, about to leave, the woman said firmly, "You must just stay and be a guest in

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"No tourist traps for you, no sir.
You've got to see a real island luau."

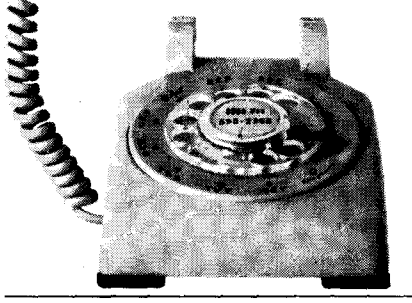


THIS LITTLE WHEEL

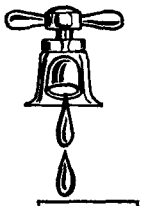
can make a big difference in how well you hear on the phone

Have trouble hearing? Turn the thumb-operated wheel on the VOLUME CONTROL HANDSET and hear the difference. Voices on the other end of the line are amplified. You "tune up" phone voices just as you do a radio. You can have VOLUME CONTROL HANDSETS—in colors to match your present phones—for only a small added cost. Just call your Bell Telephone Business Office. Also, ask about the loud bell and other aids that help you hear the telephone ring.

Bell System
American Telephone and Telegraph Co. and Associated Companies



NOW STOP FAUCET LEAKS



The "parson in the kindling" is fastening washer with TOO LONG OR SHORT screw that quickly loosens — DESTROYED washer follows. NEW PATENTED MONEL SCREW locks at proper depth automatically —holds washer firmly.

Used with Patented Sexauer EASY-TITE WASHER with FIBERGLAS REINFORCEMENT—resists distortion and shut off grind—outlasts ordinary repairs 6 to 1.

Available at Sexauer AUTHORIZED "1-in-10" QUALITY PLUMBERS in your neighborhood. For name and address, WRITE:

J. A. SEXAUER MFG. CO., INC., DEPT. AS-25
10 HAMILTON AVE., WHITE PLAINS, N. Y. 10601

SEXAUER
WORLD'S LEADING SPECIALISTS IN PLUMBING AND HEATING REPAIR PARTS

STOP CORN PAIN

ALMOST INSTANTLY!

That's how fast Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads act. They prevent corns if promptly applied at first sign of sore toes caused by new or tight shoes; remove corns one of the quickest ways known to medical science.

Super Soft Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Look for the
SPECIAL ORDER CARD
bound in this issue
following page 80!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

place of your mother," and he found himself almost immediately in the entrance hall, the door closing behind him. Instinctively, he lifted his short little nose and sniffed the air. What had he got into? The air was confined—not stuffy, but an indoors air—unmoving and weighted with unfamiliar scents. Wax, spice, dried flowers? He could not unravel it. He took a good look now at his hostess. She was definitely old, according to his ideas, but by no means unpleasant. Gray hair, a shortish figure, a plain dress that might have been blue or gray in the half-light of the hall. Her mother must be very old. He hazarded an inquiry.

"Is it your mother's birthday?"

"No. No one's birthday. Though I may say she has had a great many birthdays, first and last. Would you come to her next birthday party? She will be ninety. We should have a party. Thank you for reminding me of it. She's my husband's mother, really; not mine, except by courtesy."

"I see," he said politely, not understanding much except that word ninety, which was as good as a hundred. Was the mother of Maggie's young man a hundred years old? he wondered. Then he said with formality, as he had observed people speaking at church, "I suppose she's really your grandmother."

"No," said his hostess. "She's my husband's mother. He has been gone a long time—dear me, a very long time. And, of course, his father died even longer ago. We live here together. Two old women in a big house. So you see, it is a disappointment that your mother could not come. But my mother will be very pleased to see you. She likes young people. Wait here a moment. No, wait in the sun porch."

She guided him down the hallway, past a cabinet of dark wood with mirrors and many ornaments. The wood shone with little glints, the mirrors reflected shadows. He had a sense of a stairway going up into further shadows and of large rooms passed by. Then he found himself in a small, bright room full of plants and wicker furniture.

"Sit here," said his hostess, indicating a chair, and left him.

He was painfully obedient, yet buoyed by curiosity and a sense of responsibility. He felt that it would be frightening to meet a person who was ninety years old. On the other hand, he already felt a distinct liking for the old woman who was his hostess, and he must not let his mother down, his own mother, who, from where he sat in this house of old women, appeared most delightfully young.

On a table quite near him, spread with a white cloth, there were things for tea—a teapot, very tall, and a teakettle, an enormous sugar bowl with a lid, flowers in a vase, dishes with little cakes, and three cups, each on a saucer. Such cups he had never seen before. His spirits continued to rise. He forgot that he was the most clumsy rascal of them all, although he never forgot that Maggie would not have let him within shouting distance of such a table. Upon this table also stood his mother's jar of jelly.

The old women did not keep him waiting long. This was one more thing in favor of his hostess. Being made to wait was something he was inured to but did not like. It was to be expected from grown-ups, toward a child. But, obviously, the very old woman who came leaning on the arm of her daughter-in-law, and carrying a cane in her free hand, had herself been waiting for her guest. She stopped short in front of him and gave him a long, smiling look, without a word, as a contemporary might have done. Then she said, "If he sits with his back to the light I won't be able to see his face. Put him there."

While she was being seated, with a difficult lowering of the limbs to a thick cushion, he changed his place. She propped her cane against the arm of the chair and turned to consider him again. He, as frankly, looked at her.

She was old, so old that the bones seemed to push through the skin of her face. The skin, wrinkled, bleached and spotted, was of the colors of a winter leaf and yet soft. The lips were pale, tending to a tone of purple—nothing so strong as purple, in truth, but his honest eyes reported to him the faint tinge of blue. He knew so little of illness and old age that he did not think it unpleasant. The mouth was a nice mouth, gentle and smiling. And if a strange sour smell had very faintly entered the room with her, it was overlaid by another scent, something associated in his mind with clean sheets and embroidered pillowcases.

Her hair, surprisingly darker than that of her daughter-in-law, was frizzed over her forehead. Stiff little disorderly strands escaped at the back of her neck, above her high, ruched collar. She wore

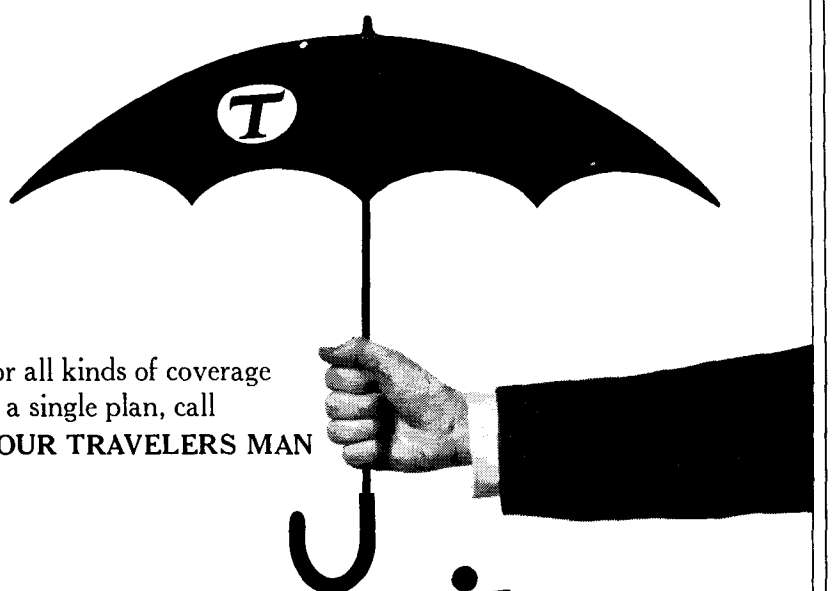
If someone offers to insure you till you're 65, then give you all your money back...

There's no catch.

Your Travelers man has a special Life Insurance policy that protects you and your family till you're 65—then pays you back every cent of the annual standard premium you've paid. You can take the amount in a lump sum or in monthly payments for life. Or you can leave the insurance in force and pay no more premiums.

Your Travelers agent can also take care of your Homeowners, Car and Health Insurance. (By getting all your insurance under the Travelers umbrella, you know that everything's covered and nothing's covered twice.)

Find your Travelers agent in the Yellow Pages.



For all kinds of coverage in a single plan, call
YOUR TRAVELERS MAN

take him up on it.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a great many strings of beads, very interesting in their shapes and colors. She wore rings on the fingers of both hands. The sleeves of her white underwear—long underwear in late August!—showed at the wrists of her long sleeves. She kept her mouth closed when she smiled at him. When she spoke, he observed that she had all her teeth, and that they were very strong and even. Indeed, for teeth, she seemed better off than he was himself at that time, being then in the process of exchanging what his mother called his "milk teeth" for some new, permanent ones. All in all, he found nothing fearsome in her presence, unless there was a something behind her eyes, something to do with the knowledge of being almost ninety years old.

The daughter-in-law moved behind the tea table and placed her hand inquiringly on the bright copper teakettle.

"It's tepid," she said. "Rachel brought it too soon."

"That Rachel!" exclaimed the very old woman.

"We've never been able to convince her," said the daughter-in-law, "that tea ought to be made in the kitchen. She likes to put everything on the table at once. I'll take it all to the kitchen, Mother, and make it myself. But," she said, addressing the little boy, "you'd probably rather have a glass of milk, wouldn't you?"

"I have tea with my mother," he said. "Cambric tea."

"Good," she said. "I used to have muslin tea, when I was a child."

"Is it very different?" he asked.

"I should say that cambric was a cut above muslin," she replied, and went off, carrying the teapot in one hand, the copper kettle in the other.

The very old woman turned to the boy. "That Rachel doesn't understand tea," she said "but she makes very good cakes. Do you like cakes? So do I, and I like jelly. In fact, I'm *very* fond of jelly. Your mother knows that. Let's unwrap it."

He brought her the jar and set it on her knees and watched intently while she untied the pink ribbon with her small and bony fingers. She pushed the tissue paper away and admired the gift.

"Quince," she said, with satisfaction. "She knows I'm especially fond of quince. It's very good of her to remember that. Now put it on the table again."

He did as he was told and returned to his chair. The sunlight glowing through the jelly was exactly the color of the sky at bedtime when he looked out through the branches of the elm tree to the west. He leaned back in the settee, beginning to feel at ease with this very old woman, but his back could not reach the back of the settee while he sat with his knees bent at the edge. He did not feel quite enough at his ease to slide back with his legs straight before him, so he sat up straight again His feet did not reach the floor.

"You wouldn't know," said the very old woman, "that my husband planted the first quince trees in this town."

"We have a quince tree," he offered.

"My husband planted it. My husband built the house where you live. I am very old, you know. I came to this house as a bride. I can remember when there were only three houses on this street, and this was one of them. Yes, I am very old. And you are very young. We have that in common."

The logic of her remark escaped him, but the smile she gave him united them. They sat without speaking for a few minutes while he considered asking her whether she had ever seen an Indian. Perhaps she would not like to be thought as old as that. He rejected the idea. Then she said, "I'm a great trial to my daughter, but she's very good to me. Ah, here she comes. Now we shall have our tea."

"The first cup for you, Mother?" asked the daughter-in-law.

"No, the first cup for our guest—the cambric tea. I want mine strong today. Very strong."

"You know what the doctor said."

"A fig for what he said. If I'm not old enough now to have my tea as I like it, when shall I ever be?"

"Goodness only knows," said the other woman. To the boy she said, "There, now. Plenty of cream and plenty of sugar. No, stay where you are—I'll bring it to you. And a napkin on your knee. So. And there's a spoon. And remember it's hot."

The room was so full of sunlight that it fell upon his lap as well as on the tea table and, caught in the bowl of the spoon, was reflected upward through the thin china. Even through the cloud of cream in the pale amber fluid it shone, and, when he touched the spoon, it danced in the cloud.

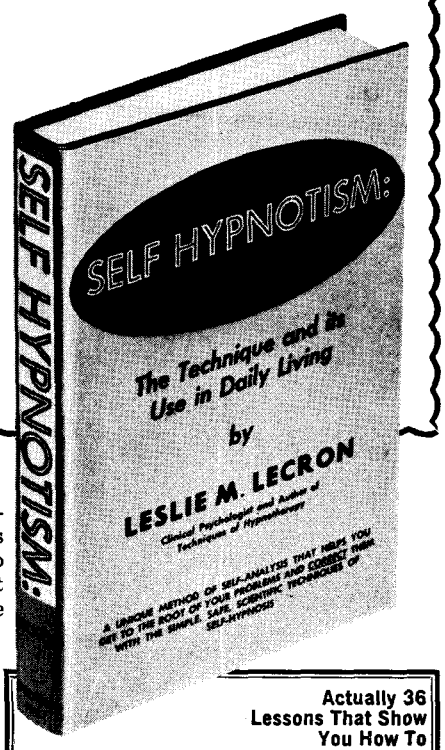
He was content merely to hold this beautiful cup and saucer. He knew that the drink would be delicious. He waited politely while the old woman prepared a cup for the very old woman and

For the first time... an expert who teaches DOCTORS how to CURE WITH HYPNOTISM helps YOU unleash explosive powers you've kept "chained up" since babyhood!

Now at last... are you ready to use

SELF HYPNOTISM

to make life give YOU what you want?



Now, at last, a world-famous expert who teaches doctors and psychiatrists MEDICAL HYPNOSIS has prepared the master work of his life on SELF HYPNOTISM... a book that reveals Nature's own key to reaching and controlling the subconscious — a technique that is available to all who dream of a better life — who want to increase their joy in simply being alive — who want more money, power and prestige — who deeply want a more beautiful and satisfying marital life — who want to conquer pain and depression.

Now, don't let the word hypnotism frighten you for a minute. Many folks shy away from such a powerful force... yet how can a force which relieves tiredness instantly — that does away with pain and black moods — that stops nervous tension—a force that has been proven to be the greatest power in the world for self-advancement — a technique that you can use at the office, while traveling, anytime you wish —be anything but a marvelous force for good?

This astonishing technique is SELF HYPNOTISM, a method you can *use yourself*. It's a self-help process you use in privacy, WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE AND SAFETY.

It's a force that can help control fears — conquer bad temper — change bad habits — turn sorrows into joys — transform defeats into major victories — a natural, joyous force God-given to every one of us. It is an eminent way of relaxing ourselves completely, of bringing back our natural feelings of vigor and vitality, of calling upon fantastic powers for use in study, learning, work, thinking, getting well from the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune"!

A "Programmed Course" in Living at Total Power

Through the techniques of SELF HYPNOTISM you learn self-confidence beyond anything you've ever dreamed of; you acquire a powerful memory; you say good-bye to depression and unhappy moods; it can help you rid yourself of mental blocks that have disrupted your life; you bury phobias and other morbid habits and face the world joyous and free.

You liberate your natural thinking ability. Instead of using just a small portion of your mind, you release the explosive mind-power that you've kept "chained up"... multiplying by many times the actual brain-power at your disposal. And this will enrich you faster than anything imaginable. The first day you start to use SELF HYPNOTISM, you'll begin to enhance your brain-power and start improving your money-making capacity.

Here are Just a Few of the Secrets Revealed in This Fabulous Volume

The book helps you unlock the door to a full life with the seven keys to health and life-long vitality. Here, in these pages is the essence of a full-scale self-therapy program that has made author Leslie M. LeCron one of the most sought-after teachers in the world today. Here are just a few of the secrets he gives you in his remarkable book:

- **How to conquer a condition we call "loneliness".**
- **How to help change the conditioned reflexes which cause allergies.**
- **How we subconsciously hold on to symptoms long after the "need" for them is gone. (Example: How Hypnosis may help rid you of hay fever.)**
- **What happens to some asthmatics who are asked a sudden, unexpected question by a wise hypnotist.**
- **Even if you've been smoking for twenty-five years, here's a way that can help you give it up and actually enjoy the so-called "withdrawal" period.**
- **How you may help cure some skin conditions by putting one simple idea in your subconscious mind.**
- **How to relax completely and help free yourself of each day's accumulation of nervous tension.**
- **How to help overcome morbid fears.**
- **How to use post-hypnotic suggestion to overcome hostility and anger, frustration, fear of rejection.**
- **How you may help control overweight — by self-hypnosis.**
- **How you can do away with fatigue in your life.**
- **The 10-count method that helps create ideas — and may bring you advancement in your job.**

Actually 36 Lessons That Show You How To Use SELF HYPNOTISM to Get What You Want From Life!

Every moment you spend reading Leslie M. LeCron's volume will be electric with excitement. With these unique, safe, extraordinarily easy techniques, you can give yourself the power that will help lead you to blooming new health—new success—in your business — a brand-new wonderful way of living.

Here, for the first time, is the "pendulum" test of reading the subconscious, the "finger-movement" technique of getting *infallible* answers to your problems. Here is how to give yourself post-hypnotic suggestions that may help break bad habits such as smoking, drinking, even dope addiction. IN JUST ONE EVENING, you can use Self Hypnotism to begin mastering your emotions, making over your personality, turning your marriage into a complete success.

All these powers can be released through the truths in SELF HYPNOTISM on our 10-day FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Read Leslie LeCron's SELF HYPNOTISM for 10 Days — AT OUR RISK

Is this the day you decide to do something about your life? For with this book to help you, YOU CAN! Just mail the coupon below with your check for $4.95 and we'll send you a copy of SELF HYPNOTISM for a ten-day NO-RISK TRIAL. The first time you relax through Self Hypnotism you'll find your whole life changed because you will never before have felt such peace and contentment – and you'll arise from your relaxation period totally refreshed and ready for anything. Yes, you have 10 days to prove it. If SELF HYPNOTISM doesn't meet every aspect of every dream you ever had for a fuller, richer, healthier, more beautiful life, simply return the book for a full $4.95 refund. Make the right choice now.

AVAILABLE ONLY AT THIS WOMRATH STORE

LESLIE M. LeCRON is internationally known as one of the modern authorities on hypnotism and self-hypnotism. He is the author of three textbooks and many technical journal articles on medical hypnosis. He is a Fellow of the International Society for Clinical and Experimental Hypnosis, an honorary member of the British Society of Medical Hypnosis, and a member of the American Board of Psychological Hypnosis.

--------MAIL NO-RISK COUPON TODAY--------

WOMRATH'S LEXINGTON, Dept. SP-F27
1144 Lexington Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.

Yes! Rush me a copy of Leslie LeCron's SELF HYPNOTISM for a 10-day No-Risk Trial. I enclose $4.95 with the full understanding I may return for full refund. I will use this book for 10 days AT YOUR RISK. If I am not *completely satisfied*... if this book does not do *everything* you say, I will simply return for my $4.95 refund.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

☐ Enclose $_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Announcing a new Anahist Dial-Controlled nasal spray you can adjust to suit the degree of congestion!

New Dial Controlled

Dial 1 to relieve heavy congestion

Dial 2 to relieve mild congestion

When your nose is so stopped up you feel you can't breathe, you need this special kind of relief. New Anahist Dial-Controlled Nasal Spray—the only spray that lets you choose the relief you require.

When congestion is heavy, Dial 1 and squeeze. A heavy flow of penetrating droplets starts to spread relief instantly. When congestion is mild, or tapering off, Dial 2 and get a fine mist of soothing medication.

New Anahist's clinical-strength formula combines a decongestant, an antihistamine, an antimicrobial, a mucolytic, plus an essential penetrating menthol ingredient. Helps keep you breathing free and relieves for hours on end.

Another Clinical-Strength Medication from Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Co.

THE BREAKABLE CUP

carried it to her, as she had carried his cup to him. But as she turned back toward the table, the hands of the very old woman somehow lost control of cup and saucer. The cup tipped over in the saucer, the saucer tilted, and a great splash of hot tea fell upon her lap and spread down over her skirt. She gave a little cry of dismay. The daughter-in-law, seeing the accident, also cried out.

"Oh, Mother! On your best *peau de soie!* What a pity!"

The cry seemed to the child sharper than perhaps it was. There merged with it, in his inward ear, the voice of Maggie, as she had said to him, "There's not a thing you touch that's safe!" And while the daughter-in-law knelt beside the older woman, sopping up the tea with a napkin, the voice went on in his head, relentless. "Sure, she's got the right to die. She's that old, there's not a drink she doesn't spill on herself. There's not a good cup in the house any longer. She couldn't be trusted with a good cup, did one remain."

He dared not move. He could not possibly have got out of the settee unassisted without capsizing his own cup of tea. He watched in misery, panic and sympathy while the mopping-up took place. The daughter-in-law got up from her knees with difficulty. The very old woman murmured, over and over, "I'm so ashamed, I'm so ashamed."

Then the child summoned his courage and stood up to Maggie. "I often spill things too," he said.

The daughter-in-law looked at him in surprise, as if she had forgotten his presence, and then at the soggy linen in her hand. She sighed.

"Well, so do I," she said, and laid the napkin on a corner of the tea tray. "Let me give you some more tea, Mother."

"I break things, too," said the boy, firmly.

"Yes, yes, so do I," said the daughter-in-law.

The terror of Maggie's voice was silenced. Panic ebbed from the air. He took a long draught of warm, sweetened milk, and comfort pervaded his small body, spreading from his stomach outward. He had a cake. The very old woman had a cake, too, and licked her fingers afterward. The daughter presiding over the tea table also ate and drank and appeared happy. A breeze had sprung up outdoors in the stillness of the afternoon, for an elm branch, swaying, made the sunlight flicker throughout the room. He was marvelously contented, and the more so because of the touch of peril earlier. He hooked a forefinger lovingly through the handle of his cup—smooth gold it was and curving out below his finger in a little tail. It reminded him of something—the horn on the rear end of the caterpillar on the tomatoes; that was it—the same curve, exactly.

He thought about the caterpillar, remembering it minutely, the porcelain glossiness, its bulging segments, the yellow dots becoming gold in his recollection. It had more than a little in common with the cup, for it was beautiful; but it was also ugly. The cup was truly beautiful, and it was more. It was a thing of civilization. It bestowed dignity upon him. To drink from it was an honor as well as a pleasure. The caterpillar was a funny little animal, with its own life to lead, eating leaves and crawling up and down in the dusk of the tomato vines. To the woman at the table he said gravely, "This is a breakable cup, isn't it?"

"It could hardly be more so," she replied.

"Maggie wouldn't let me touch it," he said. "But my mother says tea always tastes better from a breakable cup."

"Your mother is a woman after my own heart," said the daughter-in-law.

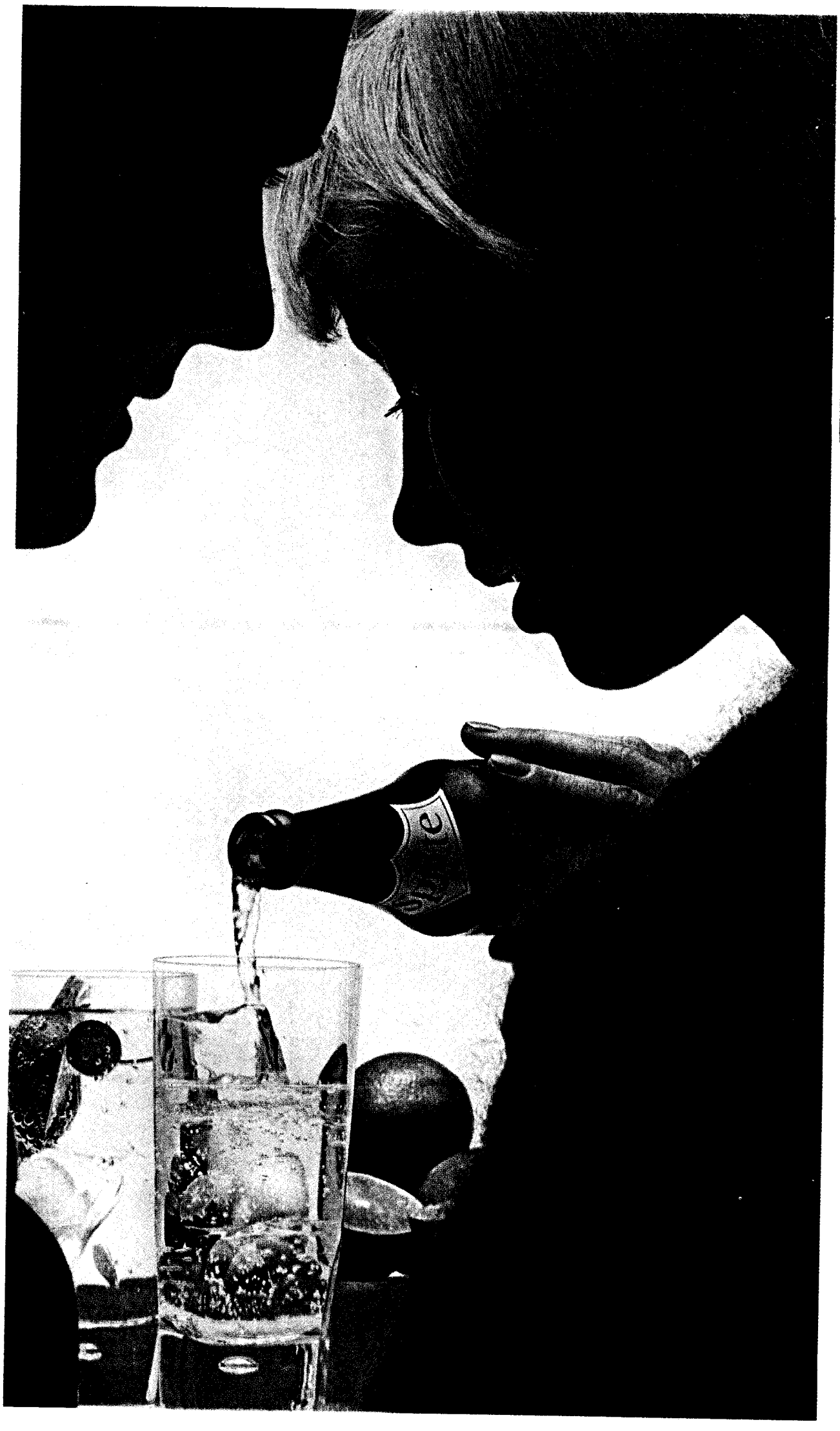
"Yes," said the very old woman, happily. "My daughter would never serve me tea in anything but a breakable cup." □

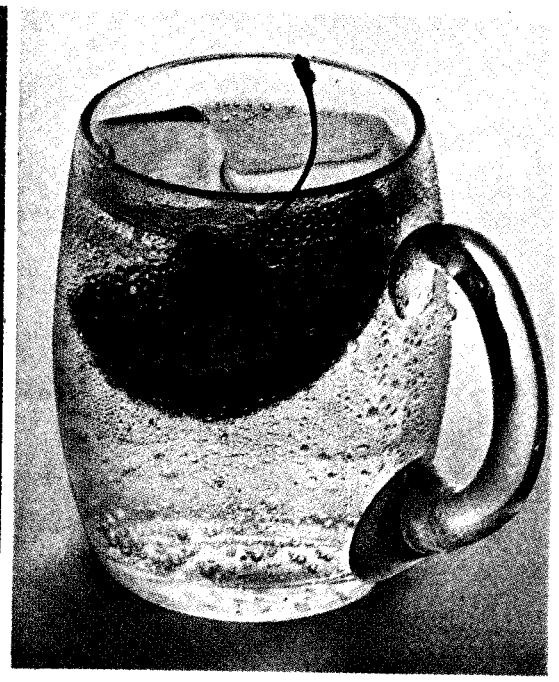
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I just hope it isn't a contact lens."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

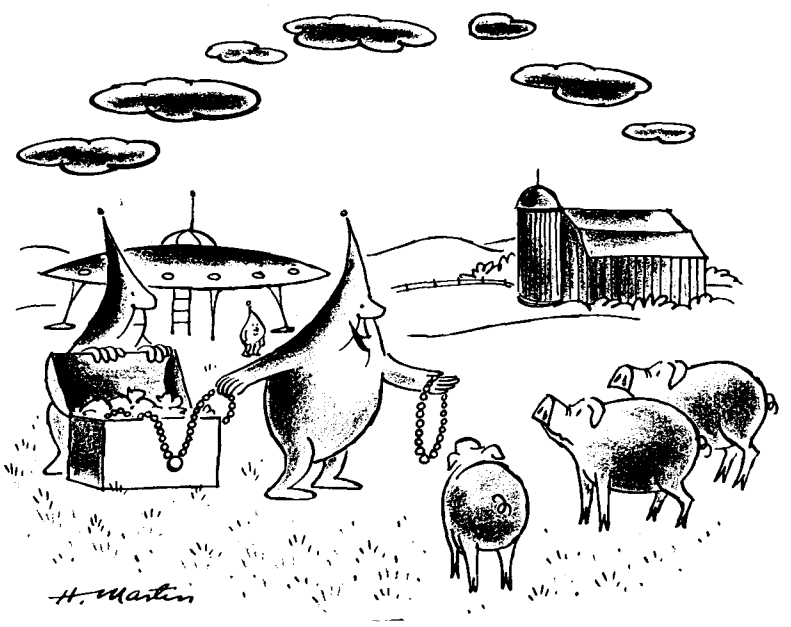
For a drink that's fresh, clean, tart and tingling, try adding Sprite® to gin. Or leave out the gin.





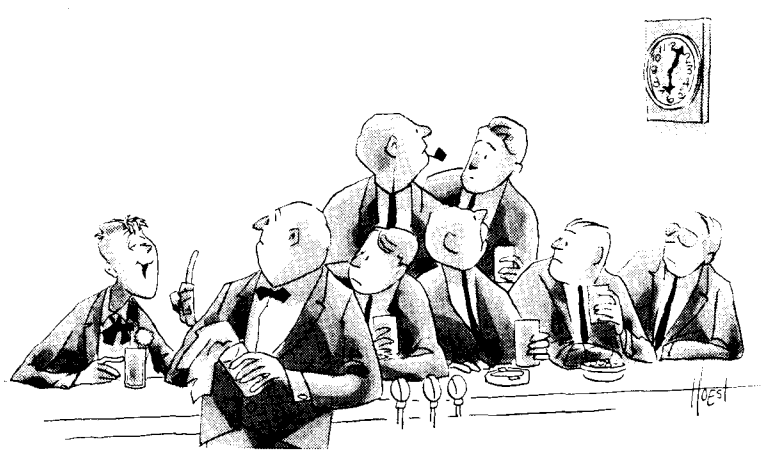
Sprite is that kind of a drink. Alive. Yet subtle. Naturally tart for adult tastes. Independent. Yet it's always happy to join in with a few well chosen drinking partners. Gin. Vodka. Rum. Whiskey. Choose your partner. Or go it alone.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"We come in peace and bring bright trinkets."

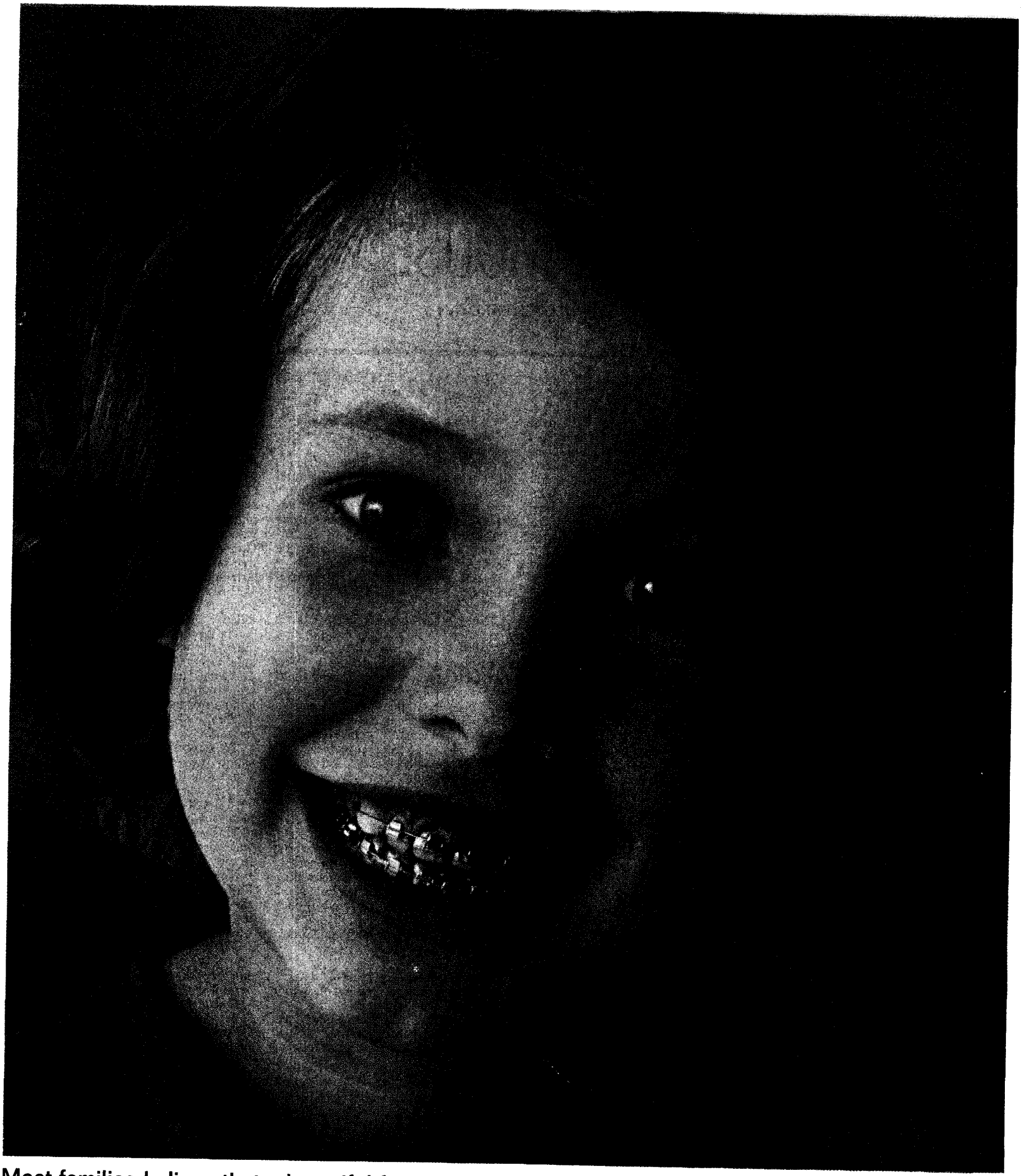
"In a statement today, Mr. Marvin L. Gross, president of the Automobile Safety Club of America, said, 'The combat soldier in Vietnam has less to fear than motorists on the highway.'"



"Better have just one more—I'm getting married at five o'clock!"

"Here's a good bit of news—it's not poisonous."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Most families believe that a beautiful future is worth a few sacrifices. For 135 years savings and loan associations have been encouraging people to save for the things they want most in life for their children and for themselves.

Savings and Loan Associations

©1965. The Savings and Loan Foundation, Inc., 1111 "E" Street, N.W., Washington 4, D.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AH-HA, THE CAT SAW THE MOUSE

By WILLIAM SAROYAN

One Sunday in 1919 my mother came home from the First Armenian Presbyterian Church in Fresno and called my brother Henry and me from the empty lot next to our house on San Benito Avenue where we had a game of football going with a number of neighborhood boys; and I knew something was up. I could see it in her eyes.

Our preacher, as we called him, was a lean, hard, severe but at the same time kindly man named M. H. Knadjian. Even though he had studied with the American missionaries at their schools, as my father had, and was therefore officially a Presbyterian, his real religion was being an Armenian. He had gone to school in England as a young man, spoke excellent English, but preached in Armenian, as if no language in the world could possibly compare with it as a vehicle for the expression of honest truth.

I myself, without being asked to do so, had frequently gone to church after Sunday School because I enjoyed hearing him speak Armenian, all the while looking down from the balcony at his congregation, including the richest Armenian in town, Krikor Arakelian, from Marsovan, where Knadjian had spent a number of years when the young Armenian revolutionaries had been getting themselves organized, with Knadjian's help.

Now and then he said something in a sermon that affected my mother deeply, and I saw in a glance that it had just happened again.

She came directly to the point.

"I want you to go to Armenian School."

"Why?"

"You must learn to read and write Armenian."

"Why?"

"It is our language."

"We *speak*," Henry said. "Isn't that enough?"

"It is not."

"Armenian School," I said, "is at the Mother Church *after* American school, when it's time for us to start selling papers."

"One of you will stop selling papers and go to school. The other will study the same lessons at home, but you must *both* learn our language."

"But that church isn't even *our* church," Henry said. "We're Presbyterians."

"We're Armenians."

"And we're in America now."

"I know all about that," my mother said. "Instead of playing football, both of you should have been at church, listening to Botveli Knadjian's sermon about the Armenian language."

"It *used* to be that a sermon was about religious matters," Henry said.

"Learning the Armenian language *is* a religious matter."

Henry and I discussed in private which of us was to go to Armenian School, and we agreed it would be me.

Thus, the following day, I went from the last class at Emerson School directly to the Red Brick Church at Ventura and M Streets. There were three dozen or more other boys waiting just inside the entrance, and three girls.

After a few minutes Holy Father Casparian in his black robes came walking quickly up the aisle, followed by Prof-Kalfayan, who had just lately come to Fresno from Paris where he had studied composition with Vincent D'Indy. Prof, as he was called for short, was almost the same size and shape as the Holy Father, or *Hayrsourb* in Armenian. He wore the same kind of moustache and beard, except that his was neatly trimmed and waxed. They were both in their late thirties, of medium height, stocky, swift-moving, loud of voice, angry of face. For a moment they studied the group, looking at each face, and told the girls to go home. The girls blushed and hurried away.

Casparian and Prof-Kalfayan then led the way downstairs where we sat on plain chairs, and they took places on the small stage containing a large blackboard, a table with two stacks of books on it, and a piano.

Casparian blessed the class, and then said, "One by one, beginning at the left, there, speak your names, please. Speak loudly and clearly, so that I shall know you are proud of your names. If you are *not* proud of them, begin to *be*, immediately. You are to learn to read and write the Armenian language. It is the supreme language, incomparable in simplicity, vigor, beauty, variety, subtlety, and melody. By learning to read and write the language, and not simply to understand a few words of it spoken by others, and to speak a few, you will become truly Armenian. Now, then, your name there—speak up."

One by one seven boys said their names, but each of them was required by Casparian to say it twice, because he hadn't said it clearly enough, or loudly enough.

When it was my turn, I was determined not to be asked to say my name twice. I shouted it.

"*William?*" Casparian shouted back. "I want your *Armenian* name."

"I have no other first name."

"Why did your father give you *that* name, which is not Armenian, but English or German?"

"His friend, William Stonehill, died soon before I was born."

"*Who?*"

"William Stonehill."

"An Armenian?"

"English."

"Surely among your father's friends there was an Armenian who *also* died soon before you were born. Why didn't your father name you after one or another of *those* dead? Why should our sons keep alive the memory of the English dead? Your name should be Aram."

"That is my mother's brother's name."

"Has he died?"

"No, Holy Father. My uncle Aram is very alive."

"In that case, may God bless his name and life, although had he died soon before you were born, Aram would have been the proper name for you. How does it happen that you have a loud voice and speak clearly?"

"I sell papers. At school I am frequently asked to lower my voice."

"That is not necessary. God loves a loud voice. What city is your family from?"

"Bitlis."

"Shouters, all of them. And jokesters. Swift, intelligent, sharp in trade, worldly. It is no wonder they have been likened to the Jews, our brothers in adversity, sorrow, and homelessness, may they be restored to their homeland, as we are now at last restored to ours. Next, then."

The next speaker shouted, "Sunarr Muggerditchian."

"From Bitlis?"

"No, Holy Father. Moush."

"Our bravest fighters, God bless your voice."

When all of the names had been shouted, Prof-Kalfayan said, "I shall now sit at the piano, and play and sing a song. Listen carefully, for you must remember the words, and in a moment sing the song *with* me."

He played a brief introduction to the song, and then sang it in a loud, clear voice. It was a somber song, with an intricate melody, about a horseman coming down from the hills and across the meadows. Waving his left arm, Prof-Kalfayan began to sing the song again, while with his right hand he hammered out the melody, instead of *playing* it, so that we might follow him. It turned out, however, that the only singers were himself, Sunarr Muggerditchian, and myself. The other boys were scarcely half-mumbling the words of the song.

"*Sing, all* of you, please," the composer shouted, but it was no use, the only thing that happened was that the song became several things it was not, and then it broke in half, and died. Prof-Kalfayan leaped to his feet, as if he himself had been violently assaulted.

"This is a song for *singing*," he shouted, "written by *me*, for *you*. Are you living Armenians, or dying Americans? You have kept your mouths too small too long, your lungs too narrow. Open your mouths, fill your lungs, and shout, as drowning men do. You are not at Emerson School to learn American manners, you are at the Mother Church to learn to be Armenians, to live proudly, loudly, and with anger. Armenia is free and independent at last. Is this a time to murmur and die? Armenians do not die until they are killed."

The boy next to me said, "They're crazy, the both of them. I'm not coming back tomorrow."

We tried again, and failed again. The real trouble was simply that the boys had no real feeling for being Armenian.

"Crazy Armenians," the boy next to me said.

"Why don't you shut up and just shout the song, the way the man wants you to?"

"I'm not a paper boy, that's why."

"I'll tell you what you are later—now *shout*."

This time, the *third* time, the singing was worse than ever, and the boy next to me got up and sneaked away.

Now, Prof-Kalfayan and the Holy Father distributed the books. While they were doing so, I saw the boy, now in the last row. His reply to my glance was an animal face.

The books were opened to the first line of the first lesson: "Ah-ha, the cat saw the mouse." Or, "Ah-ha, *gadoun dessov mougn*."

Gadou, cat.

Moug, mouse.

After we had been at school two hours, the Holy Father suddenly said, "Tomorrow at the same time, then, and now the blessings of God upon these young students of the holy Armenian tongue."

Whereupon I jumped out of my chair to catch the boy, but he was already on his way up the stairs.

"Aram!" the Holy Father shouted, and I knew he meant me. I stopped, turned, and waited. "Come here please."

I went up to the small stage where he now sat at the desk, while Prof-Kalfayan wiped sweat from his face and hands with an enormous handkerchief, mumbling to himself.

"Yes, Holy Father?"

"Why did the boy beside you leave his place?"

Of the things a boy

must learn,

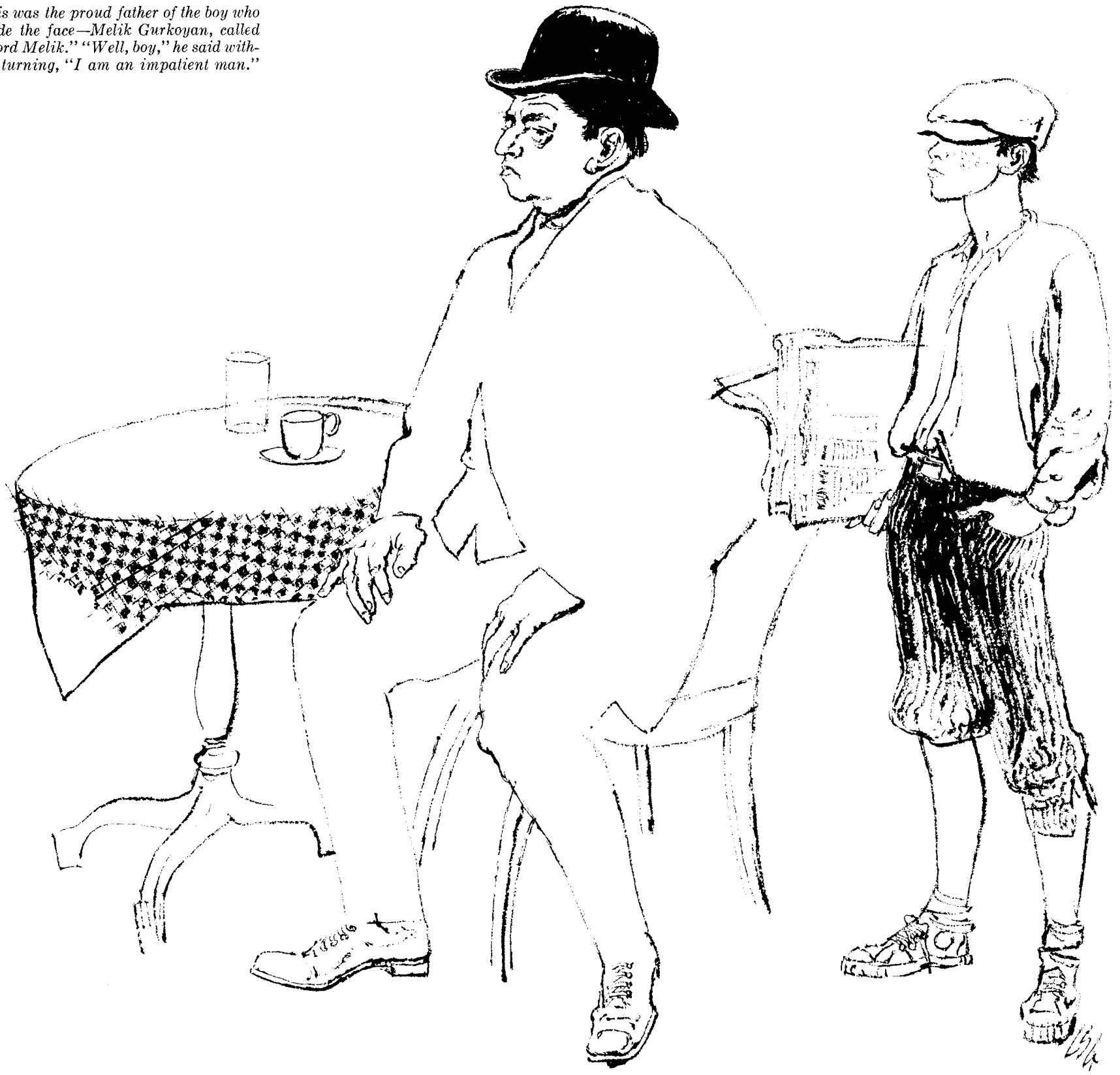
one lesson is that a man can be crazy

for no other reason than

that he is a man.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This was the proud father of the boy who made the face—Melik Gurkoyan, called "Lord Melik." "Well, boy," he said without turning, "I am an impatient man."



"We had a dispute."

"About what?"

"A personal dispute, Holy Father."

"Yes, but about what? Himself, yourself, Prof-Kalfayan, myself?"

"Himself and myself."

"And so, even before I had concluded the benediction I saw him run to the stairway. Why?"

"He belittled me, because I sell papers."

"What does *he* do?"

"I don't know. I don't know him."

"His name is Apcar Gurkoyan."

"I don't know him, Holy Father."

"His father is Melik Gurkoyan."

"I don't know his father, either."

"I thought you might have heard, since so many others have, that Melik Gurkoyan is a very rich man, and very proud of his children, including his son Apcar."

"I don't understand."

"I have kept you here, so that his son could go home without anything unhappy to report about his first day at Armenian School. When he comes back tomorrow I would like you to pretend you had never had a dispute."

"Yes, Holy Father."

"*Others* can never belittle us. Can they, now?"

"They can *try*. He made a face, also."

"In the name of God, let us have only great annoyances. If they are not great enough to impel us to *kill*, let us ignore them, or we shall belittle *ourselves*. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Holy Father."

"Go, now, then."

Going, I knew the Holy Father was right, but still I couldn't stop hating the boy, not only for trying to belittle me, but for running away.

When I reached home my mother said, "What did you learn?"

In Armenian I said, "Ah-ha, *gadoun dessov mougn*."

She almost smiled and said, "Well, perhaps it's a *beginning*, at any rate."

I hurried to town and found Henry on my corner, stuck with twelve papers out of twenty.

I took six of the papers and began to shout the headline on my way to the Arax Coffee House. I sold one to a drunk coming out of the White Fawn Saloon, but not on account of the news. A man had killed his wife, that's all.

At the Arax Coffee House a man borrowed a paper, looked at the front page, turned the pages, an inside page fell out, he picked it up and got it back in place. When the paper was almost as good as new, he handed it back with a smile that almost erased the pained expression on his face.

I watched the action and listened to the shouting at the Arax for a few minutes, and then I went up to the Yettem, and everything was the same there, too.

And then I went to the Ararat, where, after a few minutes, I saw a man come in. I then saw a waiter run up to the man and greet him as Melik Agha, or

DRAWING BY LOUIS S. GLANZMAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lord Melik. The waiter cleared a separate table for him quickly, and then held a chair out for him. I saw almost everybody in the Ararat turn and smile and nod and greet the man.

A man who had borrowed a paper handed it back, and I asked of the man everybody was so eager to respect, "Gurkoyan?" The man nodded. This, then, was the proud father of the boy who made the animal face.

I went to the back of the room where the waiter was now preparing a cup of coffee for Melik Gurkoyan: water, for which always thank God, into a small brass pot with a long handle—we had three sizes of the same pot at home, always highly polished and ready. And after the water two heaping teaspoons of pulverized coffee. And then a fussy fuss about the amount of sugar to go into the pot: not quite half a spoon of it, just this little bit more out of the spoon, seven grains, and then Melik Agha would have a cup of coffee precisely the way he preferred it.

But it would be a cup *especially* washed and dried, and dried again, as the waiter demonstrated while the pot waited on the counter, not on the fire—cup extra-clean and ready, mixture in the pot properly balanced and ready, now therefore to light one of the two burners just so—are you watching, Melik Agha? Please notice that the fire is at the fullest, and now please notice that I do not place the pot upon the grate itself, I hold it just a little *above* the grate, as you have instructed me to do. And now slowly, slowly, please notice the coffee is coming to a boil, the water, coffee and sugar are foaming together into a beautiful creamy brown, rising, rising, and there we are, Melik Agha, I draw the pot away from the flame and pour. I pour extra carefully into the extra-clean cup so that the cream of the cream will be at the top, and here I bring the cup to you, don't I, Melik Agha?

The man acknowledges with a nod the arrival of the cup of coffee.

What will the rich man give the waiter for his fussy fuss, his extra effort, his extra respect, not insincere, not comic? What will he give the waiter for his full devotion to the speedy dispatch of the work involved, for his grace of movement in setting down the cup in precisely the right place on the table, what will he give him for his smile, for his humble and patient stance? What will he give instead of the nickel everybody else gives? Will he give a dime, a quarter, a half-dollar, or a dollar?

The man lifts the cup from the saucer to his lips, takes a loud furfuring sip, as if he were only a peasant from Moush, or Van, or Bitlis. He holds his head back a little in enjoyment of the flavor, takes the cup away from his lips, leav ing a little of the creamy brown on his clean-shaven upper lip, nods at the waiter, and then at last returns the cup to the saucer.

Everything is perfect, so what will he give?

Out of a handful of coins from a pocket, he picks five pennies, puts away the rest of the coins, takes the hand of the waiter, and *allows* the five coins in his hand to transfer themselves by the law of gravity to the waiter's hand, with just the slightest implication that these coins are *not* simply five copper pennies. It is permissible to believe that one of them is possibly gold. The man believes it, the waiter believes it, the others believe it, and every one of them *knows* it's a lie. The waiter smiles, bows, and goes, and the man lifts the cup to his lips again, knowing he is being observed and deserves to be.

The waiter arrives where I'm standing. I offer him a paper, as I always do. Sometimes he takes it, looks at it, and hands it back, but this time he fishes into his pocket, brings out what he has just been given by the man, hands the five coins to me as all decent men do, without ritual or mystery, and accepts a paper.

Well, let me *look* at the pennies, perhaps one of them *is* gold, after all.

Here's Lincoln, Lincoln, Lincoln, but here's a maple leaf, and here is another maple leaf. In short, three Lincoln pennies, and two Canadian, and everybody knows the Canadian penny is not worth as much as the Lincoln penny, although it's close. Shall I give back the five coins and take back my paper? I shall not. I shall go about my business, and see if I can sell another paper on my way back to Henry's corner. I pass the rich man on my way out, but of course he's accustomed to being noticed, he isn't accustomed to noticing anybody else.

When I reach the door, however, I hear his voice: "Boy." In Armenian. "*D'ghah.*"

I stop and turn, but he is *still* looking straight ahead, away from me, I wait. If he wishes to speak to me he must *look* at me, but he refuses.

Without turning he says, "Well, boy, I am an impatient man. If you want to sell a paper, bring it to me before I change my mind."

He has spoken loudly enough for everybody in the place to hear his words.

A man at one of the tables gets to his feet, and I'm amazed that it's Garapet, my mother's father's kid brother. Is he angry, or what? If so, is he angry at *me*, or at the rich man? After all, Garapet himself isn't exactly poor. Still, I am who I am, even over the disapproval of members of my own family, whom I admire and love, especially this particular one. He is looking straight at me, waiting to hear what I shall say.

"Whoever you are," I say, and old Garapet moves forward a step, stops, and waits; but I still don't know if he's angry at me, or at the rich man, or at somebody else. "I also am an impatient man. If somebody who wishes to buy a paper does not *look* at me," and now the rich man turns, astonished, infuriated, "he cannot *buy* a paper."

"Ah-ha," Garapet roars. "You heard, every one of you. You heard my niece Takoohi's boy answer the man." And then directly to the man, "And you, *especially*, heard. You have the answer you asked for. For five cents would you buy from a Saroyan his pride? *All* of your money couldn't buy even a *paper* from *this* boy." And then he absolutely astonished me by saying in Armenian, "Ah-ha, the cat saw the mouse." And directly to the man, "And *you* are the mouse."

Still angry, he waved me out.

In the street I thought, How did *he* know the cat saw the mouse?

On my way back to Henry's corner I sold one more, and when I got there he had only two left. He began to walk home, and I with him, as if he had been waiting for my arrival, so we could take off immediately.

We sat down at the kitchen table, and my mother filled two bowls full of sour-cabbage stew. While we ate, she mixed a salad of cold baked eggplant, fresh tomatoes, bell peppers, onions, and cucumbers.

"My uncle Garapet came here for a cup of coffee this afternoon," she said. "He asked about Henry and you, and I told him you had gone to Armenian School this afternoon for the first time. He wanted to know what you had learned and I told him what you had told me. 'Ah-ha, the cat saw the mouse.'"

"What did he say?"

"He didn't say anything, but you know how it is with him. You can understand what he's really saying even when he says nothing."

"What was he *really* saying?"

"I don't believe he thinks you ought to go to Armenian School."

"Doesn't he want me to learn to read and write Armenian?"

"It isn't that, because I asked him the same question. Again he didn't say anything, but I could almost hear his voice asking slowly, 'Read *what?* Write *what?*' What do *you* think?"

"I'll go again tomorrow, *at least*. I love the thirty-six letters of the alphabet, and the sound of each of them, but I don't know if I want to give up my corner. Yesterday *you* were sure I ought to go. Why aren't you today?"

"He suggested that it might be best for *you* to decide for yourself."

"I'll go tomorrow again, at least."

I went, but now instead of three *dozen* boys there were three.

Again Casparian blessed the students and the language, Prof-Kalfayan sat at the piano, and then the three of us rose to our feet without having been asked to do so, without agreeing among ourselves to do so, and we sang the song with all our might. Prof-Kalfayan left the piano, so he could stand, too, and the Holy Father got up from the table where he had opened a book to the second lesson, to stand and sing with us, too.

Then the three of us worked on the alphabet until we knew we would never forget the sound for each of the thirty-six letters.

After school I went home again, and again my mother wanted to know what I had learned.

"Well, what it was this time was, 'Ah-ha, the *mouse* saw the *cat*,' but I don't think that that's what I really learned."

After a moment my mother said, "What *did* you learn?" She spoke so softly I almost didn't hear her, but I *did* hear her, perhaps because I had asked the question of myself before she had, I asked it, and then she asked it, and I *wanted* to answer it, but I couldn't.

"I don't know," I said.

"Will you go tomorrow?"

"The Holy Father said the classes will continue as long as one of us—*one*—goes. And the Choir Master said he would be there to sing the song."

"What song is it?"

"Well, it's this song that he himself wrote—about a horseman coming down from the hills and across the meadows, but I don't think that that's really what it's about. I think it's about something else. Armenia, or death, or something else. Yesterday a boy sitting beside me said they're crazy, and they *are*, but not the way *he* meant. Yesterday he said he wouldn't come back today, but he *did* come back. Maybe I learned there's no such thing as an Armenian, there's only such a thing as a man. The Holy Father and the Choir Master—they're both crazy, but only because each of them *is* a man."

"Will you go back tomorrow, then?"

"No. If it's to be for the next lesson, I *know* what the next lesson is. 'Ah-ha, the cat *catches* the mouse.' I've *learned* the language. It's a very beautiful language. It's *most* beautiful, though, when it's in the face, unspoken."

"So be it, then. I'm glad you've decided for yourself."

"I don't like Armenians."

"I understand."

I went back to my corner, and Henry was stuck with fourteen this time. He'd sold only six. Across the street Hap Farmanian had done even worse. He'd sold only four. He came across the street and said, "What are we going to do? Nobody wants to buy a paper anymore. I'm losing thirty cents so far."

I took half of Henry's papers and set out for the Armenian coffeehouses, but when I came to the Ararat, after I had visited the other two, I suddenly decided I'd never go in there again. For a long time I couldn't decide why, and then a year or two after the place had closed, and had been forgotten, and I had gone away from Fresno, first to San Francisco, and then to New York, and had gone back to Fresno, and was walking in front of the place where it had been, I suddenly knew why, and knew I had always known why: that was where, one evening, I had seen the end of the Armenian race in groveling, self-belittling survival, and had felt the awful and hopeless beginning of it all over again in myself, without wish or permission, and knew I was doomed, as the Holy Father and the Choir Master had been. □

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Well, what's the excuse this time, Schneider?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How come more families look to Metropolitan Life to provide the Fourth Necessity?

Right after life's three necessities—food, clothing and shelter—the Fourth Necessity is *enough* life insurance. It could provide years and years of the other necessities while your wife raised the kids, if anything happened to you.

That would take a lot of money. But it needn't take a lot of life insurance.

Metropolitan's 31,000 full-time representatives have been trained to help you meet your insurance needs, within your budget.

Say, for example, that you're 28 with a five-year-old to raise. Your Metropolitan adviser might suggest a plan that would cost just $25 a month—yet, if you died tomorrow, it would give your family $10,000 in a lump sum, plus $197 a month until your five-year-old turned 18.

Policies like this, and experienced representatives to help you, are two of the reasons more people look to Metropolitan to provide the Fourth Necessity—enough life insurance. Ask your Metropolitan adviser for a Family Security Check-Up. There's no obligation . . . *except to those you love.*

More choose Metropolitan Life

millions more than any other company

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Keeping his gaze on the tracks ahead and his hand on the throttle, engineer Carlos Rodrigues pushes Old 562 eastward as a sweaty fireman stokes the glowing boilers.

WATCH OUT– HERE IT COMES!

Flaming cinders burn away the crossties, mud swallows the rails, parrots screech at the passengers, but the once-a-week express whizzes steadily along at nine mph.

By Trevor Armbrister

The ferocious woodburner pauses for fuel, and everyone piles out to heave logs onto the tender. Some of the one-train railroad's 1,180 employees perch on the cowcatcher.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL BRIDGES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Inside the cab of locomotive 562 a swarthy, broad-faced engineer named Carlos Rodrigues checked his gauges, then reached up and yanked a cord. Steam escaped with a wail. Behind him several firemen—stripped to the waist, with kerchiefs wrapped around their foreheads—thrust eucalyptus logs into the flaming boiler. Sweat ran down their bodies onto the floor.

Rodrigues pulled a lever, and at 1:17 the 17-car train edged away from the crowded station platform at Santa Cruz, a sweltering city in southeastern Bolivia. In front of the smudgy, brackish-green locomotive, two guards perching on the cowcatcher squinted ahead for obstacles. Black smoke belched from the stack as the train clattered onward, jolting from side to side as it passed over weak sections of track. "I think the train will fall apart one day," Rodrigues said. "It is a suicide run, no?"

Danger is one aspect of the 405-mile trip that Rodrigues's train makes once a week from Santa Cruz to Corumbá, Brazil. Derailments have killed 35 people in the past four years. But the train is also quite possibly the slowest, dirtiest, most antiquated, uncomfortable, haphazard—and beguilingly colorful—public conveyance still operating in the Western Hemisphere. In a continent hardly known for comfortable and efficient rail transportation—on one Peruvian woodburner that crosses the Andes at 15,700 feet, passengers breathe bottled oxygen—this train outranks all others for sheer decrepitude.

Post photographer Bill Bridges and I first heard about this weird transport while finishing up another assignment in Peru. One person told us that passengers had to wear asbestos to keep cinders from burning their clothes; someone else claimed that Chiquitanos Indians often peppered the train with arrows. It sounded bizarre enough to make a story, so, feeling a bit like reckless adventurers, we flew to La Paz to find out more about the train. Somewhat reluctantly, Bolivian officials in the capital admitted the train's existence. But they insisted they knew nothing at all about its schedule.

Like other stymied Americans abroad, we turned to the U.S. Embassy. It was a lucky turn, for we found out that an American Army sergeant on the embassy staff would soon be riding the train. His assignment was to make sure that an American-donated ambulance being shipped to the village of Roboré reached its destination. We arranged to join Sgt. Sergio Santos as ambulance escorts.

The next day Santos, Bridges and I flew to Santa Cruz, a mud-caked city with no paved roads. In recent years the chief tourist attraction in Santa Cruz has been a series of shoot-'em-ups between rival politicians in the central plaza. However, Santa Cruz has the railhead maintained by the Joint Bolivian-Brazilian Railroad Commission (CMdeFBB), which ostensibly operates—at irregular intervals—a small, diesel-powered passenger *autocarril*, and the train going to Roboré. We learned that the train always leaves on Saturday, and we hired a Bolivian Army sergeant named Freddy Sasserini to accompany us on a sort of Hertz Rent-a-Soldier basis. With the ambulance loaded aboard a flatcar, we chocked its wheels with limestone, strapped it down with cables, and climbed in. As the train chugged off, we jounced along in relative splendor.

Underneath the ambulance, passengers stretched out on blankets and went to sleep. Their feet protruded awkwardly over the sides of the flatcar. Behind us rattled a slatted gray boxcar containing one horse, an old woman with a parrot on her shoulder, a moustachioed man with four dead chickens dangling from a string at his belt, and at least 60 other passengers. They hung bunches of green bananas and hammocks from the roof, sat on sacks of rice and corn, and grumbled as the boxcar lurched from side to side.

At 2:03 the train approached the village of Cotoca—the first of 27 scheduled stops along the route. The locomotive did have brakes, but they didn't seem to work very well. Engineer Rodrigues overshot the Cotoca station by about a quarter of a mile. Eventually the train backed up, and passengers swarmed onto the platform. The train has no dining car, and the travelers clustered along a row of tables where vendors were selling meat on a stick, fried fish, and a yellowish drink called *chicha*.

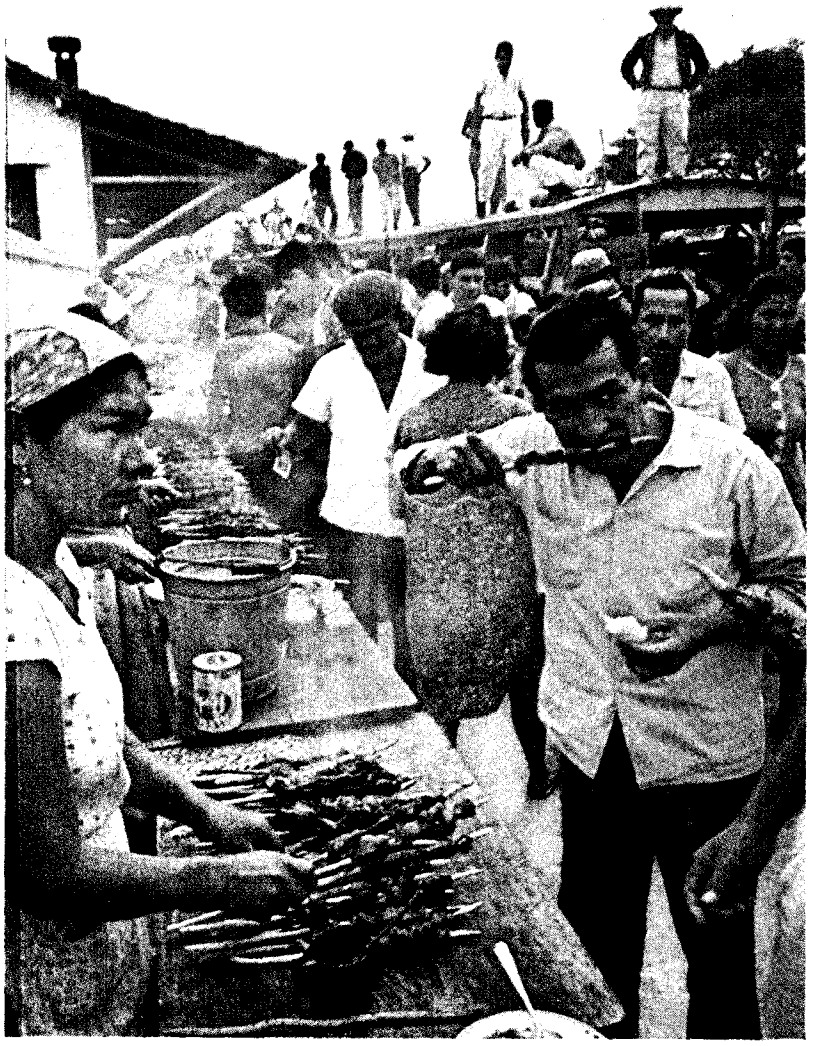
Fifteen minutes later, Rodrigues sounded a warning blast, and soon the train rumbled onward. By 2:45, ninety minutes after leaving Santa Cruz, it had traveled almost 20 miles.

At 3:30 the engineer brought the train to a gradual halt. The fuel supply was running low. The conductors, called *boleteros*, blew their whistles and—although there were no signs of life on either side of the clearing—passengers dropped from the cars. Slowly, as if following some ritual, they shuffled off into the woods. Moments later they reappeared shouldering eucalyptus logs. They heaved the wood into the tender, then climbed on board again. The train moved sluggishly forward.

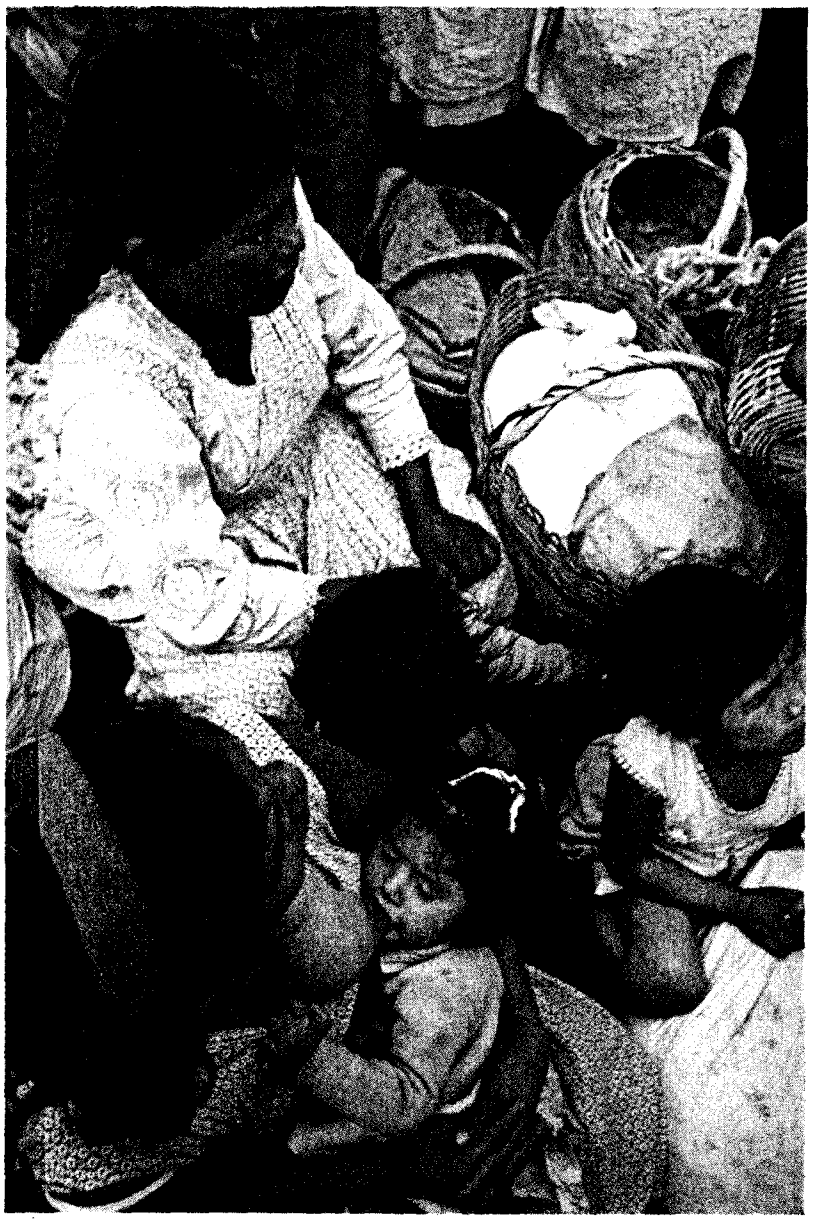
Behind us on the flatcar, a stocky, dark-haired man bent over a portable radio. Its music blended with the rattle of the train. Directly in front of us—surrounded by a court of admirers—squatted a barefoot, frizzy-haired woman wearing a billowing skirt and earrings the size of silver dollars. She said her name was Celia Socero. "*Contrabandista?*" someone asked. She nodded her head and smiled toothlessly.

For Celia Socero this train is home. She and about 550 of her fellow passengers spend their lives shuttling back and forth across the border like a Yo-Yo nomad tribe. Some carry staples (rice, beans, sugar, oil and bananas) that they hope to sell in Brazil. Many more travel to Corumbá to purchase watches and electrical appliances, sometimes even narcotics, that they try to smuggle back into Bolivia.

The journey they make is shatteringly uncomfortable. A fortunate few with first-class tickets ride on the straight-backed wooden seats of the single passenger car at the rear of the train. But the true inhabitants of the train bounce along inside ancient red-and-gray boxcars. Some of them attach themselves, barnaclelike, to the roofs of the cars.



Gnawing at Bolivian backcountry shish kebab, passengers enjoy alfresco lunch at trainside. Residents along the route make a living by playing Howard Johnson, since the train has no dining car, but youngest travelers manage for themselves.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The train had freedom to do what it wanted. Brass bands would play, and everyone danced."

Lady smuggler got caught with the goods.

WATCH OUT!

When it first began operations, the railroad issued no tickets, charged passengers no money to ride. "If there was no charge," explained a young, soft-spoken CMdeFBB official named Luis Bravo, "then there was no obligation. The train had freedom to do what it wanted. It used to be very slow then," he added. "Brass bands would play and passengers would get off and dance at each village. Everyone had a fiesta."

Then in 1957 the railroad abandoned its free-ride philosophy. Today a ticket from Santa Cruz to Corumbá costs 60,000 *bolivianos*—about five dollars—but the *boleteros* still don't seem very interested in collecting fares. There is an unwritten law which says that if pasengers scramble up to the roofs of boxcars and stay there, the *boleteros* will not bother them. This is why the roofs of the boxcars are always crowded.

However they may manage to keep themselves aboard the train for the two-day trip, the nomads seldom manage to profit from the trip. Customs officials, on both sides of the border, sometimes grab the contraband, and the average smuggler is lucky to clear five dollars a week. According to one regular rider, the customs men became so efficient a few years ago that the existence of the illegal traffic was threatened. The *contrabandistas* retaliated by forming a labor union that they called the Syndicate of Minor Salesmen. Demanding more cooperation from the border guards, they called a strike and stayed away for several weeks. The customs officials are said to have capitulated after several lean weeks, and the trade in contraband resumed.

At sundown the train puffed into the village of Puerto Pailas. The stop came just in time for some passengers, who were becoming fidgety. They leaped from the cars, raced across a field and disappeared behind two rusty locomotives with funnel-shaped stacks. There are no lavatories on the train.

A blast of the whistle brought the passengers back, and the locomotive edged away from the station. Cinders streamed from the stack as firemen thrust logs into the open furnace. Engineer Rodrigues glanced at the needles of several gauges which seemed, to someone not attuned to Old 562's rather special personality, to be spinning absurdly.

Several years ago, he explained, as the train swayed worrisomely, crossties supported the rails all along the 405-mile route. Flaming cinders, however, have long since burned out many of them, and now—particularly in rainy weather—the rails have a disconcerting habit of sinking under the train. "There would be even more derailments if we did not travel so slow," he added. He smiled, but it was a faint, hoping-to-please smile.

It is sadly sobering to realize that this train once represented a continent's bright hope. In 1884 a survey team developed a plan to link the Brazilian city of Santos on the Atlantic with the Chilean port of Arica. The line would cut 2,500 miles across Latin America, opening the way to vast areas of Brazil and Bolivia.

Both countries welcomed the plan enthusiastically. Brazil agreed to build the section of the railroad from Corumbá to Santa Cruz. In exchange for these efforts, she would receive rights to oil and minerals discovered along the route. It took a while to translate that initial enthusiasm into action, however. Construction didn't begin until 1939.

From the start, engineers encountered staggering problems. Supplies had to be hauled hundreds of miles through jungles. Yellow fever, malaria and bubonic plague hit the work crews. Indians attacked them near Puerto Pailas. But the Brazilians persisted. At last in 1955 the tracks were in place. The CMdeFBB was ready to launch operations.

The railroad steamed directly toward bankruptcy. Its go-now-and-pay-much-later-if-ever ticket policy didn't generate much revenue. Then the railroad decided to hire 1,180 employees. Because the train makes only one round trip per week, about 1,100 of these people have never had very much to do. They draw salaries nonetheless, and total wages exceed the railroad's annual income by a substantial amount. This is one reason why the CMdeFBB lost more than $700,000 last year.

Soon the Brazilians realized that their chances of finding oil or minerals along the route were nonexistent. In 1961 they asked the Bolivians if they would be willing to run the railroad by themselves. The Bolivians wanted nothing to do with it, but they had little choice: The tracks were in their territory. The Brazilians held back funds, and by July, 1964, they had succeeded in divesting themselves of all responsibility for running the railroad.

The Bolivian minister of public works and communications took a dim view of the newly acquired railroad and promptly decided the army would have to run it. By the end of the year most of the railroad's employees had received dismissal notices. They clung to a slim hope that some last-minute development would forestall military control—and they spread this hope among the *contrabandistas*.

The little tribe of smugglers continued to ride back and forth with little time for pessimism. Passengers had heard of the army's plans to eliminate smuggling. Yet they refused to be gloomy. All around our sumptuous ambulance they laughed and chattered and slept the night away.

The darkness ebbed just after five o'clock. Thin streaks of light crept over the horizon to silhouette the figure of a man stretched out atop a boxcar directly in front of us. The boxcar lurched and the man sat up, yawning and rubbing at his eyes.

At 7:35 engineer Rodrigues braked the train to a stop at the village of San José. Passengers stumbled out of the cars and up to the side of the locomotive. Rodrigues opened a valve and released the excess steam in a giant cloud. The passengers washed their faces in the steam, then ambled over to the food stalls for eggs and sausages.

The *boleteros* caught up with Celia Socero at twenty minutes after nine. She had been holding court as usual at her place in front of the ambulance. She saw the *boleteros* coming and scrambled to hide several cans of American-aid-supplied lard under her skirt. She didn't move fast enough. They made her stand up and grabbed the lard. She could keep it, one of the *boleteros* said, if she paid duty on the lard now. She reached in her purse and handed a sheaf of bills to one of the men. He frowned and demanded another bill. Celia Socero cursed. Two boys sitting beside her nodded sympathetically. "The *boleteros* will come back and make her pay duty again," one of them said. "It will not be a good trip for her."

Just before noon, the locomotive passed kilometer 326—halfway point on the route to Corumbá. The low, dense scrubland was giving way to hillier terrain. The train chugged into Pontón, stopped for a while and then continued onward, rumbling slowly over a bridge that spanned the murky Rio Plato. At four o'clock it entered Roboré, passing rows of stucco homes with roofs of orange tile and halting at a crowded platform.

Merchants stepped to the side of the train and offered, in shrill, tobacco-auction tones, to change *bolivianos* into Brazilian *cruzeiros*. Barefoot children darted around the station with trays of meat and fish and *chicha*.

Someone said it was possible to take a cold shower for 15 cents.

Roboré is where the railroad once operated a maintenance shop. Its activities have been curtailed lately because there is no money to pay for repairs. There is no oil or grease for the engines, and so they are often lubricated with soap instead.

Because of such maintenance problems, 29 of the CMdeFBB's 37 locomotives are stranded along the route, gathering rust at sidings, waiting in vain for repair parts to arrive from Europe. The eight locomotives still in working condition are the newer models—built around 1925—yet even they have been known to falter. Not long ago a mechanical difficulty delayed the scheduled 46-hour trip by more than nine days.

"The railroad has fallen off in quality in recent years," admitted CMdeFBB official Luis Bravo, shaking his head wistfully. "There has been a certain lack of discipline in the operation."

By the doorway of the Roboré station lounged a Bolivian colonel and his aide, a captain. They were waiting, they explained, to take possession of the ambulance. With a jolt we realized that the luxury portion of our trip had ended. The flatcar with its ambulance was being switched out of the train. "Don't worry," smiled the colonel reassuringly, "I will order a private boxcar for the remainder of your journey."

The only trouble with the car the colonel commandeered was that 50 other passengers were already crowded inside it. They had been there ever since leaving Santa Cruz (and who knows how long before?), and they seemed fairly unhappy about having to share their space with strangers.

The angry mutterings began as soon as the colonel left. For a moment it appeared that Sergeants Santos and Sasserini might have to quell a minor

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

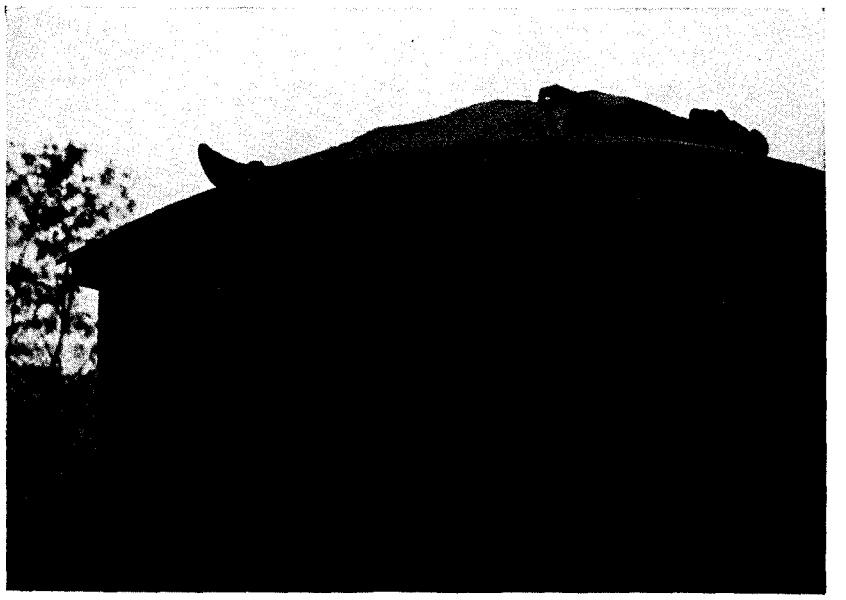
insurrection. But we spread our sleeping bags on the dirty floor, and soon the mumbling died away, overcome by the steady clatter of the wheels and the locomotive's occasional wail.

The train arrived at the border town of Puerto Suárez at nine o'clock next morning. Dogs slunk under the boxcars searching for scraps of food. A pig wallowed luxuriously in a puddle beside the locomotive. The red, green and yellow Bolivian flag rippled over a shack at the end of the platform, where immigration officials stamped our passports.

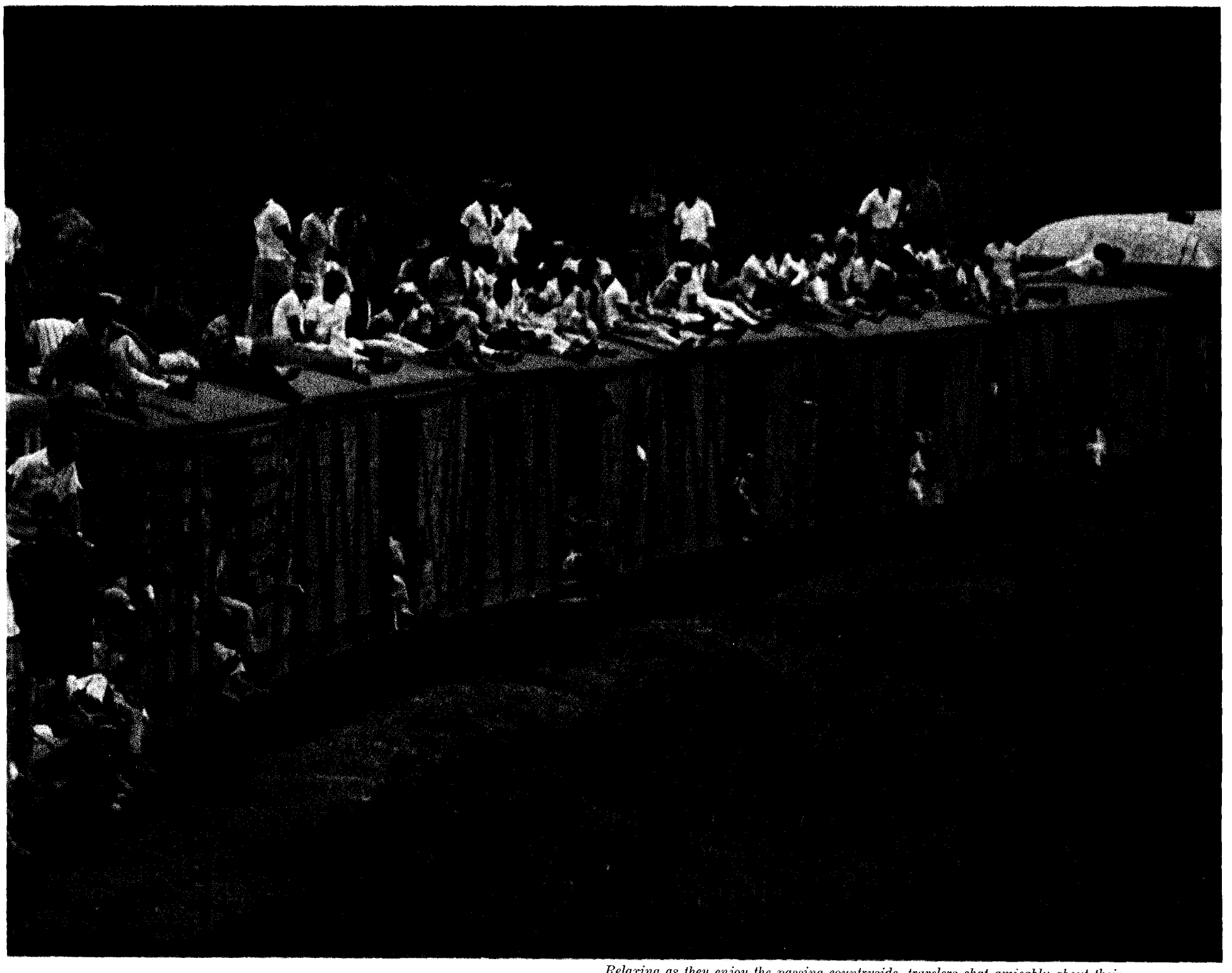
Crossing the border, the train puffed into Corumbá at 10:28—45 hours and 11 minutes after leaving Santa Cruz. At length the border officials examined our luggage and admitted us to Brazil. They failed to stamp our tourist cards or passports, but by then this sort of omission hardly seemed important.

Remaining in Corumbá just long enough to wash away our grime, Bridges and I flew on to São Paulo, made reservations on a jet to Panama—and ran smack into a bureaucratic barrier that took us seven hours and three different interpreters to overcome. The airport police said we could not leave Brazil. Our tourist cards had not been stamped, and it was therefore plain that we had never entered the country.

The man responsible for this decision was a slim, bespectacled police inspector. We told him that the frontier guards at Corumbá had forgotten to stamp the cards. He frowned, then looked up at us with an indulgent smile. "Tourists enter Brazil in many ways," he said. "They come in by plane. They come in by ship. Sometimes they come in by bus. But no—tourists do not take the train from Bolivia. It is impossible." □



Boxcars are for sleeping: Unaware of a new dawn, ticketless rider travels undisturbed.



Relaxing as they enjoy the passing countryside, travelers chat amicably about their rolling home—for almost all the passengers live on board. The roof riders enjoy a special, if precarious, position. No one expects them to pay for the two-day trip.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE KINGFISH'S SON PICKS UP THE WHIP

When Russell Long set out to become new Senate Majority Whip, he was just doing what comes naturally: pursuing political power.

By WILLIAM K. GOOLRICK

Above the office desk hangs a portrait of perhaps the most idolized—and most hated—political figure in the entire history of Louisiana. It is a picture of Huey Long, "the Kingfish," a poor farm boy who rose to become governor of his state and later senator and who ruled Louisiana virtually as a dictator until his assassination in 1935.

The resemblance between the face in the portrait and that of the stout, squirrel-cheeked man seated at the big mahogany desk is unmistakable. Well it might be: Senator Russell Long is Huey's elder son—a fact that goes far toward explaining the kind of man who, at the age of 46, recently won the post of Majority Whip and now holds his party's No. 2 spot in the Senate.

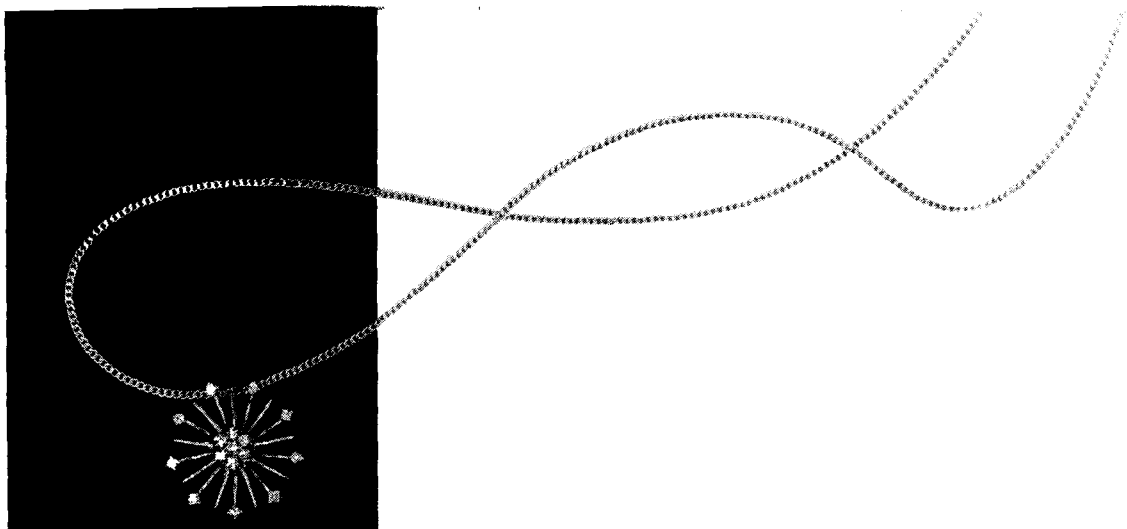
Talking about his father, Long picks up a pencil, rolls it between his palms and gestures with it at the painting. "I was one of his idolaters," he says. "I think he was the kind of person who only comes along once in a blue moon. He had enormous talent and enormous energy—too much for his own good. His ambition was to be President of the United States, and to be a very great President."

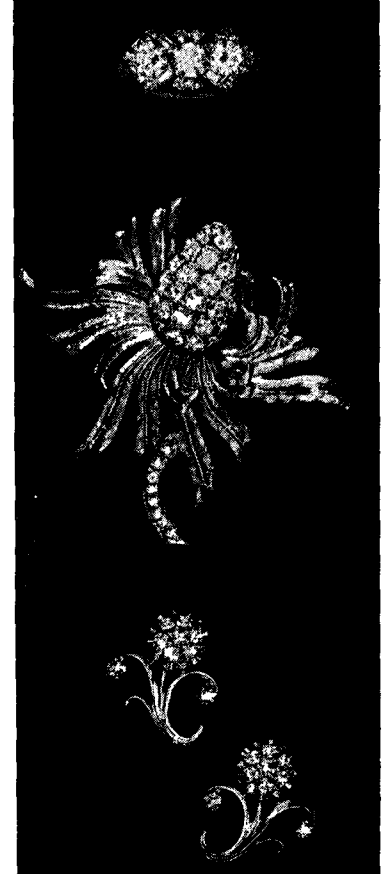
Russell Long is ambitious too. He has frankly admitted, for example, that one reason he wanted to be Whip was that "it offers the possibility of being Majority Leader." Lyndon Johnson climbed by this route.

In his own right, moreover, the Whip—or assistant to the Majority Leader—is a key member of the Senate

Long and John Pastore of Rhode Island were main contenders for the job of Whip. Right: Long pauses beside statue of his father, the controversial "Louisiana Kingfish," in Capitol's Statuary Hall.

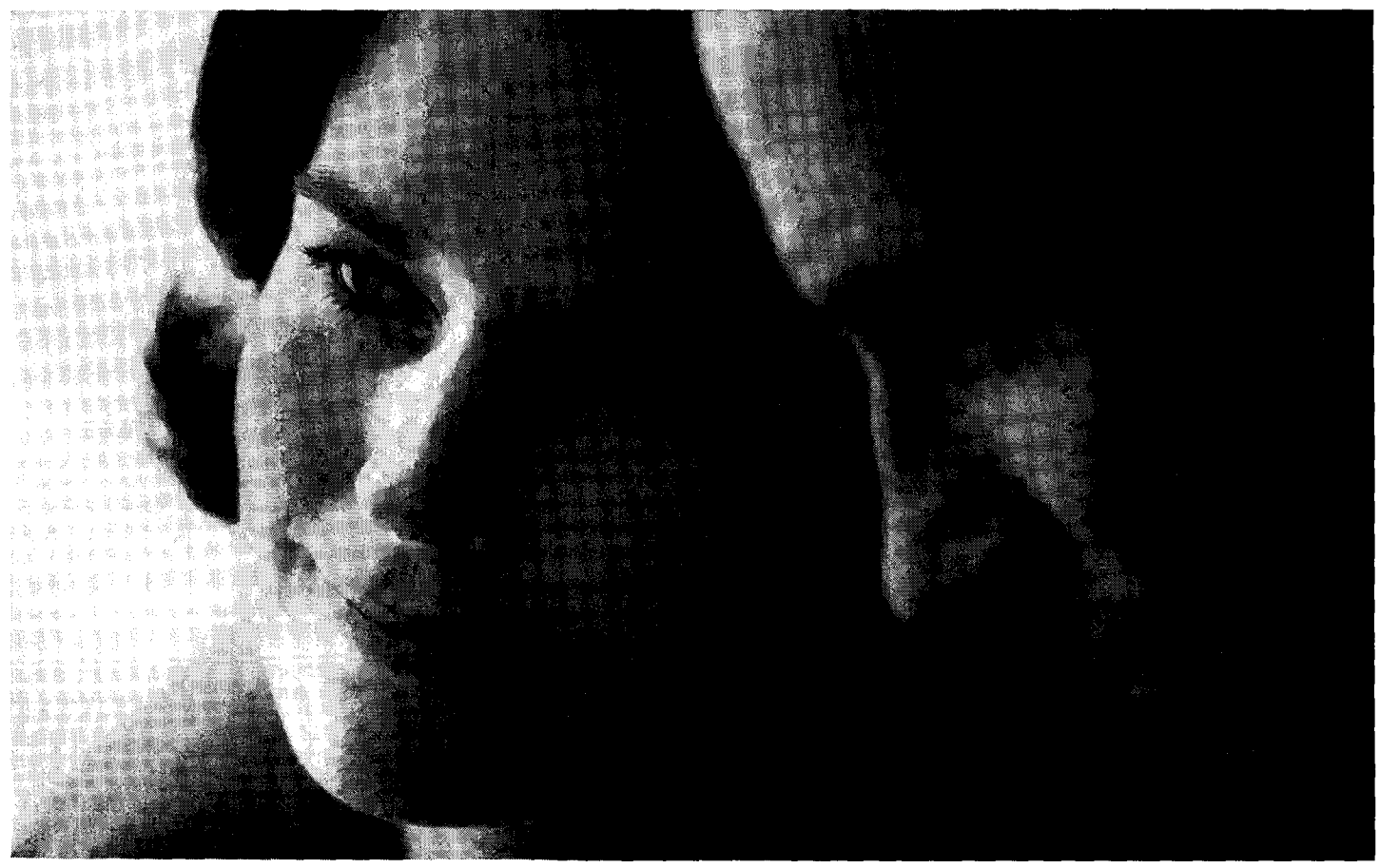
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





Pendant, about **$200**; ring, about **$675**; brooch, about **$750**; earrings, about **$330**. Your jeweler can show you many such pieces.

Diamonds bespeak an ever-growing love



A little box with ribbons on it. A woman as eager as a child to open it. Her diamond gift. More meaningful than any other you can give to make memorable an occasion or a moment in a life together. For in the radiant fire of the diamond shines a message of tenderness and love . . . forever.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Buick Motor Division • General Motors Corporation

A howitzer with windshield wipers. The new Buick Skylark Gran Sport. 400 cu. in./325 bhp.

There is mounting evidence that our engineers have turned into a bunch of performance enthusiasts.

First they stuff the Wildcat full of engine. Then the Riviera Gran Sport. And now this, the Skylark GS, which is almost like having your own, personal-type nuclear deterrent. We've just turned it loose on our dealers. (See the Buick dealers run.)

Aside from all those cubic inches and horses and 445 lb-ft of torque, just what is this thing that our engineers have unleashed?

It's a pretty sophisticated suspension package, for one thing: Heavy-duty springs and shocks, plus a stabilizer bar that's about twice as stiff as the normal Skylark's. Axle wind-up is snubbed by heavy-duty upper control arm bushings.

It's also a floor-shift 3-speed, with all forward gears synchronized. Dual exhausts. A reinforced convertible frame to handle all that extra torque. 7.75x14 tires. All standard equipment.

Want to go the 4-speed route? There's a close-ratio unit available. Axle ratios? They read like this—2.78, 3.08, 3.23, 3.36, 3.55, and 3.73:1.

Well, there's some of the evidence. Performance enthusiasts, that's what they are.

More power to them.

The Buick Skylark
Gran Sport

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Establishment," and particularly so when a man as unassertive as Mike Mansfield is Majority Leader. He sits on the important Policy and Steering committees, which coordinate the party's legislative effort and portion out committee assignments. And every week he goes to the White House with other Congressional leaders for legislative conferences with the President.

The idea of becoming a candidate for the post first occurred to him, Long says, shortly after last summer's Democratic convention when "my desk mate in the senate, John Stennis (of Mississippi), leaned over and said, 'Why don't you run for the job?'" With Hubert Humphrey's nomination for Vice President, the 89th Congress would—hopefully—need a new Whip. And, says Long, laughing, "In this league, when one man offers to vote for you, it's a draft."

In many ways, however, Long seemed a highly unlikely candidate for the position. He was a Southerner—and he had strongly opposed much of the Administration's legislative program, taking part in the anti-civil-rights filibuster and voting against the Nuclear Test Ban Treaty, Medicare and the 1964 Foreign Aid Bill.

On the other hand, he had supported the Administration on several proposals and had guided the $11.5 billion tax-cut bill to passage in the Senate. Long, who is No. 2 man on the Finance Committee, has a special aptitude for fiscal matters. "He can take an extremely complicated bill and explain it in two-bit language that everybody understands," one colleague says. And nearly everybody agrees that he managed the tax-cut bill with great skill. "There were all sorts of amendments that could have blown it to hell," says Mike Mansfield, "but he brought it through in very good shape."

Long could also hope that liberal Democratic senators would find themselves in sympathy with much of his basic political philosophy. He has often been called an "agrarian Populist," but "economic liberal" would probably be more apt—with the accent on "economic." Like his father and his uncle Earl, governor of Louisiana, who died of a heart attack in 1960, Russell Long believes in helping "the little fellow." "Government ought to be a good deal for everybody," he says. "Insofar as it fails, it fails the little guy, the fellow at the bottom of the ladder."

Long prides himself on being "the strongest anti-monopoly man on the Hill," although observers note that his economic liberalism has its limits. "Russell has a *thing* against big corporations," says a close observer, "—as long as it doesn't hurt his state." Because the oil and gas industries are important to Louisiana, for example, he has championed these interests against all attacks. Last year, defending the much-criticized tax advantage these industries get from depletion allowances, he said, "Personally, I believe the 27.5 percent depletion allowance is perhaps a little small."

A voluble, gregarious, friendly, candid man, Long is well liked in the Senate, where he is generally regarded as an able legislator—and an extremely persistent one where his pet measures are concerned. Typically, he has insisted on tacking an amendment concerning GI insurance onto various bills nine times in the past seven years. When Russell Long sets his mind on something, he is a hard man to divert.

By the same token, when he decided to run for Whip, he focused his full energies on the task at hand—unlike the only two other announced candidates, Rhode Island's short, abrasive John Pastore and tall, likable Mike Monroney of Oklahoma.

Long's first step was to call on Sen. Richard Russell of Georgia. "He's the bell cow," Long says. "Do you know what a bell cow is? You take a cow that the other cows have confidence in, and you put a bell on her and the other cows won't stray far from her. Dick Russell is the bell cow of the Southern group." The Georgian's blessing, Long knew, would mean nearly solid support from the Southern bloc. Senator Russell told Long he'd be for him.

But Long realized that he would have to get a lot of votes from areas outside the South. And the main question was whether liberal senators would flatly oppose him because of his stand on measures like the Civil Rights Bill or whether they might vote for him on the strength of his position on such matters as the tax cut.

To find out, Long went to see Senators Clinton Anderson of New Mexico and Paul Douglas of Illinois. Both men were undecided at first, but when liberal Democrats failed to come up with another candidate, both later publicly supported Long.

Next, Long went over to AFL-CIO headquarters to clear his candidacy with George Meany. He reminded the union president that he had voted against Section 14(b) of the Taft-Hartley Law (right to work) and argued that, taking into account the sectional problem, his record was as good as the next fellow's. Meany evidently agreed: Labor did not attempt to block Long's election, as it might have by bringing pressure to bear on senators heavily dependent on its good will.

Long made one other critically important visit—to the White House. He told President Johnson that he wanted to run for Whip but would not if the President had in mind a man he preferred. Johnson said that he wanted someone who would support his program but that, since he considered all three candidates his friends, he thought the Senate should make its own choice.

Long then began campaigning in earnest. His position on the Senate Finance Committee was a considerable help. The Finance Committee passes on legislation that is crucial to the oil and insurance businesses, and Long's friends in these businesses accordingly worked hard for his election.

The senator himself personally called on every other Democratic senator except his two opponents, and he made one supreme sacrifice. He had been using his father's old desk in the Senate, but Olin Johnston of South Carolina wanted the desk because it had also once belonged to South Carolina's hero, John C. Calhoun. Long told Johnston he could have it, then went back to the Senate chamber, rubbed his hand across the top of the desk and silently said, "Please understand, Dad. This time I am going for broke."

Probably the Kingfish would have applauded, but it was a difficult thing for Russell Long to do. His devotion to Huey's memory is hard to overstate. "I think," he says, "that by any fair standard he was the greatest Southern governor since the Civil War."

As Huey Long's son, Russell naturally grew up in a highly political atmosphere. While in college and then law school at Louisiana State University, he says, "What I excelled in was politics." As a freshman he was class president, and in his junior year he was elected president of the student body, after a campaign unlike any L.S.U. had seen. He gave away ice cream, had leaflets dropped from planes, and paraded pretty co-eds around in bathing suits with "LONG" painted on their backs. He promised better laundry and bus service and delivered on his promises.

When he finished law school, the country was at war. He joined the Navy in 1942, attaining the rank of lieutenant and taking part in four invasions as captain of an LCT. In 1948 he helped his Uncle Earl win the governorship of Louisiana; and later that year he himself ran for the Senate seat left vacant by the death of John Overton. He won, even though he would not be 30 years old until after the election.

He has been in the Senate ever since and has risen to 15th in seniority among his Democratic colleagues—amazingly high for a man so young, and an augury of greatly increased power in the years to come. He belongs to the Foreign Relations Committee as well as the Finance Committee, and is also a delegate to the U.N. And now, of course, he is also Majority Whip.

On the eve of the caucus which would decide whether he, John Pastore or Mike Monroney would get the job, the odds seemed to favor Long, although many observers remained doubtful that he would make it. And there was still one obstacle which he had to get past. Monroney, who admitted that his chances depended on a deadlock between Long and Pastore, had suggested that the caucus keep all the candidates on the ballot until one of them received a majority. Long cited precedent and argued that the caucus should drop the low man after each ballot. But which method the assembled Democratic senators would adopt would not be decided until they actually met in caucus at 9:30 on the morning of January 4.

Going to bed the night before, Russell Long set his alarm for 6:30, but he woke up before 6:00. He had just returned to Washington from his home in Baton Rouge, and there was no food in the apartment. His wife, Katherine, was still in Louisiana, as were their daughters, Pamela, 16, and Kay, 20. Long accordingly breakfasted on grapefruit juice and coffee. Then he went to work on the telephone. He called half a dozen senators, urging those who were committed to one of the other candidates on the first ballot to vote for him on the second—and reminding them to object to Monroney's proposal.

His calls finished, he climbed into his five-year-old Ford and started for Capitol Hill. As he drove along Constitution Avenue, another motorist called to him that his right rear tire was soft. Long pulled into a service station, stopped at the air pump and inflated the tire himself before continuing.

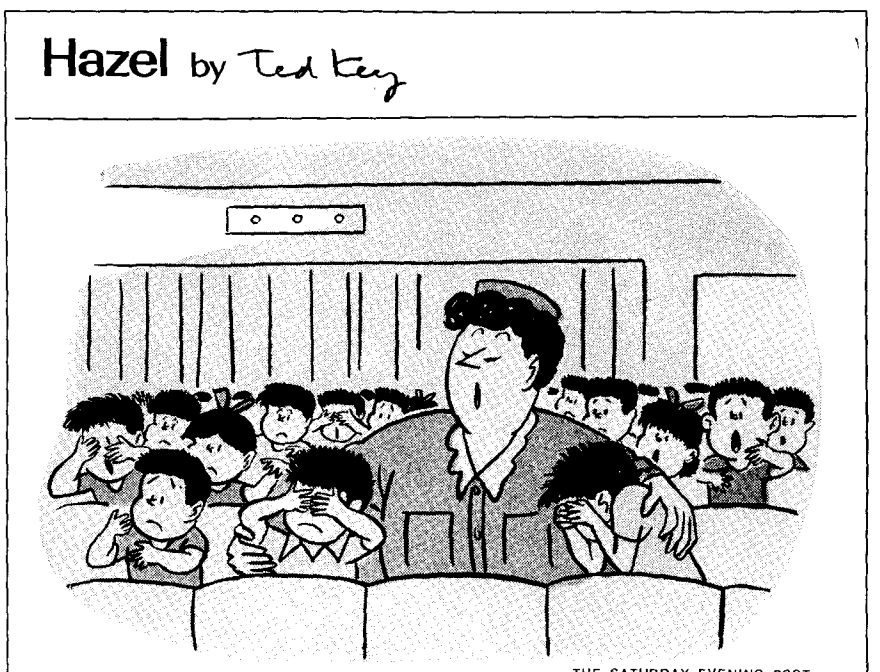
With the caucus only minutes away, he talked about his chances in the election. There were 68 Democrats in the Senate, so he needed 35 votes to win. "I figure I've got 34 votes on the first ballot," he said. "Maybe 35. You can't always tell. One or two fellows will let you down nearly every time."

In the walnut-paneled conference room just off the Senate chamber, Majority Leader Mike Mansfield presided over the Democratic caucus. In his quiet way, he told the assembled senators that, unless there was an objection, he would go by precedent and eliminate the low man after each ballot for Whip. With no evidence of support for his position, not even Monroney objected. A page then passed a mahogany box among the senators, as they sat in rows on folding metal chairs under the room's massive chandelier. Each senator dropped his ballot into it.

The first time, Long received 34 votes, Pastore 20 and Monroney 14. Monroney's name was therefore eliminated, and the page passed the box again. This time Russell Long won comfortably, with 41 votes to 25 for Pastore and—possibly as a protest vote—two for Philip Hart of Michigan, who had not even been nominated.

When the meeting was over, Long came out of the room to talk to the waiting reporters. Beaming happily, he told them, "One of my friends said, 'If Russell Long can win an election like this with the support of men like Clinton Anderson and Paul Douglas, it means the Civil War is over.'"

Probably Long's election does not quite mean that. But it does seem to indicate that Huey Long's son is every bit as canny a politician as the old Kingfish himself ever was. □



"... About a hundred legs and one big eye ..."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Who killed your favorite TV show?

By BILL DAVIDSON

IT was like eavesdropping on a political hatchet squad in Graustark, except that the three plotters were clean-shaven and were having lunch in New York at Toots Shor's. To the untrained ear their words appeared calmly lethal.

"If we move Uncle," said Plotter No. 1, "what's our primary target in the new location?"

"Well," said No. 2, "we'll come up against Andy, Steve, Voyage and Sergeants. Steve's the weak one there. He's the one that can be knocked off."

"A real shame," observed No. 3. "I've liked Steve for years."

"Can't be helped," said No. 1. "The situation is wobbly now with Garry gone. Garry's fans are sore because he left, and Steve's following is still building. Uncle is building faster. This is the perfect time for The Kill." He paused and stared at No. 3 ominously. "Just remember," he said. "if they could, they'd do the same thing to us."

Sinister as this might sound, the three men were merely plotting the death of a television show. They were thinking of prime time, not prime ministers. To translate their jargon, "Uncle" is an NBC show called *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.*, which was being moved into a new time spot opposite *The Andy Griffith Show* and Steve Allen's *I've Got a Secret* on CBS, and *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea* and *No Time for Sergeants* on ABC. A major purpose for this move, apparently, is to kill off *I've Got a Secret*. the show that Garry Moore left in a huff, taking many of his longtime fans with him. Meanwhile, aficionados of Steve Allen, who replaced Moore as host, have not yet rallied sufficiently to fill the gap in the ratings.

BONANZA—deadly weapon for a desperate game.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Networks battle among themselves, the public suffers.

Liz Montgomery's beguiling sorcery on BEWITCHED has kept it high up in the ratings, making the star a prime target for predatory rivals.

Recruited to ambush the loyal Jack Benny audience, GOMER PYLE caused the comedian to confess, "I don't understand this business any more."

This Rockefeller Center conversation, typical of the area, is an accurate indication of what goes on in the cannibalistic world of TV economics—a cruel underground which the viewing public rarely glimpses. When a favorite program is abruptly canceled by a network, we shrug and blame it on a vague personage known as Nielsen, whose mysterious decimals seem to be responsible for it all. What the average viewer never sees is the mousetrapping and mayhem which the networks engage in to get and hold those Nielsen ratings.

A perfect example of the techniques employed in TV fighting is the series of recent shifts involving *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.*, which inexorably took place a few days after the previously reported conversation. *U.N.C.L.E.*, a one-hour, James Bondish thriller, began as a new show this year on NBC at 8:30 (E.S.T.) on Tuesday evenings. Its immediate and most important opposition was Red Skelton on CBS. The Skelton show is a powerhouse, ranking No. 3 in the January Nielsen figures with a whopping 29.8 rating, which meant that in the 52.8 million homes containing TV, an estimated 15.6 million sets were tuned to Skelton. NBC's initial thinking in throwing *U.N.C.L.E.* against Skelton presumably was that both Skelton and the competing ABC show, *McHale's Navy*, appeal mostly to what is known in the trade as "the pimple audience," that is, adolescents, pre-adolescents and adolescent-minded adults. *U.N.C.L.E.*, on the other hand, was expected to reach the more sophisticated viewer who ordinarily would leave his set unused at that particular time. The thinking proved to be correct. From a slow start, *U.N.C.L.E.* climbed up to a respectable 19.5 rating—a Nielsen of 20 and over is considered the badge of success—and it was doing extremely well in such relatively highbrow centers as New York and San Francisco.

At this point one would think NBC would let well enough alone, but some interesting events had been taking place in the 8-to-9 spot on Monday night. NBC was suffering through twin disasters with two newcomers, *Harris Against the World* and *Tom, Dick and Mary*. Over at CBS, *I've Got a Secret* was not doing well under Steve Allen and seemed ripe for slaughter.

NBC promptly killed off *Harris* and *Tom, Dick and Mary* and threw the rapidly building *Man From U.N.C.L.E.* in against *Secret* and *The Andy Griffith Show*, which followed it at 8:30. While Griffith was still strong, NBC reasoned that the people already watching the first half hour of *U.N.C.L.E.* would be hooked for the second half hour by the suspense-filled plots.

As for the Tuesday-night battle against Skelton, NBC looked around for a replacement for *U.N.C.L.E.*, and found inspiration in the unexpected success of ABC's *Shindig*, a Wednesday-night jamboree devoted to rock-'n'-roll "pimple music." *Shindig* had shocked the TV world by wrecking last year's No. 1 show, CBS's *Beverly Hillbillies*, in a competing time spot, and plummeting it to 18th place in the Nielsens. NBC quickly put together a super-pimple-music hour show of its own, called *Hullabaloo*, and threw it against Skelton.

At mid-season, the results of all this plotting gave scant comfort to N.B.C. tacticians: *U.N.C.L.E.* had dropped from 19.5 to 14.1 in the Nielsen ratings, Skelton was still in third place, and *Hullabaloo* was limping

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Judy Garland (left, with Mickey Rooney) fell victim to the gunplay on BONANZA. *Bill Dana (top) misfired as NBC's Sunday-night artillery. Ensign O'Toole (bottom) was chased off by Lassie. Benny (right) was an unexpected casualty of the wars.*

along in the same lowly bracket as the ailing *U.N.C.L.E.*

Basically, the game begins each summer, long before the start of a new television season, and it continues well into the following spring. Although each of the three networks knows by about January what its lineup of shows for the following fall will be, the first skirmishes do not begin until August. Through well-planned leaks to the press, "schedules" for the upcoming season are made known. But the "schedules" rarely are correct. They are designed to mousetrap the opposition into putting its strong shows against supposedly weak ones and to get the competing networks otherwise to commit their hands. Although everyone *knows* that the leaked "schedules" are phony, it is surprising how many become victims of the gambit every year. For example, ABC had hidden *Shindig* in an unimportant spot on its roster before it switched signals and matched it successfully against *The Beverly Hillbillies.*

With the beginning of the season, there are other ploys to get an edge in the ratings derby. For the last two years ABC startled the opposition by premiering all its shows in the same week in September, while NBC and CBS were still filling the air with summer reruns. In 1963 the quick-opening attack fizzled, but ABC tried again in 1964 and this time was devastatingly successful. *Bewitched, The Fugitive, Peyton Place, Combat* and *The Addams Family,* to name a few ABC hits, got off to such a flying start that they never have been headed off—especially with the 1964 election campaign cutting into the normal October premieres of the NBC and CBS shows. This helped ABC raise its overall ratings 18 percent higher than last year's.

As the mayhem continues through the season, certain tried-and-true gambits will be attempted. The classic is The Kill—the maneuver being used by NBC against *I've Got a Secret.*

Another interesting example of The Kill took place when CBS's *General Electric Theater,* after many successful years at nine o'clock on Sunday night, began to wheeze a bit with age. A conference of rival NBC executives was called to discuss what was frankly referred to as "the *coup de grâce.*" The most potent weapon NBC had was *Bonanza,* which was then building up into the powerhouse it is today. *Bonanza,* a one-hour Western, was moved directly opposite *General Electric Theater,* a 30-minute drama anthology. The Kill was accomplished in a matter of months.

From time to time The Kill works against even a seemingly unbeatable opponent. A few years ago, for example, Perry Como moved to NBC in an unprecedented deal which allowed him to pick his own time spot. He wanted to go against Ed Sullivan, but an NBC executive told him, "No, Perry, the best place for you, believe me, is opposite Jackie Gleason." The easygoing Como looked at the NBC executives in astonishment. "Are you crazy?" he said. "Gleason is murder, he's much stronger than Sullivan, he's in the Top Five." The NBC strategists finally persuaded Como to follow their hunch, but only with the proviso that if he didn't get 40 percent of Gleason's rating by the end of the first season, he would be free to pick any new time spot. To this day it is difficult to say whether genius or dumb luck was involved in the NBC strategy. But Como not only got more than 40 percent of the Gleason rating in the first month, but by Christmas, only halfway through the season, he was running well *ahead* of Gleason. The Kill proved so successful that it knocked Gleason off the air for two years.

A second popular device is called "building nights." So fierce has competition become for *overall* superiority in the ratings that a network no longer concentrates on increasing the popularity of a single show; it must be able to claim, for prestige purposes, that "we" beat the other networks in the ratings on, say, Tuesday and Friday nights. All "building" efforts are now aimed, seven nights a week, at the prime-time hours from 7:30 P.M. until 11, with an earlier start on Sunday evenings.

The practice of "building nights" began about three years ago when the networks discovered that ratings are lopsidedly influenced by "the pimple audience." Too many rating samples, it is argued, are taken in homes with children, the most inveterate and uncritical viewers. There is also what ex-NBC President Sylvester Weaver calls "the high-school-drop-out audience." Ignoring the fact that popular music deteriorated when children began to buy rock-'n'-roll records and took over the music-popularity polls, TV executives are "building nights" by distributing their high-rated, "pimple-audience" shows throughout the prime hours every night of the week. To hold the viewers generated by these shows throughout the rest of each evening, other programs, regardless of quality and appeal, are shuffled around like pawns. As Chairman E. William Henry of the Federal Communications Commission sadly put it, "On all networks, the idea is to get the kids to watch without scaring the adults away."

This idea has resulted in some sorry experiences for producers, the public, *and* the networks. *Ben Casey,* for example, after being a smash hit in 1962 at 10 P.M. Monday was moved in 1963 to 9 P.M. on Wednesday to help ABC "build the night." It followed two child-appeal shows, *The Patty Duke Show* and *The Farmer's Daughter.* However it found itself opposite the greatest 196 child-appeal show of them all, *Beverly Hillbillies.* In that spot *Ben Casey* barely sur vived the season, and last year it was move back to its original location at 10 P.M. o Monday, where once again it is doing well

But the readjustment brought on anothe ludicrous situation. *Ben Casey* is owned an produced by Bing Crosby Productions. So i one of this year's finest new shows, *Slattery People,* on CBS. When ABC moved *Be Casey* back to 10 P.M. on Monday, CBS pu *Slattery's People* in the same time slot. So w had the spectacle of one Bing Crosby produc tion competing head-on with another Bin Crosby production. The better-establishe *Ben Casey* murdered *Slattery's People* in th ratings, and midway in the season *Slatter* had to be moved to Friday at 10 P.M. Whe I discussed this result of "building nights with Crosby recently, he held his head an said, "Television's a terrible business—terrible business."

A third procedure slavishly followed b the networks is the principle of "lead-in. The idea behind lead-in is that the averag American is so lazy that once he sets h dial to watch one of his favorite program he will not get up and change the dial whe the show is over. Thus he is hooked t watch anything that follows. The lead-in nearly as old as electronic mass communic tion, and it was used effectively in rad back in the days when *Fibber McGee an Molly* was a lead-in to attract an audien to a new comedian named Bob Hop In recent years, however, it has bee adopted as nearly total dogma by Jam Aubrey Jr., programming czar of CBS. fact, the old lead-in gimmick now is dress

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

up as the Aubrey Theory of Television.

Although certain other TV executives claim that the lead-in theory is infallible, it isn't. There is little doubt that *The Cara Williams Show* would have gotten nowhere this year without a lead-in from *The Dick Van Dyke Show*, and that *Many Happy Returns* would not have lasted as long as it did without being led-in by Lucille Ball. On the other hand, the immensely popular Ed Sullivan did nothing as a lead-in for *My Living Doll*, and it seems doubtful that the *McHale's Navy* lead-in can save *The Tycoon*. Yet Jack Paar was such a believer in the theory that he constantly threatened retirement over the succession of weak half-hour shows with which NBC preceded his 10 P.M. Friday time spot. He moaned and groaned over *Harry's Girls, Don't Call Me Charlie* and *That Was the Week That Was*. This year he was ecstatic when NBC told him his lead-in would be the old master, Jack Benny. The result? Paar now has a 14.8 Nielsen rating and has dropped into the bottom 30. Benny has an only slightly better 16.7. "I'm getting murdered by something called *Gomer Pyle*," Benny says glumly, "and ninety percent of the people I talk to don't know what or who *Gomer Pyle* is. I don't understand anything about this business anymore."

One of the most notable lead-in disasters came last year when *Mr. Novak* preceded a dreadful show called *Redigo* on NBC's Tuesday-evening schedule. Not only did *Redigo* suffer a quick and humiliating demise, but it also dragged down with it the sometimes excellent *Richard Boone Show* which followed. In one of Boone's many furious outbursts against the network, he maintained that if NBC had not used the lead-in myth to try to save *Redigo*, the *Mr. Novak* audience, similar to his, would have stayed with him and he would have survived without trouble.

"I had a good show shot out from under me," Boone fumes. "What went wrong? In two words—Robert Sarnoff. He and the network don't give a damn about any single show, just the overall position. They blame the sponsors, but when I talked to the sponsors afterward, they didn't even know I had been axed."

The lead-in theory thus produces many unexpected results, perhaps the most unexpected of which was the fate of *The Dick Van Dyke Show*. After thinking of canceling Van Dyke because of anemic ratings a couple of years ago, CBS gave the show a last-minute reprieve with *The Beverly Hillbillies* as a lead-in. Van Dyke now is No. 14 in the Nielsen ratings while its lead-in, which was supposed to feed it audience strength, has slipped back to 18.

As program manipulation becomes more and more frenzied, it is increasingly difficult for shows attempting any kind of quality to survive. With all their imperfections, *The Judy Garland Show, David Brinkley's Journal* and *East Side, West Side* did not deserve to fall prey last year to The Kill, "building nights," and lead-in.

"It means," says one ex-TV executive, "that a quality show with a fair audience can't make it. Thus more and more schlock is in store for the public. What is happening to TV is what is happening to the one new show I think is worth watching regularly this year—*The Rogues*. The show is so good I think it will survive, but what it's been through so far, Nasser would have an easier time in Tel Aviv."

The Rogues is a program of top professional quality. It stars Charles Boyer, David Niven, Gig Young, Robert Coote and Gladys Cooper. Its scripts are supervised by veteran movie writers Ivan Goff and Ben Roberts, and it is produced by a veteran screen producer, Collier Young. It tells raffish stories about an international family of con men who devote themselves to outconning other con men. When the series began last September, it received some of the most glowing reviews ever given by television critics. *The New York Times* acclaimed the show as "one of the most delightful comedy series ever to come out of Hollywood, a joyous outing superbly played, deftly written and mounted with immense relish and sophistication." Other critics said it was a sure bet to be No. 1 or No. 2 in the ratings.

As this is written, *The Rogues* is No. 51 in the Nielsen ratings. The series has run afoul of practically all the gimmickery of TV economics.

First of all, the show was scheduled at 10 P.M. on Sunday over the objections of Thomas McDermott, president of Four Star Productions, which created the series. McDermott wanted any night at 9 P.M. NBC insisted on the 10 P.M. Sunday spot, principally, it is suspected, because it planned The Kill against CBS's *Candid Camera* and *What's My Line*. Both of these shows are aging, and The Kill indeed has already knocked them far down in the ratings. But what nobody realized was that ABC was attempting a simultaneous Kill against an untried but potentially dangerous opponent, *The Rogues*.

ABC executives knew that in executing The Kill, there is no weapon more deadly than the multimillion-dollar Hollywood movie of recent vintage and with big stars not ordinarily seen on television. During the off-season the network had rounded up more than 20 such epics, primarily as an attempt to cut down NBC's *Bonanza*. But *The Rogues* was to be a secondary target. (The ABC movies start opposite *Bonanza* from 9 to 10 P.M. on Sunday and continue against *The Rogues* from 10 until 11.) The primary target, *Bonanza*, withstood the assault with only minor scratches. But *The Rogues*, just beginning to build its audience, was blasted by such blockbusters as *Some Like It Hot*, with the late Marilyn Monroe, Jack Lemmon and Tony Curtis.

The second gimmick to hurt *The Rogues* was the "building nights" concept. In building its Sunday night, NBC put *The Rogues* in the 10 P.M. spot to cap what it thought would be an unbeatable evening, starting with Walt Disney and continuing with Bill Dana, *Bonanza* and *The Rogues*. The only trouble with this reasoning was that *The Bill Dana Show* collapsed and was canceled—right in the middle of NBC's prime-time structure.

What happened, of course, was that the third gimmick, the Aubrey Theory of lead-ins, again fell on its face. The Disney show could not carry its audience over to the Dana show, and *Bonanza*, with all its enormous ratings, did not turn out to be a satisfactory lead-in for *The Rogues*. It never occurred to anybody that the people who watch Westerns are not the same people who like a sophisticated comedy-drama, seasoned with London and Paris accents. To this day Grant Tinker, in charge of programming for NBC on the West Coast, insists that so many people watch *Bonanza* that simple lethargy is bound to carry a good percentage onward to *The Rogues*. Other, more dispassionate sources suspect that at 10 P.M. most *Bonanza* aficionados are putting out the cat and going to bed.

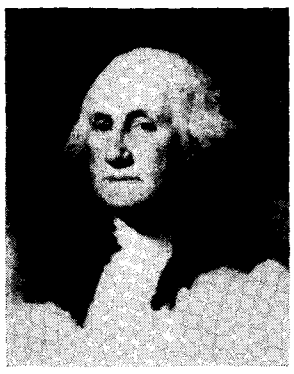
And so *The Rogues* is in trouble but it shows signs of enduring. ABC is running out of blockbuster movies, and The Kill, to be effective, must polish off its victim quickly. Also, CBS's *Candid Camera* and *What's My Line?* have been more seriously hurt than *The Rogues*, which, even with its low rating, gets a respectable 30 percent of the audience in its time spot. It is building a loyal following and selling goods for its satisfied sponsor.

But what about next year? What destructive new stratagems will beset *The Rogues*—or any other quality program? "The way things are going," says former NBC President Pat Weaver, "we might just as well settle back and expect nothing but four hours of *Peyton Place*, *Shindig* and *The Addams Family* every evening." □

Rock'n'roll, the frug and the swim are bait for the "pimple audience." To ABC's SHINDIG, *NBC spat back* HULLABALOO *(above).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editorial



Reflections on Washington's Birthday

We have all learned the story—apparently apocryphal—of how he chopped down the cherry tree and then confessed to the deed because "I cannot tell a lie." We all know the ultimate military triumphs, the unanimous election as President, and the peaceful enshrinement at Mount Vernon. Yet "the father of his country" remains a curiously remote figure. The face that stares calmly past us from the surface of a one-dollar bill is one that we respect, but neither love nor truly know. The obelisk that honors him in the city which bears his name is a totally impersonal tower of stone.

This frigidly impersonal image is doubly distorting; it not only belies the warmth and virtue of a great man but it casts a pall over the quality we most directly associate with Washington. That quality is, quite simply, patriotism. It was once a noble word, and a noble concept, and too many people have misused it or mistrusted it in recent years. On the one hand, right-wingers of all varieties have claimed patriotism as a virtue all their own and as an excuse for their own excesses; on the other hand, intellectual skeptics and materialists have too easily rejected patriotism as mere propaganda, a disguise for the dangerous force of nationalism. Even worse, in some ways, many people have accepted the symbols of patriotism as a substitute for the reality. Like those sleep-walking Christians who consider church-going and money-giving a comfortable substitute for Christian faith, sleep-walking Americans limit patriotism primarily to such symbols as the flag, the oath of allegiance, the national anthem, and, at the most, a willingness to join the Army in a time of emergency.

This in itself is not patriotism, and it is probably safe to say that George Washington did not think of America in terms of uniforms, flags, oaths and marching songs. Webster defines the word simply as "love of country; devotion to the welfare of one's country," but dictionary definitions are never more than beginnings. To love one's country, rather than its symbols, one must know what one's country is and stands for.

Patriotism begins in the home—not merely with the flying of the flag from the front porch on July 4, but with the understanding that no man exists alone, that a man and his family are an indissoluble entity, the interests of each being the interests of all. (It was Robert Frost who said: "Home is the place where, when you have to go there, they have to take you in." The statement is not so cynical as it sounds.) The sense of family extends, then, to the community of one's neighbors, pleasant or unpleasant, friendly or unfriendly. The education of a man's child depends on the education of his neighbors' children, and the taxes levied on him are levied equally on his neighbors. As with the family, his interests are theirs—or, when interests conflict, the members of a community recognize their higher interest in working out settlements that enable them to live in harmony.

Romantics have tried to carry these ideas to their logical conclusion by speaking of a "family of man" in which every man is or should be a brother to every fellow man. The romanticism ignores the reality. A man who will help his brother a lot, and his cousin a little, may feel understandably indifferent to the problems of his 17th cousin 17 times removed. The nation, finally, with its coherence of language, culture and historical tradition, is the largest entity to which the sense of family and community can reasonably be extended. It is within these arbitrarily formed geographical frontiers that we are indeed brothers, dependent, for good or ill, upon one another.

Realism, moreover, should prevent patriotism from infusing us with too Johnsonian a euphoria about the state of the nation. In most families, there is a leak under the kitchen sink, a dunning message from the utility company, or a child squalling with a head cold. In the nation as a whole, the chronic aches are far more serious. Too many cities are deformed by slums; too many rivers and roadsides are despoiled; too many people are poor and sick and deprived of their full rights as citizens.

"Devotion to the welfare of one's country" means concern for all these things, but it means more besides. Just as a man with a strong sense of his familial identity feels the uniqueness of his family, Americans rightly feel that some combination of history, destiny and pure circumstance makes this nation unique. It is easy, and cheap, to express this uniqueness in terms of economic power or armed strength. Instead, patriotism derives from "the secret places of the American heart" that President Johnson referred to in his eloquent inaugural address. This mysterious terrain, he said, "is the uncrossed desert and the unclimbed ridge. It is the star that is not reached and the harvest sleeping in the unplowed ground."

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED